NON-FICTION

Frontier Times

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

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July, 1968

35¢

A BUNKHOUSE CONFIDENCE MAN

—By WALT COBURN—

THE SCOUT WHO SAVED THE SIOUX

STOPE MARAVEL'S UNLUCKY FIND

•

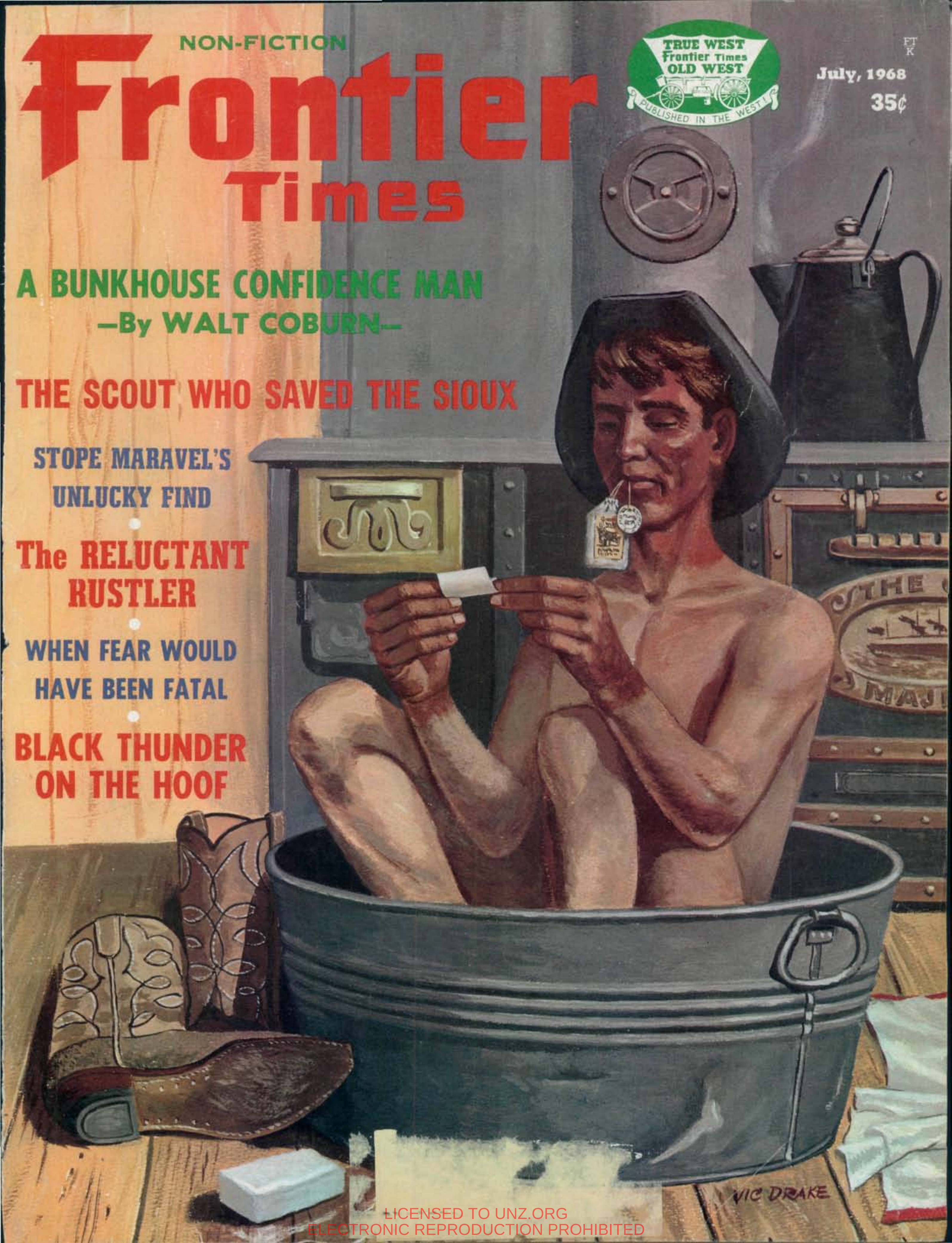
The RELUCTANT RUSTLER

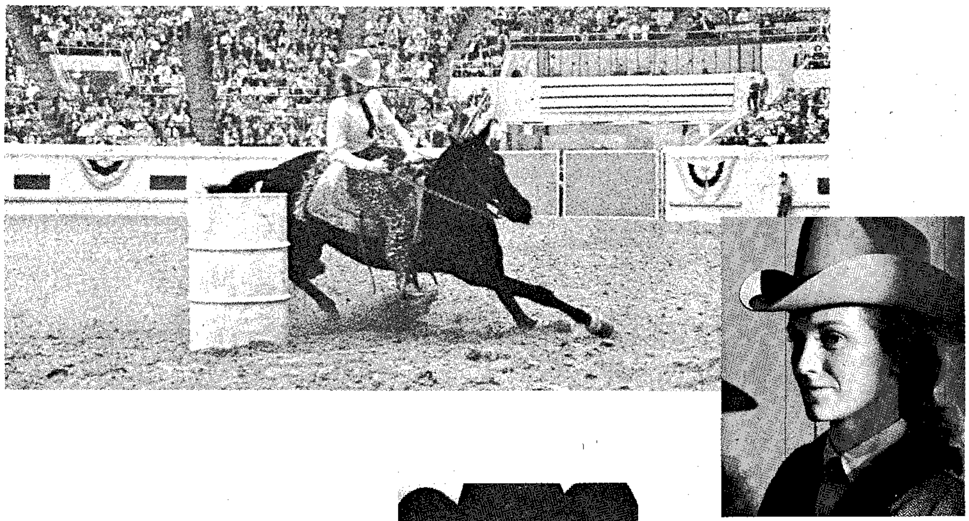
•

WHEN FEAR WOULD HAVE BEEN FATAL

•

BLACK THUNDER ON THE HOOF





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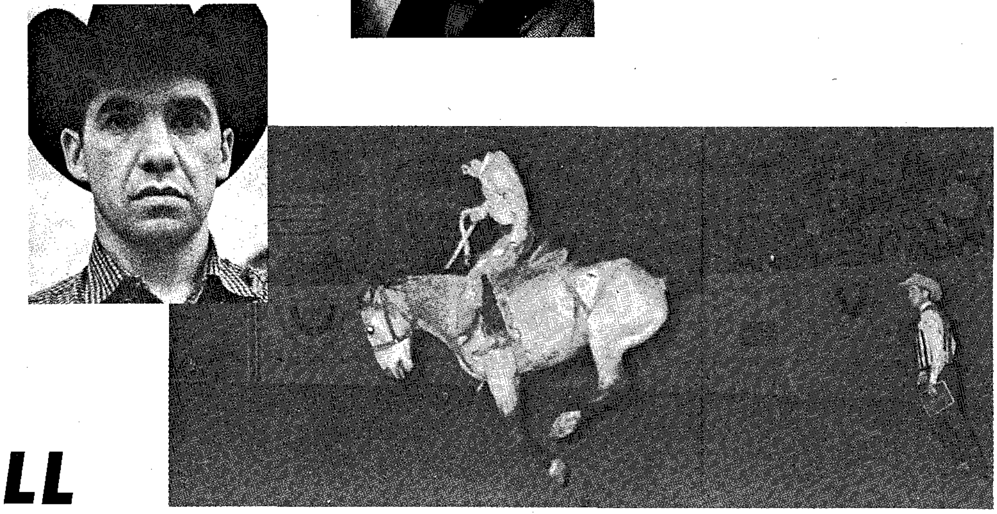

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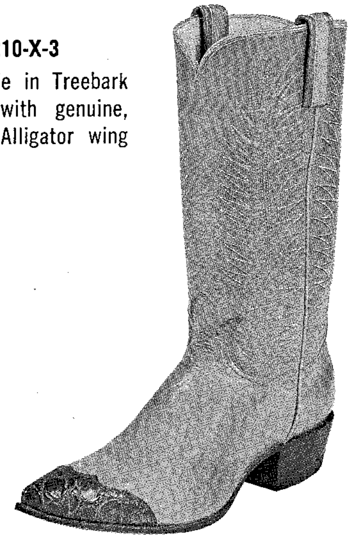

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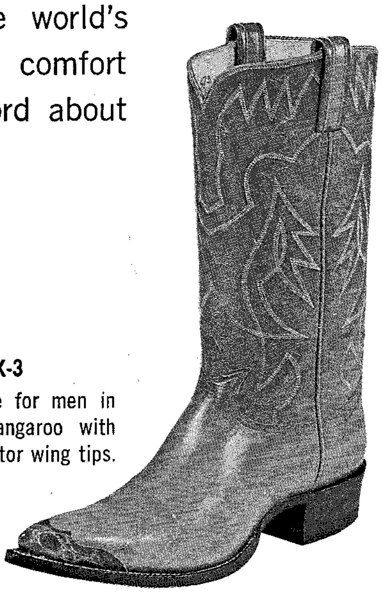

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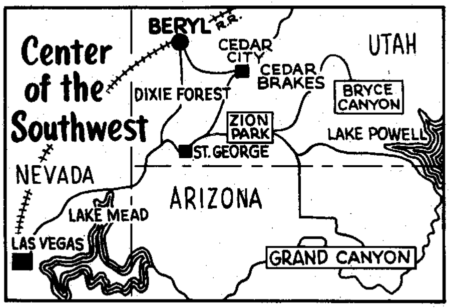

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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

June-July, 1968
Vol. 42, No. 4
New Series No. 54

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Cover: Victor Drake

FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $5.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1968 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

BEELER'S BEST!

Cowboys and Indians, Characters in Oil and Bronze (University of Oklahoma Press, $7.95) is artist-sculptor-illustrator Joe Beeler's first book—and a dandy! Joe explains, "This will not make up into one of those nice fat books with a lot of text—it is over half pictures, but the pictures are where I have done the most and best talking." But before we get to the pictures, let this reviewer say that he found Joe's text to be very pleasant reading—to the point and yet free and easy. It certainly reflects Joe's experiences—growing up in Oklahoma (he is part Cherokee) where hunting and horses were a part of everyday life; earning a degree at Kansas State Teachers College; and his adult life as an outdoorsman, rider, roper, collector of guns and gear and as an A No. 1 Western history buff. Joe's illustrations have appeared in a number of other books but this is the beginning point for a Beeler collector and a must for all fans of Western art. There are eighty illustrations in the book—eight in full color. The seven photos of his bronzes (cast 1965-67) indicate his skill in this medium and most of his pen and ink drawings are delightful—all are realistic. It seems a shame to quibble about small things in such a well-done job but here goes—first, the nearest the reader will get to finding out how Joe looks in real life is in the painting "A Quiet Day on the Windmill Ranch" and surely space could have been found for a photo of him (or better still, a self-portrait) either in the book or on the dust wrapper. Second, a number of the titles of the paintings have been used before—this does not suggest that Joe is a copyist in his art, far from it—his style (and talent) is his own—but even borrowing titles can be confusing. Third and last, in the drawing "Cowboy with a Chew" this reviewer is fearful that Joe's college education got the upper hand—from the size of the bulge that ain't no "chew"—that's a "chaw." Joe De Yong enhances the book with his introduction, "About Joe Beeler" and there is an index. Strongly recommended.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY

Montana in the Good Old Days (Park County News, $1.00) by Bill and Doris Whithorn contains a bumper-harvest of photographs and many interesting details on Montana from about 1866 to the early 1930s. This is the fourth publication, all photo histories, by the authors. Photographs and captions cover many facets of Montana's colorful history and development. Included is a picture of Charles M. Russell in his studio. Calamity Jane, pictured in a man's suit and hat and holding a rifle, is described as "an attractive woman—before liquor took its toll." The more than 100 pictures plus their brief but informative descriptions make this item of some forty pages a dandy for a dollar.

MONTANA BOYHOOD

The White Indian (Carlton Press, but for sale by author, Box 267, Fairmont, Minn., $3.95) by James Daly Child is not an Indian story at all. It is the reconstruction biography of an "orphaned" white boy. He was orphaned, not by the death of his parents, but by being placed in an orphanage by an aunt who kept his whereabouts a secret. The White Indian, as the boy is referred to, was born in southeastern Minnesota, and later moved to Montana with his foster parents. The ensuing story covers details of the life of a boy on homestead, ranch, and military service in World War I, all of which is strongly influenced by his background.

RANGE LIFE

An Illustrated History of Ranching in the Pikes Peak Region can be bought direct from the author, Loren R. Whittemore, Box 58, Rush, Colorado 80833 for $2.15 postpaid. In the 81 pages of this bare-fact booklet there are nearly 60 illustrations of cowboys and cattle, ranchers and range work. The text is practically all devoted to the location of the ranches and brief sketches of the men who operated them. It is good local history and we need more like it—as an illustrated reference it is a bargain.

COW COUNTRY HISTORIAN

Chandler A. Robinson's *J. Evetts Haley, Cowman—Historian* (Carl Hertzog, 500 Wellesley Road, El Paso, Texas 79902, $10.00) is the latest of the fine books to bear the imprint of Texas' master designer and printer. It is a beautiful job—perhaps Carl gave it a little something extra since J. Evetts Haley is his close and longtime friend. There is undoubtedly some "hero worship" in the biographical sketch and this is frankly admitted by the author in his foreword. At the same time, this reviewer joins

(Continued on page 72)

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FRONTIER POST

To Our Readers

Shine Philips, whose story, "The Squatters," appeared in the last issue of FRONTIER TIMES, died March 4, 1968. Shine lived to be seventy-nine, and if laughter can add to a person's life span, then he's added a few years to the allotted time of all of us who read his stories. His book, BIG SPRING, published in 1942, has been reprinted nine times.

Shortly after it first came out, Shine began corresponding with Frank Grandstaff, a life-termer in the Tennessee state prison. Grandstaff, after reading the book, wrote a cantata based on life in Big Spring. Shine arranged a furlough for Grandstaff so he could hear a premiere of the work at the Big Spring Centennial in 1949. Later this talented prisoner was granted a full pardon.

We're sure you'll be glad to know that more stories by Shine will appear in future issues but, doggone, if we won't miss knowing he's over in Big Spring spinning yarns in person.—Hosstail.

Need a Hand?

Sirs:

After reading these old western stories, it gave me the urge to work on a ranch. I don't know too much about riding horses, but am willing to learn. Sort of a jack-of-all-trades. Any takers? Grown.—Grover Bryant, Jr., 4216 Whitlock Street, Brunswick, Georgia 31520.

Picture Identification

Dear Sir:

Thank you for running the photo of Death Valley Scotty and the two characters in the January, 1968 issue. I received a number of replies but so far no two people have agreed on the identification.

Mr. Thompson of Long Beach, California wrote, "The one in the center I believe is Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle; the third character I believe is one of the old-timers of the movie industry in Hollywood."

A man from Campbell, Missouri said, "I think the one on the far right is Raymond H. Gardner, alias Arizona Bill. I knew Arizona Bill in the late '20s or early '30s."

Another letter from Long Beach said, "The tall slender man in dark clothes and hat, and with the long side whiskers, is Mike Russell, an old-timer from Deadwood, South Dakota who ran a saloon there for many years. My husband grew up in Deadwood and knew old Mike until his death in the '30s."

From Viroqua, Wisconsin came this identification, "The one on the far right with Death Valley Scotty was an Englishman by the name of Ham Floyd. He has gone over the great divide of no return."

From Gardena, California a man wrote, "The bloomer character next to Scotty was known as Jolly. The handlebar mustache is a hardrock miner named Bill Boyd."

From Grander, Washington came a still different version. He wrote, "I am without a doubt that this is my great-uncle John Howson who is now deceased these past seven or eight years. I believe the picture was taken around Goldfield. My great-uncle mined all his life and died on his last attempt on a claim out of Bakersfield, California."

I have another old photo of Death Valley Scotty posing with probably an old crony. I found this in the ghost town of Rhyolite, Nevada. On the back is written, "Death Valley Scotty and Charles W. Benton, 'Two-gun Charlie', please return to the sheriff's office, Goldfield, Nevada." Would any of your readers know anything about Charles Benton?

I'm sorry to report the passing of my good friend, Herman Hack (November, 1967) whose letter appeared in the March, 1968 FRONTIER TIMES and whose picture was in the June, 1967 TRUE WEST page 72. He was treasurer of the Chuck Wagon Trailers whose membership listed at one time such western greats as Will Rogers, Al Jennings, Emmett Dalton, etc.—Tom G. Murray, 15049 La Mesa, Sylmar, California 91342.

Our Buddy, Mrs. Cannon

Dear Horsetail:

When I was a youngun, my folks taught me to respect my elders, especially old ladies. I am a grandma of eleven and have one great-granddaughter.

Here comes this card with a polecat on it and calling me a stinker. Young man, my first impulse was to jump on my bangtail, whack off a mesquite limb and dust your levis.

On second thought, I started laughing and thinking, "What a guy, he sure knows the right thing to say to keep a fellow remembering." I received your card the early part of the week; I saw that polecat day and night, so enclosed is my check for two years' renewal of my subscribtion.

All joking aside, I enjoy the magazines so very much. I am always thrilled to come across a name of someone who was a friend of my mother and daddy.

From one stinker to another. Good luck and good writing!—Ella M. Cannon, 719 N. Reynolds, Alice, Texas 78332.

Don't Let the Garb Fool You

Dear Pat:

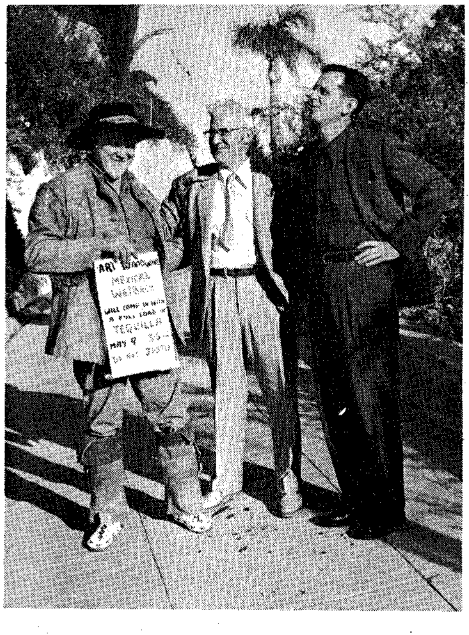
The enclosed picture was taken in the driveway of my son's house in Hollywood ten or twelve years ago, when we had a few friends in for a drink. I am sending it along to sort of illustrate something that I think was funny about the fellow on the left. He is Art Woodward who before retirement was a professor in some college in or around Los Angeles. Since then, he spends his time prowling among the ruins in Mexico and Central and South America, and writing about the culture and life of the primitive Indian tribes. The other two men are Paul Galaher and Art Clark.

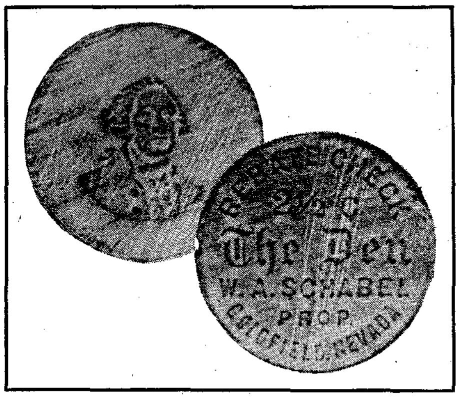
In 1950 or 51, the Denver Westerners planned our annual outdoor barbecue in the foothills west of town. Art Woodward and two or three of the Los Angeles members were there. That noon we on the board of directors had our lunch at one of the Denver department stores. We engaged a private room just off the main dining room which was quite large. We invited the Los Angeles men to lunch with us.

Art was late in arriving. I went out into the main dining room and asked the head waiter to point out our location when he arrived. Just then he got off the elevator. He had on that same hat as in the picture. He was wearing a blood-red shirt and no coat. The legs of his baggy pants were stuffed into the tops of old rough, flat-heeled muckraker's boots. He carried a stick which I believe was a sheep crook. He came threading his way along the tables looking for somebody that he knew.

I said, "There he is now," and pointed him out. The head waiter said, "What is he? A miner? Or maybe a sheepherder?"—Walter Gann, 31662 Scenic Drive, South Laguna, California 92677.

Left to right: Art Woodard, Paul Galaher and Art Clark.





In the old days, this 2½ cent rebate check was received as change when buying a 12½ cent shot of whiskey in Goldfield, Nevada.

Treasure

Dear Mr. Small:

My wife and I are steady readers of yours. We have all your magazines since 1959, but this is my first time to write. Little treasures make big ones; a few weeks ago we found an old pick, hand made, with a funny design on it. I remembered seeing one like it, so looking back through my old copies of FRONTIER TIMES, I found it in the May, 1964 issue, "The Iron Door Treasure." On page 32 the author is holding a pick just like the one I found. Also I am enclosing an impression of a coin my wife and I found. The coin was found in Nevada, the pick in California. Would like to hear from other treasure hunters. —Lee and Lorraine Lewis, P. O. Box 352, Kingsburg, California 93631.

Attention, Railroaders

Dear Joe:

I would appreciate any personal experiences from "old-timers" who remember anything concerning the Eureka & Palisade Railroad which ran from Eureka, Nevada to the main line of the transcontinental Central Pacific. This was a narrow gauge road also known as "The Slim Princess," and started operations in 1875 and died sometime in 1917-1918. Also I'd like information concerning A. Williams, who owned about 200 shares of stock of the Clear Spring Gold and Silver Mining Company of Merkleeville, California. He was in this area sometime between 1860-66. Any and all letters will be appreciated.—C. Ronald Gray, K. A. G. Enterprises, 5541 Romaine Street, Hollywood, California 90038.

Sorrow at Youngsport

Dear Editor:

In November, 1907, Deputy Marshal R. W. Cathy was assassinated in Pauls Valley, I. T. The entire community was aroused and the murderer was soon apprehended and taken to Ardmore for safekeeping.

The following Monday morning little groups of the best citizens could be seen gathered along the streets talking over the incident. Soon the fire bell began to ring and instead of a response from the company, all who gathered on the streets were told to go at once to the Opera House to attend a citizens meeting. The house was crowded and the meeting was called to order by Mayor Bruce who in referring to the incident of the previous evening attributed the indirect cause to "joints" in the town, in which it was believed the plot for assassination was hatched. A motion was made and enthusiastically carried to the effect that a committee of five be appointed to call on the joint keepers and tell them that they must have all of their fixtures and stock on the depot platform and have bill of lading for the same within three hours, and that all that remained after that time would be carried into the streets and burned. There was soon a great rattling of dray wagons, and saloon fixtures, tin-top cases etc. were being hurried to the depot. No joint keeper was allowed to argue the case. It was simply move now or let the citizens of the town burn their goods, and they moved.

All joints men had their fixtures on the depot platform in the required three hours. The committee appointed to see after this matter overlooked the fact that John Stump had not taken out a bill of lading for his stuff. When this was learned Wednesday morning he was again given an opportunity to ship the fixtures, but refused to do so. A fire alarm was sounded and the leading citizens of the town, two or three hundred in number, went immediately to the depot platform, piled his stuff out in the street, saturated it with oil and applied a match. The whole was soon licked up by flames and Mr. Stump was a poorer yet wiser man than a few minutes before.

The schools were dismissed and all teachers and pupils marched in a body to the church and were allowed to march single file through the church and view the remains of Mr. Cathy. Speeches were made by Rev. Thurston, Mayor Bruce, Milas Lasater and R. T. Jones. Mr. Jones suggested a monument to Mr. Cathy and at once there were offers from all parts of the congregation. When the amounts thus offered had been run up it was found to be $370.

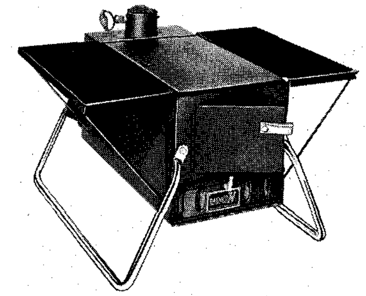
The body was shipped to the home of the dead officer's parents at Youngsport, Texas, accompanied there by his cousin, W. A. Cathy. The many handsome floral offerings left at the church by sympathizing friends were carefully boxed up and shipped at the same time. It was estimated that the flowers, valued at the green-house prices of those days, would cost something over $200.

I was five years old and my family lived neighbors to the Cathys near Youngsport at the time. It was said that on the night her son was killed Mrs. Cathy was reading by an oil lamp light, and the lamp chimney cracked. She looked up to see an R cracked upside down in the glass. She remarked to Mr. Cathy, her husband, "An R upside down. I wonder what's wrong with Randy?"

The message came to them the next day. I remember so well the floral offerings, for we never saw such then. There was a big wooden box at least three feet square full of plant cuttings.

(Continued on page 55)

BEST COOKER! BEST WARMER!



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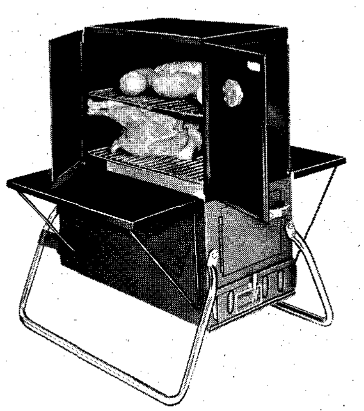

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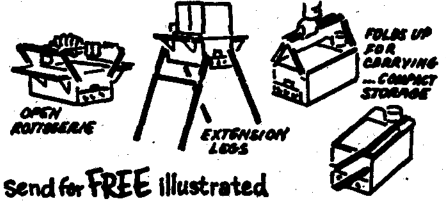
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Gambling with matches and mail order catalogues got to be too slow. But buying horses from Indians with Confederate money— now that was a scheme with class!

Courtesy Union Pacific Historical Museum

By WALT COBURN

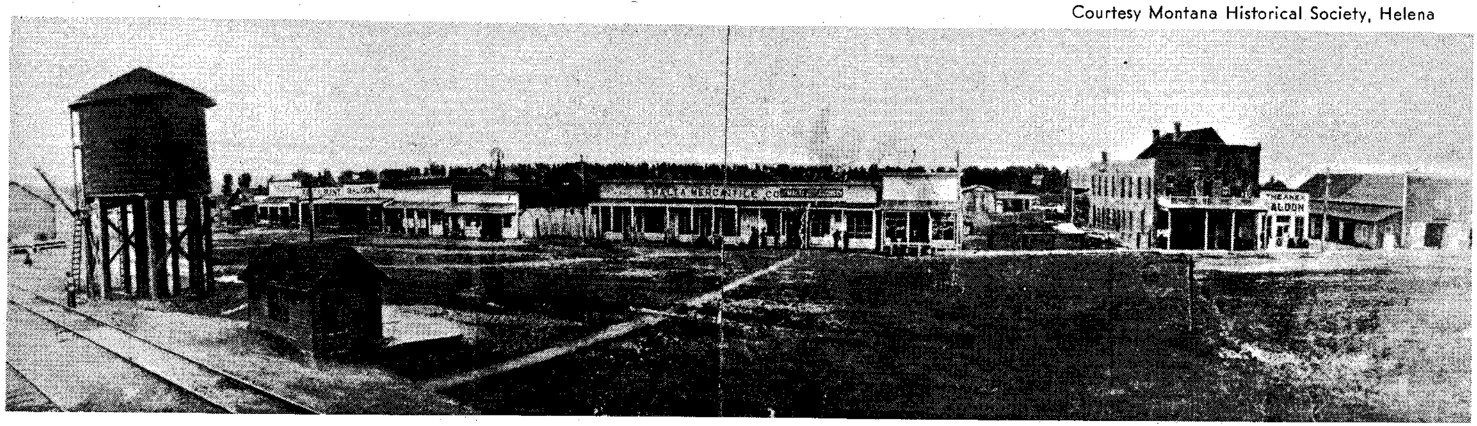
A BUNKHOUSE

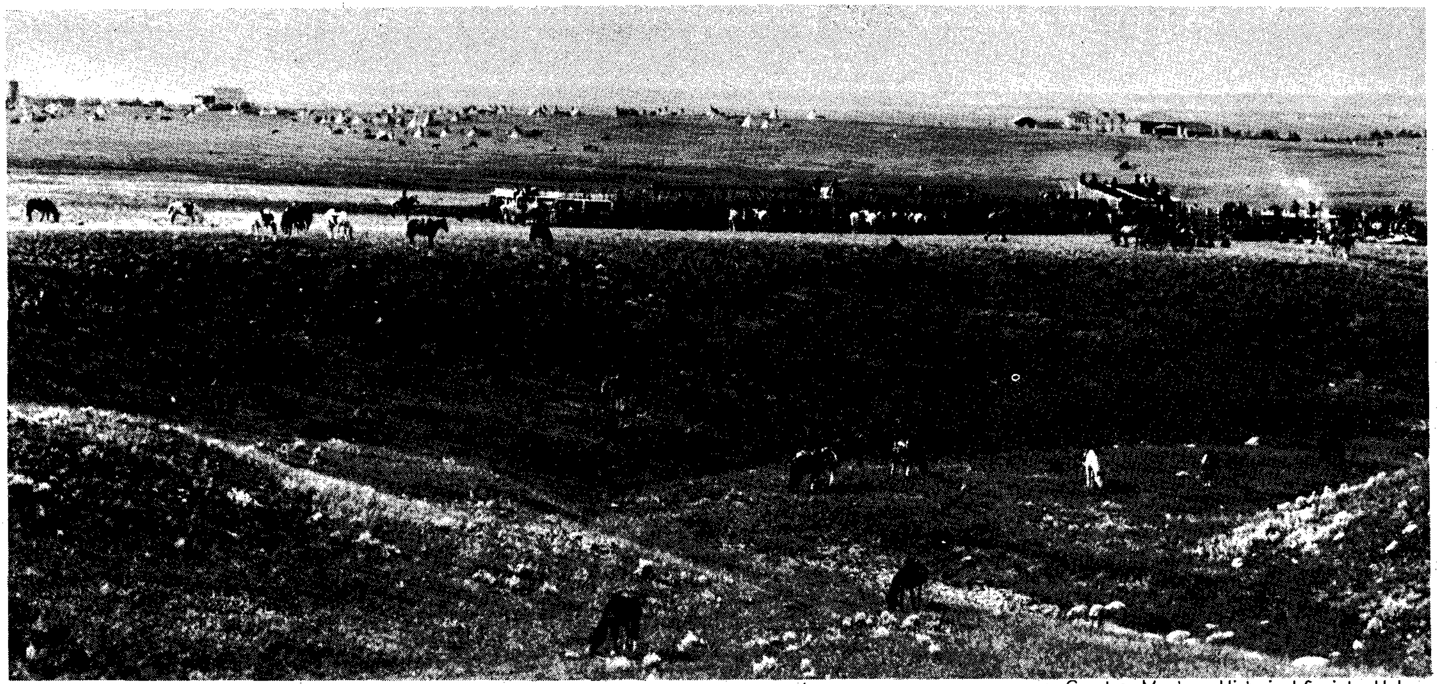
TIME WAS when no ranch bunkhouse was complete without its quota of mail order catalogs. During the snowed-in winter months in Montana one of the favorite indoor sports between supper time and bed time was to make small penny-ante bets on which mail order house had the cheaper price on any given article.

"I bet a woman's corset is cheaper in my Monkey Ward book," the man with the Montgomery Ward catalog would say; and the man with the Sears Roebuck catalog would call the bet. If the price was the same in both catalogs, the bets were off, and another item was selected. Mostly the articles selected were women's wear—corsets, lingerie, stockings. Now and then there would be a

Left, Harvey Logan, alias "Kid Curry," whose gang held up the Great Northern train near the town of Malta, Montana (below), and got away with $80,000 in currency.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena





Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

The Fort Belknap Indian Reservation showing the agency corral.

CONFIDENCE MAN

switch to kitchen ware, rolling pins and skillets. China and silver. Furniture and hardware. Harness, horse collars, chain tugs, blacksmith tools, horseshoes. Baby shoes, cribs, high chairs. Dry goods, ribbons, towels and bedding. It was impossible to run out of articles.

Kitchen matches were used for tally markers, as poker chips are used in gambling. Each match was worth a penny. The matches were dipped in purple ink to prevent some man from replenishing his bankroll from matches in his pocket.

At the B.D. (Ben) Phillips sheep and cattle ranch, Sam Frazier (known as Ringbone Sam because of a slight limp from a badly broken ankle), bronc rider, cowpuncher and straw boss in charge of the Phillips cattle, was the rangeland genius who banked the nightly bunkhouse game, selling matches to the sheepherder and ranch hand players. He marked the sales down in his vest pocket tally book, no cash on the line being involved.

Ringbone Sam was in charge of the Montgomery Ward catalog, while Frank Baker, camp tender for the outlying sheep camps, handled the Sears Roebuck catalog. These two were the main bettors and took turns calling out at random the various items that would be looked up and the prices checked while the players placed their bets in the match jackpot in the center of the large round card table. Now and then on a hunch either Sam or Frank would raise the ante to a dime and the others who had made the usual nickel bet (five matches) would follow suit to sweeten the pot.

At the end of each night's game Sam in his capacity as dealer, would collect the matches and mark down the amount won in his tally book, and by the same token collect any I.O.U. slips from the losers. At the end of each week he would pay the winners off in cash and turn the I.O.U.s over to the bookkeeper who would charge the loss on his time book to the loser and credit that amount to Ringbone Sam and Frank Baker. And it was usually Frank and Sam who came out ahead of the game.

BY THE TIME the warm Chinook wind in the spring melted the snows of winter Sam and Frank would be about a hundred or more bucks apiece ahead of the game of comparing prices in the pair of catalogs known as "sheepherder Bibles." But when the suspicious bookkeeper queried Sam about it, all he would get was a lopsided grin.

"In any kind of gamblin'," Ringbone explained, "there's the law of average in favor of the house, and that small average goes to the dealer." Frank Baker would nod his head in solemn agreement.

It was rumored that between them they had learned, by patient study and a head for figures, the comparative price in both over-sized catalogs of every item from corset laces to gang plows and Studebaker wagons; from baby buggies to a keg of horseshoe nails; from a bottle of hair tonic to a hundred-gallon barrel of sheep dip; from a can of baby powder to a hundred-pound sack of cement. Name it and Ringbone Sam and Frank Baker could quote the price down to a fraction of a cent.

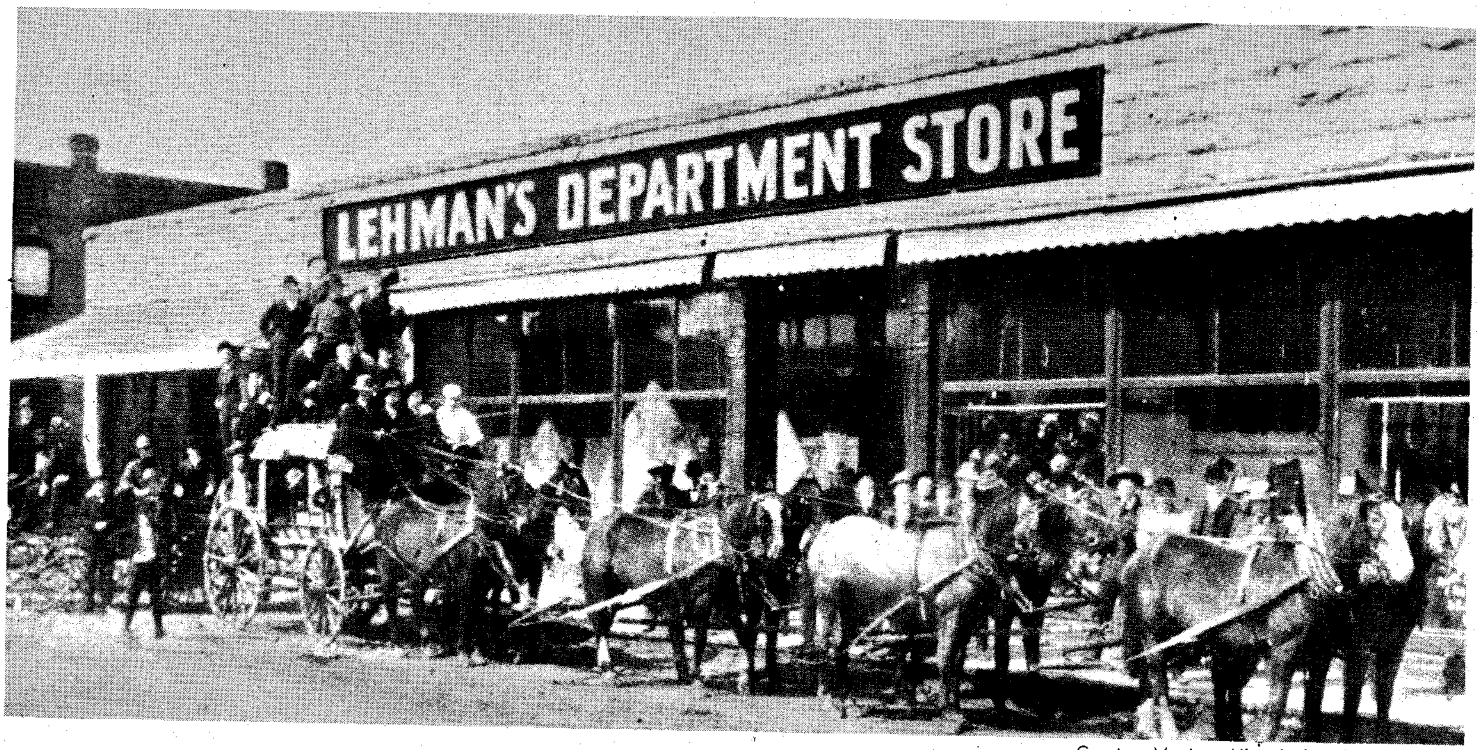
Besides the giant sized Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward annuals other smaller mail order catalogs added to the reading material of the bunkhouses—saddle catalogs, boot catalogs, and catalogs of novelties, such as decks of marked cards, loaded dice, trick gadgets, wigs and toupees, false mustaches and whiskers, grease paint and theatrical make-up kits, stage props for vaudeville and minstrel shows, clown makeup of false noses and large ears, gimcracks of all description for the practical joker and town sport, from stink bombs to stage money.

It was an advertisement of stage money in a novelty catalog that caught the speculative eye of Ringbone Sam, whose fondness for practical joking was a byword in that part of northeastern Montana. His lips moved silently as he read the advertisement which said, "For the Sport MacAllister who carries a fat gambler's bankroll in his flank pocket. A thousand dollar bankroll for only one dollar, postpaid. Genuine Confederate money in five, ten and twenty dollar brand new bills. Surprise your friends by flashing this roll of Confederate money! Have a barrel of fun!"

Sam read and reread the advertisement as he lay stretched out on his bunk. In the fertile brain of the bronc rider, the thought of that thick roll of Confederate money, worthless as the paper it was printed on, conjured up countless visions of pie-in-the-sky wealth. Most of the sheepherders on the Phillips ranch were Swedes and other foreigners, speaking broken English and unable, for the most part, to read or write. Anyway, in the cowpuncher estimation of Ringbone Sam, all sheepherders were loco.

The ranch hands were mostly French-Canadian halfbreed Metis, exiled from Canada after the disastrous Riel Rebellion, many speaking a jargon of Canuck-French mixed with Chippewa and Cree. Halfbreeds who had run trap lines in Canada for the Hudson's Bay Company. Suckers.

Sam reached for his makin's, rolled a flaky Bull Durham cigarette, pulled the head of a kitchen match along the sole of his high-heeled boot. He let the smoke



The stage from Lewistown to Harlowton, Montana, 1903.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

drift lazily from his nostrils as he lay on his back in the soft glow of the lamplight, his puckered eyes staring unseeing, a faint musing smile on his wide mouth, lost in dreams of his own imagining as he thought up scheme after scheme, pondering on each idea, then tossing it into the discard.

A FAINT SCOWL knitted his heavy black eyebrows as he recalled the disastrous results of a recent scheme he and Frank Baker had had to make some money on the side. A deal that had worked out fine as frawg-hair for a month or two until they had pulled up lame.

The deal they had schemed up was for Frank to go over to Fort Belknap Indian Reservation nearby and buy up two or three Injun ponies at $10 per head. Ringbone Sam had picked up a few beat-up old second hand saddles in Malta for $5 apiece, together with a few old bridles for a few bucks. Then Baker had sold the gentle Injun ponies, complete with saddles and bridles, to the sheepherders at widely scattered points as he made the rounds as camp tender, for a hundred percent profit. Two or three weeks later the Injun ponies sold to the sheepherders "slipped" their hobbles during the night and mysteriously disappeared.

The horseless sheepherders eventually sold their saddles and bridles back to Baker at a small fraction of what they had paid, and in due time the same Injun ponies, saddles and bridles were sold to other sheepherders in other remote sheep camps. True to form, in a few weeks the Injun ponies disappeared during the night.

Due to the fact that no sheepherder ever had cash in his pocket, all deals were made on the books at the office of the Phillips ranch. The sheepherders' complaints of stolen horses, in the course of a couple of months, began to reach the ears of Ben Phillips and he and his bookkeeper held a powwow behind closed doors in the office-commissary building. The damaging evidence was all there on the company books: Red ink on the debit side of each sheepherder. Twenty dollars for the Injun pony, ten or fifteen dollars for saddle and bridle, and the amount credited to Frank Baker and Sam Frazier. In each and every case the sheepherders reported that their horses had disappeared during the night and had never been found.

Knowing the larceny-minded Ringbone Sam, the practical joker, and the wily camp tender Frank Baker, Phillips called both culprits into the office and chawed them out in no uncertain terms. Either they would face arrest and trial for horse stealing, or they would pay back each and every sheepherder. Thus caught in a bind the two jokers were given little or no choice, and both were still in the red on the company books.

To make matters worse Phillips, who had a fondness for practical jokes himself, told and retold the story for what it was worth in Malta, Landusky, and Zortman, thus rubbing a measure of coarse sheep salt into the wounds. It cost Ringbone Sam and Frank Baker drinks for the house in every saloon they went into, along with a lot of rough, good-natured hoorawing.

"Call this old country boy anything you've a mind to, gents," Sam would grin. "Just so you don't fergit to call me when it comes your turn to set up drinks for the house."

It was Ringbone Sam who spread the word that Ben Phillips knew a top hand when he saw one, and that's why Ben kept fellers like Sam in debt on the company books. That, and because Ringbone Sam had a sense of humor and a flair for playing practical jokes. On more than one occasion he had jobbed the big six foot, burly sheepman, and the irate Phillips had cussed him out and tied the can to his bushy tail, with orders to never set foot on the ranch again. But in a few weeks, when the dust had settled and Ben was telling in the barrooms about the job that Sam had pulled on him, the bronc rider figured the sign was right, and would ride back to the Phillips ranch and be back at work next day without a word of argument, to work out his debt on the company books.

"I just can't recollect," Ringbone Sam was wont to remark on occasion, "when I wasn't paying for a dead horse, accordin' to the way that Phillips bookkeeper slings that red ink."

THE WEEK following Ringbone Sam's reading about the Confederate money in the gadget catalog, a package, neatly wrapped and sealed in plain brown paper, arrived at the post office at Phillips, Phillips County, Montana, addressed to Sam Frazier.

Ringbone Sam took the sealed package to the privacy of the now empty horse corral where he had finished breaking out a string of six two-year-old geldings. Hunkered down on spurred boot heels he slit open the package with his stock knife, a glint of anticipation in his puckered eyes as he beheld the brand new money held together with a wide rubber band.

The strong fingers of his calloused hands riffled and bent the stiff paper money until the newness was gone and it could be rolled into a compact gambler's bankroll. Then securing it with the rubber band he shoved it into the hip pocket of his levis and got slowly to his feet.

He was rolling a smoke and contemplating his next move when Frank Baker, returning from a tour of the sheep camps, drove up in a battered buckboard. Sam sauntered over to help Baker unhook the team, lending a hand to water the thirsty horses at the long plank water trough at the windmill, then helping unharness and turn the horses loose in the horse pasture, letting Baker do the talking, which was small talk about moving a couple of bands of sheep to fresh range.

Sam remained silent and thoughtful, a faint grin on his sun cracked lips, a far away look in his eyes, until Frank Baker took notice of his strange silence, Ringbone being a talkative man by nature.

"What the hell's eatin' on you?" Baker asked suspiciously. "You got that look in your eye. That coyote grin on your face. Like you was cookin' up another deal that has a mess of trouble. Whatever it is, deal me out." The camp tender sprayed the ground with tobacco juice.

"Some fellers squeal like a panther," Sam spoke in an injured tone, "afore ever they're hurt. I always had you figured out for a tough hombre who played his string out, Baker. Shows how wrong a feller kin get when it comes to sizin' up a real man."

"It's all right for a single man like you," Frank Baker made a brief gesture with his hands, "to travel on his shape. But me, I'm a married man with I don't know for shore how many kids I got to keep in grub and clothes. Whatever you got inside that bonehead of yours, I want no part of, regardless."

"I got nothin' on my mind but my hat," said Sam, "I'm headin' for town tomorrow, next day, on account I got money that's burnin' a hole in my flank pocket." Whereupon he carelessly pulled out the bankroll and shoved it under the camp tender's nose. "Get a good smell of the long green, Baker."

"What the hell!" Baker's voice lowered to a husky whisper. "You robbed a bank or somethin'?" He shook his head slowly from side to side and yanked his hat down slaunchwise.

Sam slid the wide rubber band off the bankroll. With a calloused thumb on the tip of his tongue he counted out half a dozen twenties, tens and fives and shoved the money into the camp tender's hand.

"Buy your barefoot kids some shoes, Baker," Sam spoke carelessly as he snapped the rubber band around the bankroll and shoved it into his pocket.

Frank Baker's eyes narrowed as he examined the crisp new money. "Hold on, Ringbone! This here money's brand new . . . don't look right somehow . . . like mebby it's counterfeit . . ."

"Counterfeit, hell!" the bronc peeler snorted indignantly. "It's genuine Confederate currency!" Sam stubbed out the butt of his cigarette on a corral post. "This far north in Montana," he said with authority, "you don't see much Confederate money in circulation, especially since the Civil War ended. But where I come from around Kansas and Missouri, Confederate money was shore plentiful."

"The Civil War was over a long time ago." Frank fingered the crisp banknotes gingerly. "You guarantee if I was to pass this money at some place, like for instance Long Henry's Saloon at Malta, I wouldn't get into trouble?"

"I done quit guaranteein' anything, feller." Sam smiled faintly. "Ary man ain't got horse sense to figger things out for himself is a sorry kind of human," Sam again produced the bankroll. "All I know is I got a thousand dollars worth of Confederate money. I'd shore like to invest it in somethin' worth while afore I squander it on wine, wimmin and studhoss poker. I'm willin' to deal you in, Baker, bein' as how we bin side pardners before in a few such investments." The big cowpuncher closed an eyelid in a meaningful wink.

Frank Baker managed a faint grin. "So it's one of them kinda deals," he said. "Spread your soogans, Ringbone, and I'll look 'em over for lice and nits."

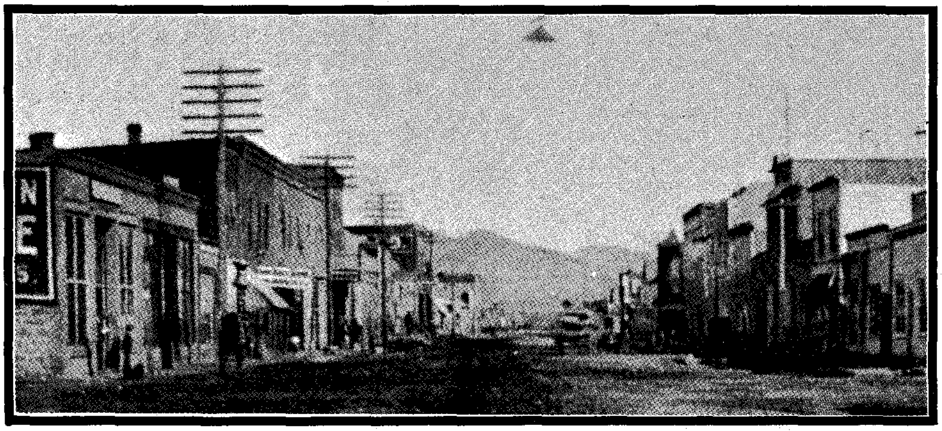
"This roll of genuine Confederate foldin' money," Sam said, "cost me the exact sum of one silver dollar cartwheel, includin' postage. I got it from one of them mail order gadget catalogs. It's shore purty lookin' money, ready to be spent. Even a wool-blind camp tender orter be able to see the possibilities."

"I got a jug hid in the far manger," Baker motioned towards the big horse barn. "Nothin' like good likker to oil up the brain inside a man's skull."

HALF AN HOUR and several man-sized drinks later, the two friends had it made. The way they had it figured—if the money looked real enough to them, it was a cinch bet it would fool the blanket Injuns on the reservation. They could gather up fifty ponies in one day's horse trading, paying for them with the worthless money, shove them across the Missouri at Rocky Point Crossing, peddle the ponies around Lewistown and Gilt Edge and clean up big in a week.

Lewistown, looking northeast from 4th Street.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena



Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Sheep and cattleman Ben D. Phillips

"Say fifty Injun ponies at twenty or twenty-five bucks a head. We'll clear a thousand bucks!" Sam passed the jug on the strength of their wealth-to-come.

Next morning after breakfast the two men saddled up their private horses and pulled out.

"Just in case B.D. shows up in the next day or two," Sam told the bookkeeper, "you tell him I got a belly full of the sheep stink around here — that I've done cut my galluses and gone straight up—and I've taken Frank Baker along." He lowered his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "I'll let you in on what me'n Baker has for a big deal, feller, if you gimme your word to keep it under your hat."

"You got my solemn promise, Ringbone," the bookkeeper said, wiping the beginning of a smile with the palm of his hand.

"You wasn't in this part of the country," Sam said, "the summer of 1901, I reckon?"

"Back in 1901," the young bookkeeper admitted, "I was wearin' knee pants, going to grammer school in St. Paul. Why?"

"Why?" Sam blustered. "Well, because it was on the third of July, 1901, that Kid Curry and his gang held up the Great Northern train at Wagner, a few miles west of Malta, that's why. They got away with eighty thousand dollars. Brand new money consigned to a Helena bank. But when the outlaws split the loot they discovered it was worthless because it was unsigned currency. Kid Curry hid his share of the take at the gang's hideaway near Thornhill Butte." Sam put a

(Continued on page 48)

Graveyard of Adamsville where Riley Woods camped with his son.

STRANGERS at the CAMPFIRE

By DAN WOODS

Photos Courtesy Author

A chance meeting between a young boy who had never seen a prison and three men who had seen the last of one . . .

IT WAS in the spring of 1916 when I first saw the state prison lights at Florence, Arizona. From our corral gate to the prison towers it was thirty-two miles and that's a long way for a little boy to see at night. We lived on the outer edge of Casa Grande.

They were pale blue and they seemed to waver. I guess you would call them blinking lights. I'll never forget the first time I was conscious of them. Papa was looking at them from our front porch. I watched him for a while, then my curiosity getting the best of me, I asked him what he saw. In those days children had a great deal of respect for older people and Papa was over forty years old.

He never answered and I was about ready to give it up and go in the house when suddenly he turned to me and said, "Come here, son!" I walked over to him not knowing what to expect.

He pointed his finger straight to the east and said, "Look right even with my finger and you'll see the prison lights." I looked very closely and all I could see was his finger. It was a hard, calloused finger, for men back then worked awful hard and Papa worked the hardest of all. I told him I couldn't see anything but his finger so he stood me on a box. Then as I concentrated, the lights appeared and as I watched them they seemed to come and go, ever so weak and light blue in color. I asked Papa why they went on and off and he answered, "When you see lights that blink at night, it's a sign there are people living there." I never questioned his answer, but I wondered what he meant. Then he puzzled me even more. He extended an invitation.

"In a week or ten days I've got to take some things up to Mr. Zelevager's ranch at the old A-Diamond the other side of Florence and you can go with me and maybe we can see the prison."

I went to sleep that night wondering why anyone would want to see a prison and also wondering what a prison was. To me it was just some real pale, blue lights that came and went.

Sure enough, in about ten days, Papa told me he was ready to leave and that I could go with him. I was awfully happy to think he'd ask me for I had lots of brothers and I was the youngest. I ran and told the rest of my brothers I was going with Papa to see the prison, but they didn't seem very impressed.

The next morning about four o'clock, Papa woke me and when we went out to look for our team of mules, it was still dark and the pasture was big. As we hitched up old Jack and Dave to our wagon our dog Blanco jumped around like he'd gone crazy. He wanted to go with us I guess. Papa told him to settle down. "Blanco," he said, "you can't go with us and I don't want you to follow. It's gonna be a long trip."

Then my mother told us goodbye. I always like to think I was my mother's favorite. She told me once that I should be buried close to her when I died cause if she didn't wake me up on resurrection morning, I wouldn't make it—I was too sleepy-headed.

As we drove down the road going to town for some groceries and a sack of grain to make our trip on, Papa waved goodbye to my mother. He was a hard man and real strict with us boys, but I never in my whole life heard him raise his voice or speak a cross word to my mother. She was his pet.

WE WENT to the livery stable run by Dave Smith to get a sack of grain. Papa called him Uncle Dave. I always called him Mr. Smith. He had a big barn and it was full of horses and some mules and he was working around them, currying them and talking to them. He just loved stock and had a way with them.

He asked Papa if he wanted a drink and he and Papa went into the office where he had a light and they drank from a small bottle and came out wiping their mouths on the backs of their hands. I couldn't figure out why they drank from a bottle when we had a whole big canteen of water under the wagon seat.

Then we went to a little store run by Jack Hamilton and we bought some groceries for our trip and when Papa paid him, Mr. Hamilton put his hand in the drawer and brought out some candy for me. Then we were on our way.

As we drove out of town the sun was just coming over the hill. We headed north by the old road from our town of Casa Grande into the Sacaton Mountains and we hadn't gone more than two miles when there in the middle of the road stood Blanco, just as happy as could be. Papa smiled and said, "I knew he'd be here waiting for us. When we get to heaven if old Blanco ain't there with me, I'll have to come back for him."

Papa hardly ever smiled or laughed. I guess he never saw anything funny. His face was real hard and lined with worry, but when he smiled it seemed to soften up and he looked sort of young again.

We moved out at a fair pace, for the mules were feeling good and it was cool. But as the day wore on and the sun got hot, the old mules slowed down and Papa said we'd camp this side of Adamsville. It was a town on our side of the river before you got to Florence. Just a few people lived there then and now it's just a ghost town, with only a graveyard standing to show where the settlement was.

Along about noon, we saw a roadrunner beside the road under a big mesquite tree. He was bowing his head down as though he were praying. Papa said they always bow down and pray at noon every day. You can always tell the time if you see one praying. So he pulled out his big old watch and sure enough it was straight up twelve o'clock.

As we moved on I saw a cloud about the size of a saddle blanket coming out of the east. It was the rainy season of the year, so I kept my eye on the little cloud. It soon grew big and black and I saw some more little ones coming over the mountains.

Papa studied that old cloud for a few minutes, then remarked, "There's no cloud a man can't drive out from under." So he laid the whip to old Jack and Dave. They seemed to realize there was a storm coming and they stretched their old necks and ran. We hadn't got over a half-mile before the thunder rumbled a couple of times and big drops of rain came down. There were few at first, but the old mules gave up and slowed down to a walk.

Papa said "Whoa" to the mules, and we jumped down and put our wagon tarp over the wagon and got under it. It came a real nice rain. Old Blanco put his nose under the tarp so Papa invited him in but only until the rain stopped.

The rain cleared off just at sundown so we decided to make camp for the night. We cooked our supper over an open fire and put our bed down by it. As I went to sleep I could hear the old mules chewing corn. Sounded like someone grinding rocks. It's a good thing to go to sleep by.

The next thing I knew, every coyote in the world was howling at once, and old Blanco was talking back to them. Papa was boiling coffee and cooking some meat and eggs. He turned to me and said, "Wake up, boy, and light a shuck. It's daylight in the swamp." I knew what he meant for Papa was raised in the bayou country of Louisiana and that's the way he called us boys in the morning. Although we were many a mile from a swamp on the desert of southern Arizona, probably the driest place on earth, I guess a man always likes to remember his boyhood days. It must have made Papa feel young again was why he always talked about the swamps.

WE WERE on our way before sun-up as we hoped to make the A-Diamond Ranch that day. Papa knew a road he called a "short cut" so we didn't arrive on schedule. That night we camped near the old Tea Cup headquarters which was also one of Mr. Zelevager's brands. We hadn't been bedded down more than a couple of hours, when old Blanco came out growling and Papa got his .45 from under his pillow.

It was three men on horseback and they said they were lost and would like to camp with us that night. One of them talked and came near the fire. He was a real big man with a bad limp. The other two stayed back in the shadows and watched down the road. There was a little old wash with water in it and their horses were real thirsty and gaunted up. You could tell they had come a long way, and the men wouldn't let them drink but just a sip or two before they'd jerk their heads up. I wanted to know why. Papa told me real quietly that a horse can't travel if he's full of water and these men might want to move on at any time.

They asked Papa if they might cook some supper on our fire and he said it would be all right. They had their own meat, although it was steaks cut up with the hide and hair on them. I thought that was a funny way to butcher, but I never said anything. I was a little too small to know it was A-Diamond beef they had borrowed. They all had .30-30 carbines on their saddles and they were leading a pack horse that was carrying quite a load. He was a big stout horse but seemed kinda sick. He kept trying to lie down and get up, like he had had colic from too many miles and no eats.

One of the men, the one who seemed to be the boss, said he would be obliged to Papa if we'd trade him a mule for the horse. He said he was a real good horse, only a little sick and he'd probably be fine soon. Papa seemed to know what was coming the way the man was looking at old Jack and Dave. He told the man the mules had never been broke to ride or pack.

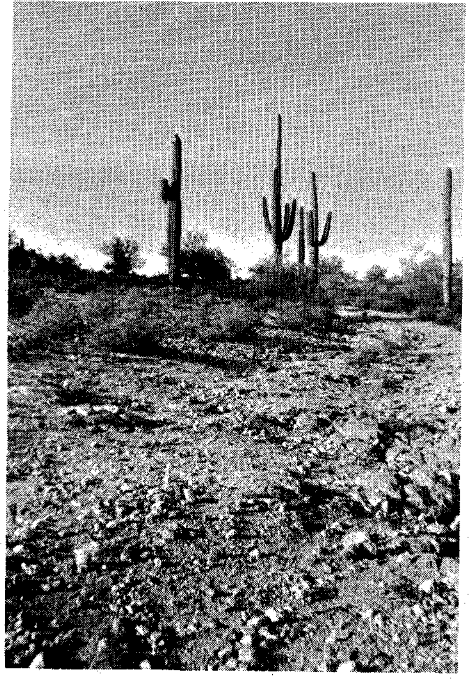
"Why," he said, "those mules would kick your hat off and you in the saddle."

That seemed to satisfy the man. Then he took a small piece of rag and put it into a bucket and burned it and when it got to smoking good, he put it under the sick horse's nose. It seemed to help him. The horse quit lying down and getting up.

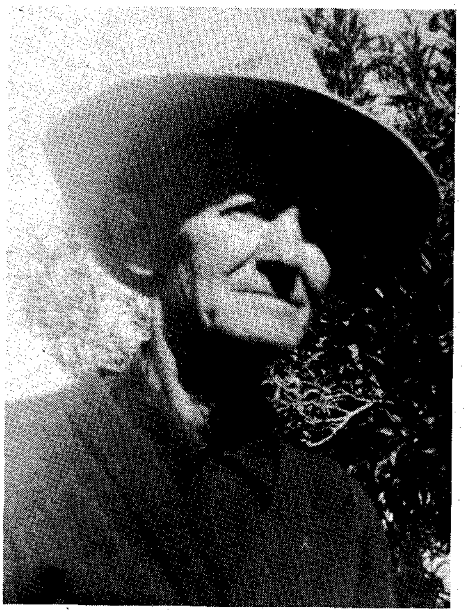
After the men cooked supper and ate, one of them stayed on his horse and

Florence, Arizona prison, about 1916.

Courtesy Arizona Department of Library and Archives



Old *Casa Grande*—*Florence wagon road.*



Riley W. Woods

kept looking down the road. He seemed sort of nervous. He even got off his horse and climbed up on a little hill and took his .30-30 with him. I didn't know what to think but I had a lot of confidence in Papa and felt that everything was going to be all right.

Papa seemed worried, although I don't believe he was actually afraid. Seems as though there was no real fear in his make-up.

I dropped off to sleep and when I woke, two of the men were snoring but the other one was on his horse looking down the road. I saw Papa was awake also. I could tell because he was lying so quietly. I guess it was about midnight when I woke up again. The stars were shining and the men had gone. Papa was putting the harness on our mules so we moved out real early towards Mr. Zelevager's homeplace. Papa told me not to mention our visitors so I never said a word when we got to the ranch. I wouldn't have spoken anyway, being rather shy and bashful.

We pulled in just at noon and the cowboys were eating lunch in a long room. Mr. Zelevager invited us in and just as we entered, four cowboys got up and went outside. Mr. Zelevager called them back. "Come on back, boys, it's only Mr. Woods and his son from Casa Grande. They've brought me a load of block salt and some veterinary medicine." It seemed as though the boys who stepped outside were what they call owl hooters. They rode the out-trail and side roads, Mr. Zelevager told us. I asked him why and he said that they had probably had a misunderstanding with the law.

WE STAYED at the ranch the rest of the day and early next morning we harnessed our mules and headed for Florence. Our old mules moved out real good as they had rested up and Mr. Zelevager had fed them some baled hay he kept for his saddle stock.

We camped that night just outside of Florence near the river. Papa showed me the prison. It was small in 1916. I was all for going up to see if we could go in and see it, but he said, "Don't be in a hurry. We'll go early in the morning and ask the man if he will let us go through. Don't ever ask a man for a favor at night," he told me. "You know it's always morning when school starts. Even wars are declared in the morning. At eight o'clock sharp we'll be there."

While we were eating supper, some skunks came up and Papa threw them some little scraps. They were so gentle. There was a mother and her little ones. Then after they had eaten, we were real quiet and the old one did a little dance for us. She hopped around the fire on one hind foot, then the other. Soon all the little ones danced with her. It was real nice to watch them. "Son," Papa said, "there's lots of people who have never seen what you've just seen and wouldn't believe it if you told them."

He told me he'd also seen raccoons dance at night, especially on moonlight nights in the spring of the year. After we had gone to bed I heard a little baby crying. I guess it was a nester's child. I remember it sounded so lonely and pitiful. I asked Papa about it and he said, "Oh, it's probably a lynx cat. They sound an awful lot like children at night. You know they are God's children." So he dismissed it but I knew it wasn't a lynx.

There was a smell of the river in the air. The arrow weeds had a real good smell. Every time I smell them now, it takes me back to that morning there on the old Gila River with my father. So many years ago. We ate a hurried snack and headed for the prison. Papa showed me the lights on the tower I had seen from home. They were big floodlights which pretty well lit up the whole prison wall.

We drove up to the gate house and asked if we might go in for a visit. The man asked us who we wanted to visit, saying, "Do you have some of your people in here?"

Papa said, "No, thank God. We just would like to go through and see it on the inside."

So the man in charge called up the warden (I don't remember for sure his name; I think it was Mr. Hall). Then he turned to us and said some people were going through in about an hour and we could go with them.

As we waited, I became real afraid. I had never seen such a big house and I didn't know what to expect inside. Finally I told Papa I'd stay with the mules and old Blanco, if he didn't mind.

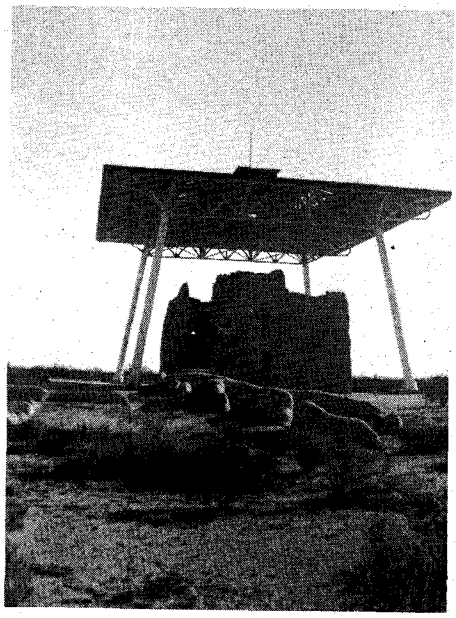
He looked down at me and smiled and said, "Why, this is why we came. There's nothing to hurt you." So I went with him. We went through and saw all the men. They had numbers on their backs and were working around inside. There was a big flour mill with a big sign on the door. It said HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN in big letters. Then in smaller print someone had written "Like Hell." Papa laughed and all the people laughed, even the prisoners. Everyone seemed to feel good. Then we went into a big bakery and they gave us some hot, homemade bread. It was delicious.

Papa was talking to a guard and the guard told him that three men had escaped. They had gone to Clifton and robbed the bank and stolen some horses and were heading for Old Mexico. He said one was a real big man with a bad limp. I looked at Papa and he looked at me. The guard said they were dangerous and might kill someone if they had a chance.

As soon as I could I asked Papa if he was going to tell the man about us seeing them. He just looked way off and said, "They never hurt us and they could of killed us, as they all had rifles. No, son, I don't remember seeing anyone." I just couldn't understand how he forgot so soon.

As we left the prison we passed a big fellow and he looked down at me and asked, "What they got you in for, Shorty?" It liked to have scared me to death. He was a giant and he had the whitest teeth I ever saw. White like a

(Continued on page 43)



Casa Grande ruins.

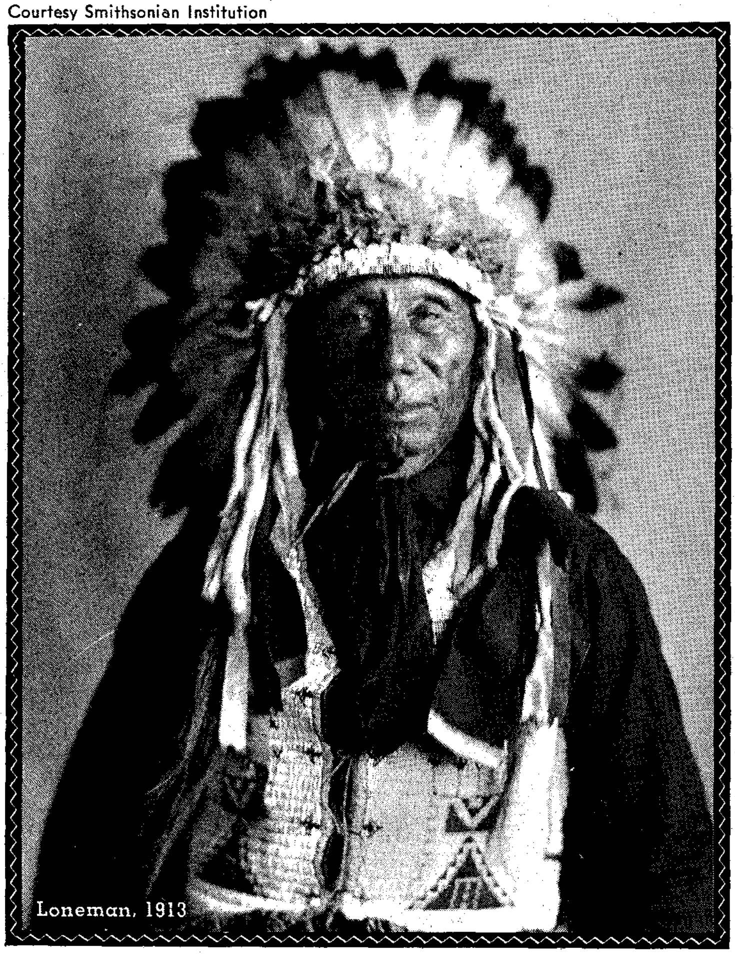
Loneman's story—

Courtesy Eugene Wounded Horse

By WILL SPINDLER

THE SCOUT WHO SAVED THE SIOUX

Courtesy Smithsonian Institution



Loneman, 1913

EUGENE WOUNDED HORSE, who served with the United States Indian Service many years and who was bus driver at the Oglala Community School at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, had a grandfather who became quite famous as a scout for the Sioux. He was Loneman and he served during General Custer's campaign of 1876. The large consolidated Indian day school near Oglala, also known as No. 5, was named after him. Eugene Wounded Horse gave me the Indian viewpoint of the Custer debacle as he had heard it from his grandfather.

Loneman did not make any written report on what became known as the Battle of the Little Big Horn or "Custer's Last Stand" in Montana, but he repeated the story often to his relatives and tribesmen. According to his calculations, he was twenty-six years of age in 1876 and he died at the age of eighty-four in 1934.

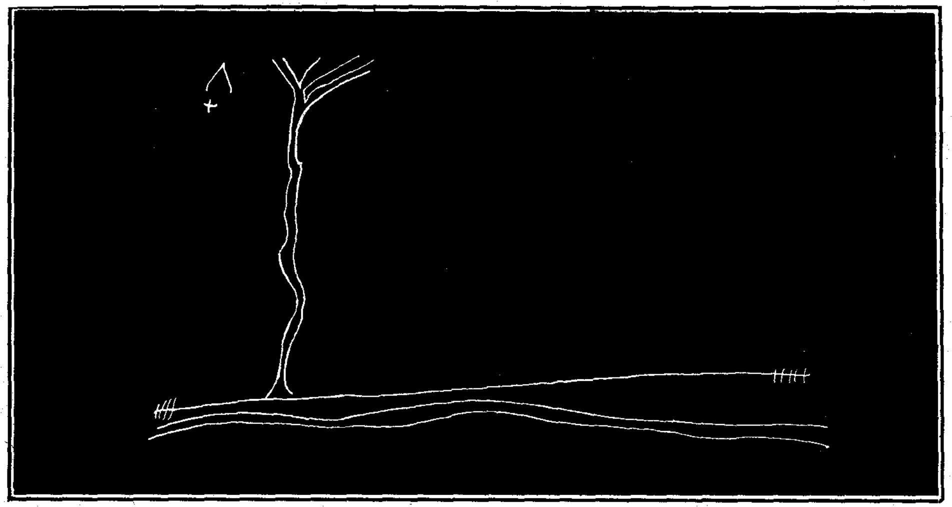
Loneman described the Battle of the Little Big Horn as Custer's private battle. He stated that while the loss of Custer and his entire command aroused a general resentment all over the nation,

(Continued on page 44)

Stope Maravel's

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Ethel Coombs

A copy of the map which Stope Maravel drew for Reddington and Oldets after he was paralyzed.

"AH, AMIGO, you are find the something?" Stope Maravel turned quickly. Then, seeing the pastor—sheepherder Salvatore Espada — he replied, "Perhaps, amigo. Don't savvy how much it runs so gotta pack it out to an assayer. Come back soon, if it's any good, and file me a claim on it."

"Maybe it will be very good and you are a rich man, amigo," Espada said, hoping that at last his friend the wandering *gringo* had come upon a strike for his old age. "If not so very good, perhaps next time for sure, no?"

There was always *mañana*. The loyal Espada tended a band of sheep in New Mexico's Manzano Mountains during the summer months where the grass was green and thick. From the upper heights he often watched Maravel's glimmering campfires. The first time he had come down out of curiosity. After that he and the old prospector had become friends.

Espada had given Stope considerable information. Wandering around with his sheep he had come upon many shafts and tunnels dug by the Spaniards' Indian slaves 300 years before.

On this day the two men visited briefly and separated. Espada returned to his woollies. Maravel set out behind his burros along the west side of Priest Canyon.

His search had been a long one but he finally had finished it successfully and he congratulated himself — for having found what so many other eager hunters had failed to find. Soon, he could be a wealthy man.

This area of central New Mexico, in Valencia and Torrance Counties, was the most important part of a country which the Spaniards had called the Jumanos Pueblos. At Abo, Gran Quivira and Quarai the men from Spain had founded missions. In prominent places were many *torreons*, or towers, where lookouts watched for raiders.

Almost at once the Spaniards had discovered that the Indians knew where valuable minerals could be taken from the ground. The inhabitants had been put to work getting out the ore, smelting and casting gold, silver, lead and some copper into bars.

Diverse trails to the network of scattered mines crossed Priest Canyon. The many criss-crossing routes also led to a workers' camp established near Pine Springs south of the southern tip of the Manzanos. Here crude *arrastres*, in which ore was broken up, were built.

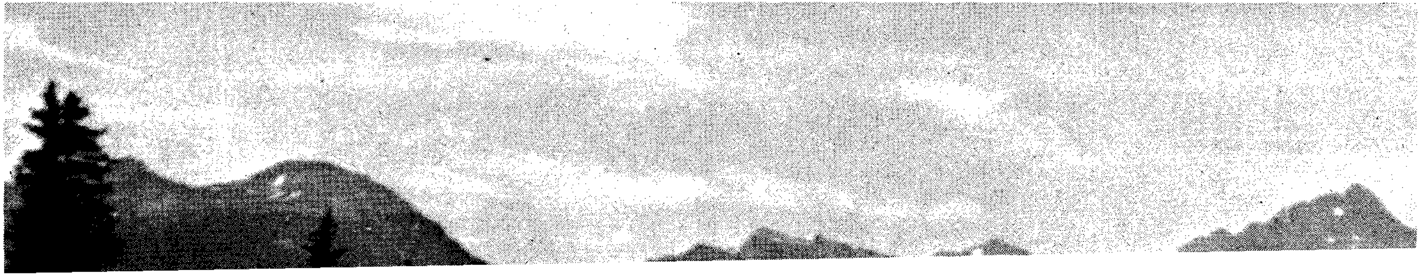
One of the earliest discoveries the Americans had made after their arrival was that the easily-found tunnels and shafts all had been worked out. Moreover, the slag pile at the camp had revealed that the richest silver and lead ores had come from somewhere else, not from the diggings left unconcealed.

Thereafter the rich mine was hunted by hopeful prospectors. Even before American occupation of the Southwest, an unknown Spanish priest had tried to find it. In 1841 he and his party did locate a camouflaged shaft a couple of miles west of the canyon below the Manzanos but it was cleaned out. In the bottom lay a big wooden cross. Below it rested the skeletons of several men, presumably Indian workmen.

The priest and his followers had turned next to the canyon, giving it careful inspection before retreating in defeat. It was from this expedition that the canyon became known by its present name.

The Manzano Mountains

Courtesy Irbymae Ford



Unlucky Find

Many lives are lost through greed; not so many through loyalty and friendship

The mucked out shaft was named the Holy Cross Mine.

MARAVEL KNEW all this history and lore before wandering west from Mountainair to Scholle on the Santa Fe Railroad in March, 1890. Following Abo Canyon farther west, he reached the mouth of Priest Canyon. Evidences of a highly mineralized country were everywhere.

But, not making any kind of a strike, he came out and prowled ranges occupied by cattle and sheep outfits. In the Manzanos he met several herders, including old Espada. Then, in September, Maravel made his discovery. The first direct clue was a flat rocky surface in a stand of branching cactus. The old trail crossed over a slick surface deliberately scarred by long cuts to provide footing for burros, mules and human beings. After tracing out part of the old trail, Maravel located a ledge rising gently through jack pines and big trees.

He next searched for signs of a ledge that had been worked and later covered up. When he came onto it, he started digging. Espada had found him that afternoon preparing to leave. Maravel made night camp on the canyon rim. The next morning he headed east for Mountainair. There he could get grub and find an assayer to tell him what percentage in silver and lead the ore ran.

Near sundown that day he encountered prospectors Steve Reddington and Jim Oldets. He camped with them that night on the rim of Canyon Espinosa. Thirty-year-old Reddington was a florid-faced, mustached wanderer with pale blue eyes. Oldets was two years younger, black-haired and also mustached, the silent one in the roving partnership.

Reddington greeted Maravel jocosely. "Well, you found the Adams Diggin's yet, you old varmint?" All of them had put in time searching for the famous lost gold placer.

Maravel's eyes twinkled. He had known both men for the past four years. "Well, not quite. You boys?"

"Just heading back west to give it another try," Reddington admitted.

Later over coffee, beans and bacon, Maravel told of his find, confident it had been the source of the ore supplying the *arrastre* camp. He described the location, mentioning the places he had poked into and the surprising number of old mines in Priest Canyon.

Courtesy Mrs. S. I. Richardson

Jim Oldets

On examining the ore, Reddington remarked, "Silver is a little low in price just now. But if you got enough of this stuff, looks like you're in. Lead ain't worth much but maybe it won't flash out your silver."

At a late hour they crawled into their bedding tarps and morning seemed to come quickly. In the gray of dawn — when all prospectors make haste to crawl out — Maravel remained in his blankets. Reddington and Oldets took care of his burros and started cooking breakfast. Then an odd sound from Maravel caught Reddington's attention. Kneeling, he inspected the old man.

"Poor old Stope has had a stroke!" he shouted to Oldets.

The left side of Maravel's face and mouth twitched as he tried to tell them something. His left arm lay useless but he could move his right hand a bit.

Reddington said, "We'll take you down to the railroad pronto and flag a train, Stope. Get you to a sawbones fast. Relax and don't worry."

They dressed Maravel and tried to feed him. He could drink a little coffee. With the old man on a hastily devised travois tied to one of his burros, the partners set out for the nearest section house on the railroad. Before noon they had flagged down an eastbound train and got Maravel to Mountainair.

The attending doctor declared ominously, "If he should survive, he will be helpless."

Courtesy Mrs. S. I. Richardson

Steve Reddington

MARAVEL showed very little sign of improvement and was unable to utter a word. Making signs with his right hand, he indicated he wanted to write something. Reddington hastened to get a sheet of paper and pencil. It was held on a board so Stope could write while lying flat.

Instead of forming words into a message, the old man's fingers laboriously drew a rough map.

"Gotcha, Stope!" Reddington assured him when the tired fingers released the pencil. "Once we get you out of the woods we'll go up there and stake it for you!"

Before sundown, Maravel had gone out with the tide. After burying him, Reddington and Oldets went to the assay office.

"The silver runs 1700 ounces," the assayer reported. "The lead — why worry about it? The silver is unusually rich. However, it will vary in the lode, some less, some higher. But you sure have got yourself one rich mine, boys!"

Taking the train back to the section house, the partners picked up the stock, including Maravel's burros. They always rode horses — no foot hiking for them — but they packed a couple of burros. All the stock was taken along because they expected to bring out a large quantity of ore.

Passing up Priest Canyon, they topped out west from a ranch. Keeping Manzano Peak on the skyline as a guide, they moved north. While the crudely drawn map would make little sense to others, Reddington felt positive it would lead them to the ledge. The meaning of the lines was simple. The lowest one would be Abo Arroyo. The one above it, with hatched ends, indicated the railroad. On the east end the wide mouth formed by two lines was surely Priest Canyon. At the top of the map was an inverted V which undoubtedly represented Manzano Peak. Below it and west a cross mark located the mined ledge.

Before he'd been stricken, Maravel had described the country in detail, and the surface indications of the old Spanish workings. But before the two men reached the pine timber, sleet began to fall.

Later, it turned to rain. Reddington and Oldets realized that ground signs had been wiped out but this fact did not worry them. They proceeded directly to the old prospector's permanent campsite and stayed there overnight. The next morning they entered the edge of a forest of scattered pine. This area was better than 6,000 feet elevation.

To Reddington's surprise, they experienced difficulty in locating the covered-over ledge. No sign of man or animals showed anywhere until they reached an area grazed over by sheep.

SNOW STORMS came early that year, forcing Reddington and Oldets out. Puzzled by their inability to find the silver-lead ledge, they withdrew southwest into the desert mountains to look for the Adams Diggings.

By late spring, when grass on the higher elevations started growing, they returned to the Manzanos foothills. The sheep bands had returned to their summer range. The partners talked to the herders asking questions concerning Maravel. One of them was Salvatore Espada, whom they did not know. Like the others, he solemnly denied having seen a prospector in the region. Their big mistake was not telling the herders that Maravel was dead.

One night the men camped in the edge of a jackpine stand. Just before dawn, they were awakened by the crashes of a rifle. Six bullets splattered around them. Reddington and Oldets grabbed their own rifles and slithered into the cover of timber and brush. But by then the shooting had stopped.

As soon as the sun came up, they scouted until the tracks of a lone rifleman were located. He had slipped in from the north and returned over his own sign. They lost his trail three miles north of their bedgrounds.

The shooting puzzled the partners. They decided someone else hunting for the fabulous ledge wanted to scare them out of the country.

The next night they camped in a glade so that a skulker could find them easily. After dark cloaked their movements, they staked out on two sides of their decoy camp to await the coming of the mysterious rifleman, but he did not show up that night. Deciding the man had pulled out, they re-entered the area south of Manzano Peak.

Nothing occurred for several days and they grew a little lax. This time the rifleman sprayed their camp with lead just after sundown. Attempts to track him the next morning ended as the first attempt had done. Apparently he was well acquainted with the region.

"He could be one of them sheepherders," Reddington theorized at last. "His sign always goes in their direction. We'll give him a breather and then trick him good."

They moved below the beginning forks of Priest Canyon. In the defile and on the sides they happened onto numerous mines once worked by the Spaniards and, after 1826, by the Mexicans.

Perhaps Maravel had been farther west than he had indicated? The partners moved to another long canyon. Above its upper forks they swung back east and re-entered the sniper's area.

Reddington made a man-sized dummy and they positioned it near their fire that night. But for several days, no molester came.

Then, for the third and last time, he opened fire just at dusk. Bullets ripped into the grass-filled dummy. The bushwhacker was on Reddington's side of the glade. Reddington dispatched four bullets toward that direction as fast as the rifle lever could be worked.

After several minutes of silence, Oldets appeared from hiding. "I heard a man cry out in there like he'd been hit," he reported. "I'm sure of it. The wind was blowing toward me."

After daylight, they searched the brush and found dried spots of blood on leaves and the needle-mat covering the ground.

This time the tracks were easy to follow. The wounded man weaved around, sometimes staggering to a fall. Spots of red were no longer found after the second mile. Apparently the flow of blood had stopped. After returning to camp for their horses, the prospectors continued following ground sign into the mountains.

Before noon they had traced the rifleman into a sheep camp. Two herders sat stony-faced by the cold ashes of a cooking fire. Neither spoke nor did either show evidence of being wounded.

"We traced a man here," Reddington told them. "He's been shooting into our camps. We want to know why."

Both Mexicans shrugged their shoulders, remaining silent in a no-savvy attitude.

Nettled, Reddington snapped, "Look, we're not after killing anybody. We just want that hombre to quit trying to bushwhack us. Where is he?"

After a moment's hesitation, one of the men gestured toward a tent under a tree to the left. Oldets remained to watch the herders while Reddington cautiously approached the canvas and looked through the open front. A middle-aged Mexican lay on his back, dead.

"I hit him by pure accident in the brush," Reddington said on returning to the campfire. "What was his name?"

"Salvatore Espada. He come back wounded in the chest and died."

"Why on earth was he shooting at us?"

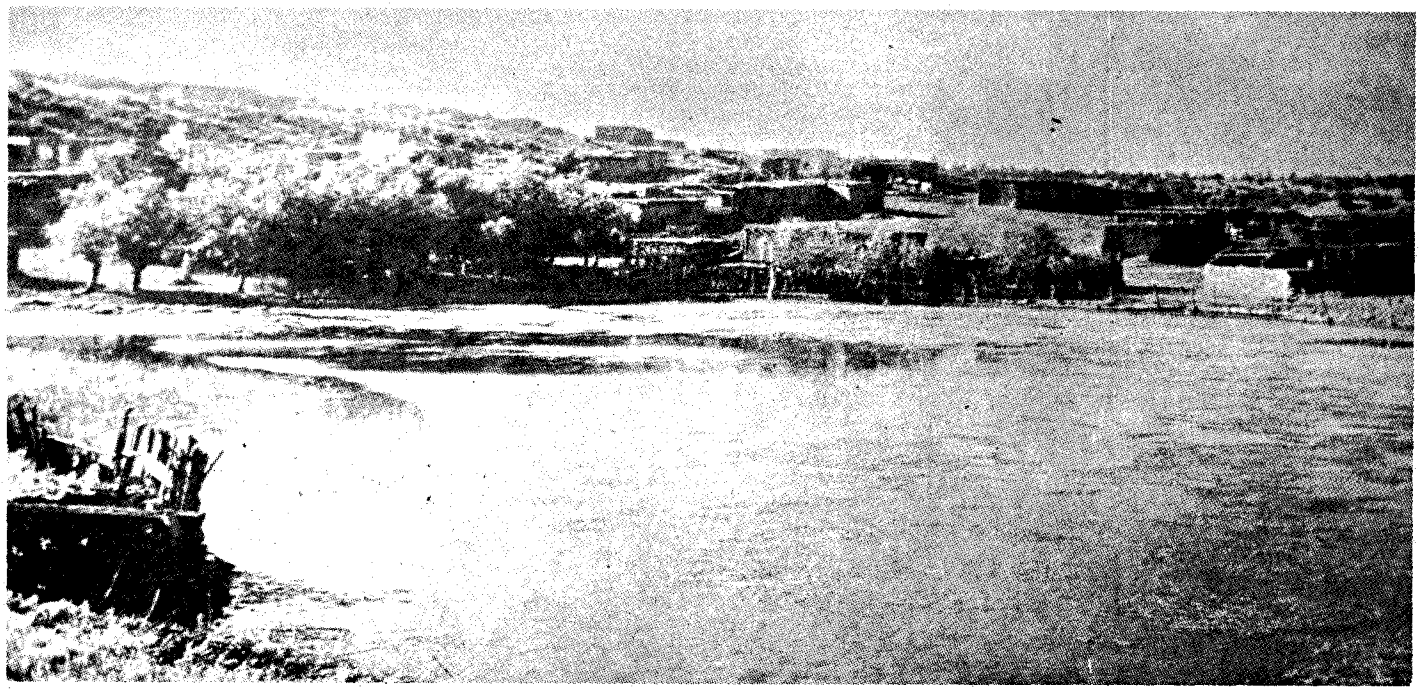
"He did it to send you away. To protect his friend Maravel's find of the silver mine."

"But Maravel is dead!" Reddington exclaimed. "We buried him at Mountainair and he gave us a map to the ledge."

After long, slowly comprehending stares, the Mexican replied sadly, "Salvatore did not understand. He thought he

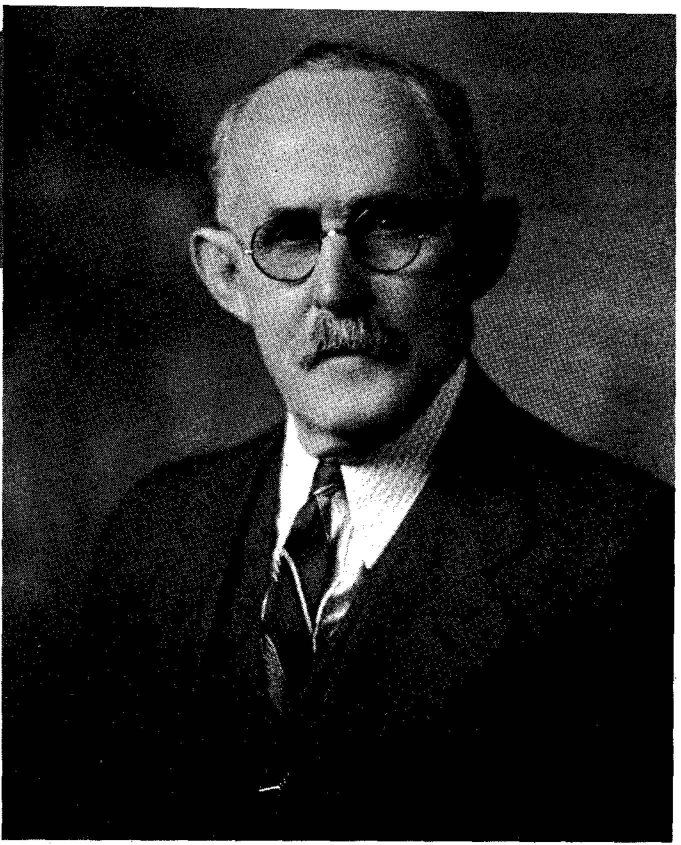
(Continued on page 42)

Mountainair, New Mexico, where the hunters of the lost mine headquartered.



Every family—
somewhere up or down the tree—
usually has one mystery man.
In this case, it was

Uncle WILLIE



William Rankin Elliott was a tall man, and as a prospector, was lean and carried enormous packs of equipment on his back.

By VERN KINSBY

Photo Courtesy Author

I REMEMBER talk of Uncle Willie Elliott when I was a small child, and to me he simply oozed excitement, adventure and the call of the wilds of Alaska.

He was born October 23, 1849 in Orange County, Indiana, and at an early age—sixteen or so—left home to find his fortune. Uncle Willie was very dilatory about corresponding, and many years would go by without any of his folks hearing from him or about him. Word was received that he was in Alaska, but to members of his family that seemed like the ends of the earth.

One time when I was no more than four or five years old, my mother and I were on a train going from New Mexico to California, where my father was employed. A young man seated across the aisle got to talking about his experiences in Alaska.

"I have an uncle there someplace, if he is still alive," Mother replied. "He was a great one to always be prospecting, but I don't suppose he ever found anything."

"What is his name?"

"William Rankin Elliott. He was my mother's oldest brother. He left Indiana many years ago."

"Oh, of course, Bill Elliott! He was a spry old fellow, had a great long beard and white hair, but he was always the lead man whether it be morning or evening. His favorite saying was, 'You ain't a bit older than you feel'."

Of course no one knew that he had been white-haired at twenty-six, and by wearing a long flowing beard and hair, he belied his age tremendously.

During the rest of the trip many anecdotes pertaining to Uncle Willie were related by our new acquaintance. He had made a strike up this creek, then lost all of his wealth backing some "Johnny-come-lately" who thought he had a rich one.

Many years passed and I had all but forgotten my adventuresome kinsman when my mother read a news article about an attorney in California who was looking for lost heirs. Among the mentioned names was William Rankin Elliott. Mother lost no time in writing to this lawyer, who had made a habit of checking such lists which were published a month or two prior to the state's taking over unclaimed funds.

She readily established the fact of kinship, and also supplied the names of several others in the family. When the estate was settled each of the nieces and nephews received a small amount, and even a few hundred dollars was welcome to all.

THERE are several rather unusual things pertaining to the life of this man. It seems that a cousin of Uncle Willie living in Santa Rosa, California found out where he was staying some two or three years before my mother got on his trail. The cousin and her daughter went to visit him at the rest home. He was hale and hearty, but having no home, had decided to spend his remaining days in San Francisco. The home was large, well-kept and well-staffed. Several elderly gentlemen lived there and enjoyed each others' company.

"Why don't you come live with my husband and me across the bay?" his cousin asked.

"Well, I have already signed over quite a bit of money here, to pay for my keep as long as I live and to bury me, so I'd best stay here. But do come see me often; I so enjoy talking to you both."

This cousin spoke to the lady who owned the home, and specifically gave her the Santa Rosa address and phone number to call should Uncle Willie become ill or need help of any kind. The owner agreed to call should the occasion arise.

Every time this cousin came into San Francisco, she made a trip to the home and soon became well acquainted with the old gentleman. He had many stories to tell of his youth and the one which always tickled him most was the one about his age.

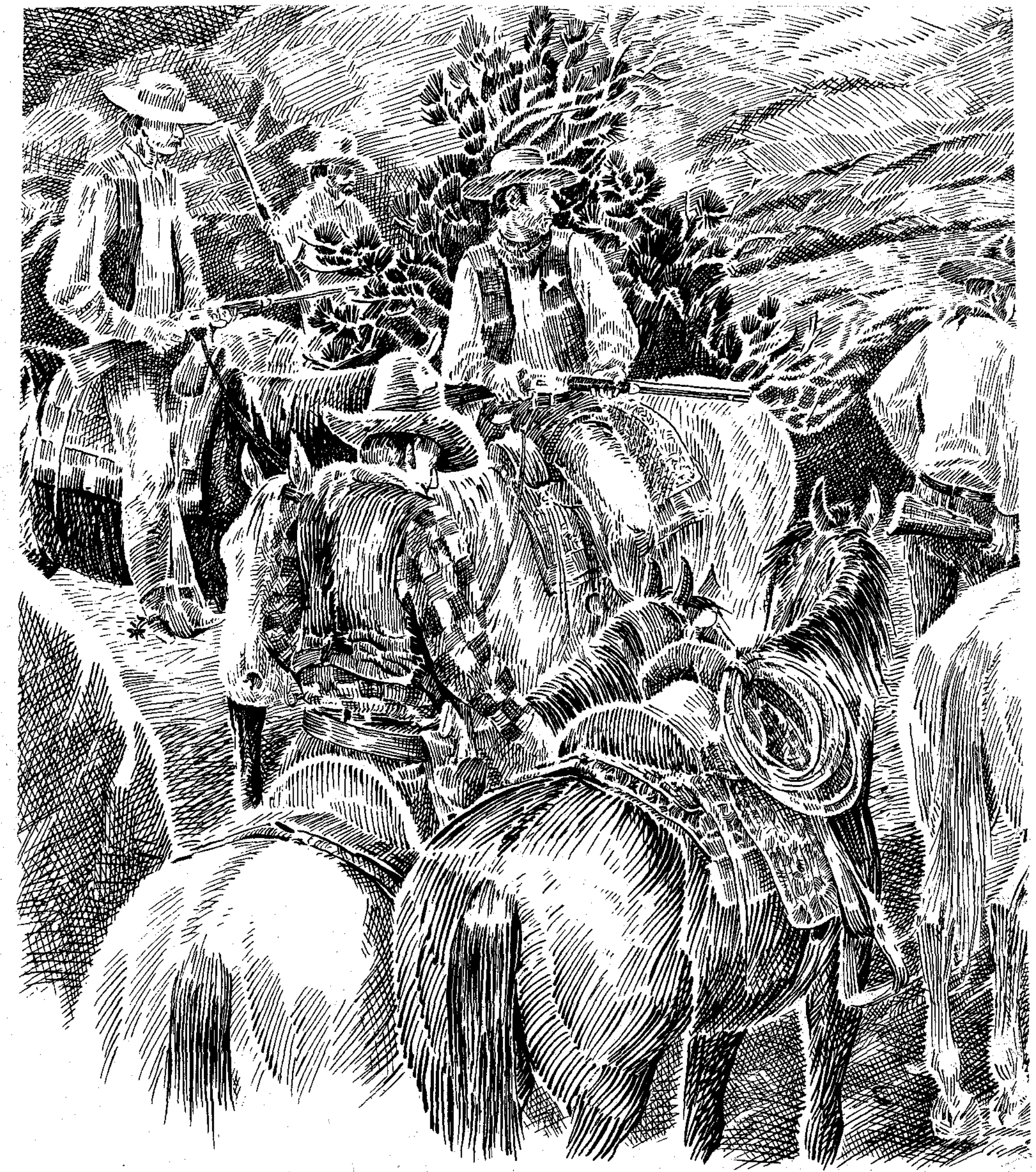
"You know, I felt awful when I started to get gray-haired so young—all our family did—and I didn't know what to do about it until one day a squirt, not much younger than I be, called me an old codger and wondered how I could stand up under the pressure of prospecting and the rugged weather of Alaska. So to shut him up I just said, 'You ain't a bit older than you feel, my young friend, and I'll match you any day of the week in any work or traveling you want to do.'" With a chuckle, Willie went on, "You know that kind of became a trademark with me, 'No older than you feel.'"

ONLY A WEEK after one visit, his cousin had to return to San Francisco and, as usual, popped in to see Uncle Willie. He had died and been buried in that short time. Quite disturbed, she asked the owner why she had not been notified he was ill.

(Continued on page 65)

By RUSSELL C. PRUNTY

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano



The RELUCTANT

JESSE SCOBLE was born on the Muldoon River in Idaho in 1892. His mother was half Shoshone; his father, a big happy Norwegian.

Dick, Jesse's father, worked in the mines and was a good driller. He homesteaded 160 acres on a beautiful mountain stream and, with the help of Yellow Bell, cleared about 60 acres of land and built a three-room cabin. Yellow Bell milked several cows, raised a garden and a patch of potatoes. Each fall Dick shot several deer and Yellow Bell made enough jerky to last through the winter. The Muldoon was full of mountain trout, so food was no problem. Yellow Bell also made butter and sold it for ready cash.

When Jesse was eight, Dick took a job in the North Star Mine. He hoped to work through January and February and planned to buy Yellow Bell a new stove and a saddle for Jesse.

One night while they slept, a snow slide came down, burying the cabin and taking the lives of all miners who slept there. Dick's body and the others were not recovered until the following April. There was no insurance or compensation for accidents and Yellow Bell was left to make a living for herself and her son.

Jesse had inherited his father's happy disposition and bright smile. He attended a small country school with only twelve pupils. Jesse was only a fair student, but all his teachers liked him. They soon discovered that as long as Jesse was there, none of the big boys dared mistreat the smaller ones. Neither would he allow cruelty to animals. After a successful battle with a bigger boy one day, a teacher heard Jesse say, "Maybe he is *your* horse, but you can't abuse *any* horse while I am around."

At eighteen Jesse had grown to be a handsome man. His Indian blood showed in his bright coloring, his red cheeks and his carriage. Girls would all take a second look as he passed, and the way he sat a horse was not to be forgotten.

The young man was full of energy. It was he who provided his mother with plenty of firewood. If a neighbor needed help, it was always Jesse who offered assistance, and so he was liked by everyone for miles around.

NO ONE knew how it came about, but two cowpunchers persuaded Jesse to go into partnership with them.

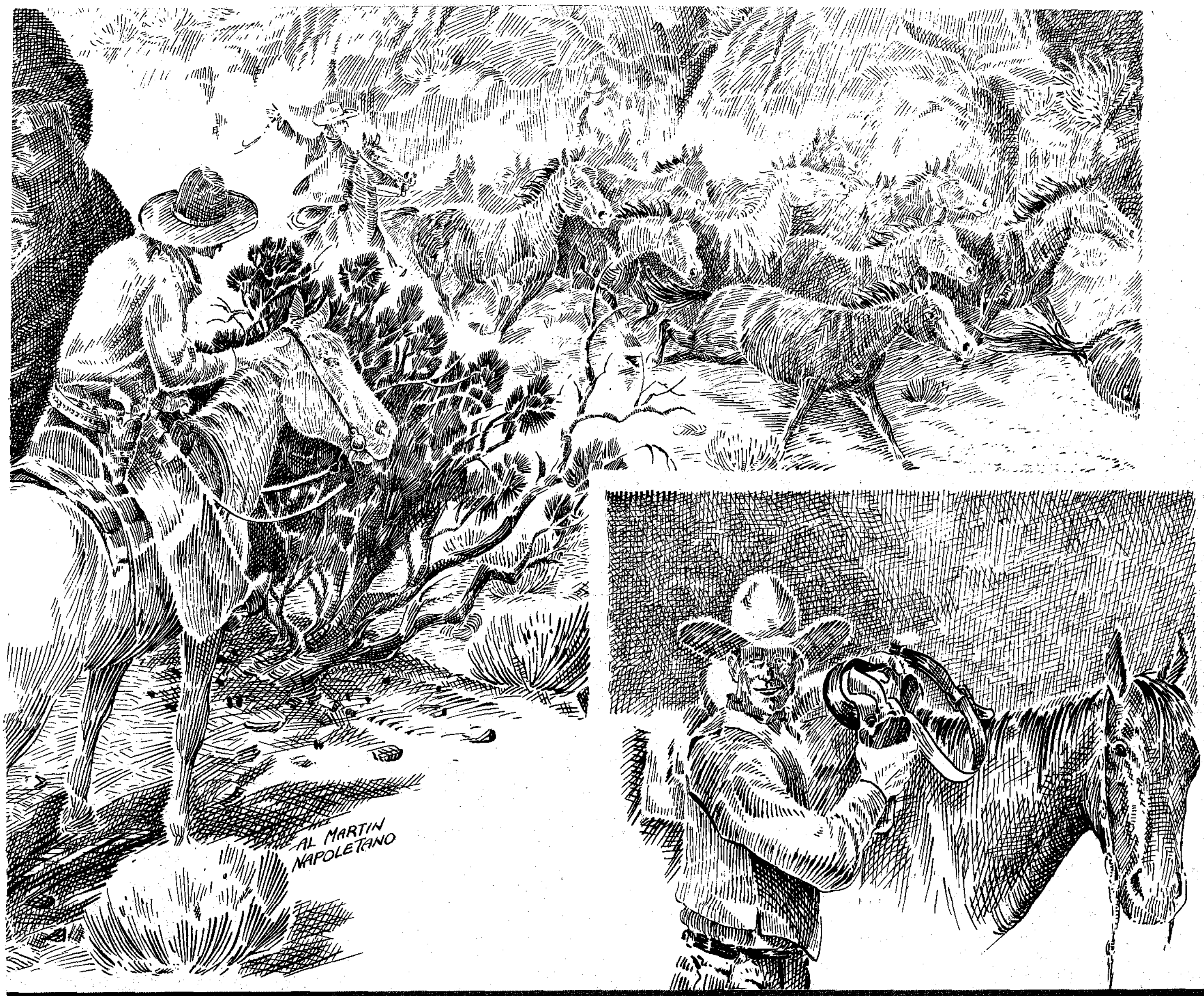
Jesse and his partners were to go south of Muldoon into the lava country, gather fifty horses, and drive them at night to a high basin near Mackey. Their partner, the trader, would go over into Montana, gather an equal number of horses and meet Jesse in the basin. There they would trade bunches. Jesse would take his Montana horses to a hidden pocket where they would not be seen, and keep them there until they were well rested. Their partner knew a horse buyer in Hailey who shipped horses to Portland. He paid only fifteen dollars a head, but he asked no questions.

The plan worked out very well the first three times. But the fourth time they drove their catch into the basin, instead of meeting their partner they were met by the sheriff's posse and a dozen irate horse owners. Before Jesse and his companions knew what had happened, they were surrounded. The posse leader said afterwards, "The only thing that prevented a hanging was that there were no trees."

Jesse and the others were brought to Hailey for trial. A number of ranchers came forward to plead for leniency for Jesse. Finally the judge said that because of his youth, he would give him only three years. The partners each got five.

While Jesse was gone, my brother, Guy Prunty, a cattleman who lived three miles from Yellow Bell, saw that her irrigation ditches were kept clean, helped to put up the hay, and did all he could to assist the widow to make a living. Noa Benton, who owned a small ranch adjoining her on the north, helped her feed her stock in the winter and she managed very well. "When Jesse gets back," she told everyone, "everything will be all right."

Jesse served two years before he was paroled. Ellen Graham, a strong young widow, was paroled at the same time. Her husband had robbed a bank at Weiser, Idaho, and Ellen had been waiting for him with horses to escape. Graham had wounded the bank cashier, and he himself was killed in the running fight that followed. Ellen and Jesse



RUSTLER

Saying to a man in the next cell, "Look me up when you get out," was the young rancher's undoing

had become acquainted; and when Jesse came home he brought Ellen with him. He had to report to the sheriff twice a month.

The boy promptly went to work getting the place cleaned up and repairing fences. Guy Prunty and many of the neighbors offered help, but Jesse's bright smile was not so ready, and Ellen showed everyone that she resented any overture of friendship.

However, she took charge of the home, cooked good meals, and kept the house clean. Yellow Bell seemed fond of Ellen, and worked outside more—irrigating, tending the hogs and milking the cows.

After six months, two hard-looking men showed up at the Scoble ranch. Jesse had met W. L. "Dutch" West in prison, and in his big-hearted way had asked him to come and live with him when West's time was up. Harry Bunnell just came for a place to live.

A SHORT TIME after their arrival, my brother Guy began missing some fat yearlings and steers, and when he talked to his neighbors he found they, too, could not find some of their beef. Guy then inquired of a mine owner who fed about thirty employes and learned that Jesse was supplying their meat.

Guy visited Yellow Bell and Jesse, and told them right out about his suspicions. "We have always been friends," he said, "but if I find anyone butchering my cattle, I will put him behind bars where he belongs."

Dutch West seemed to be in charge and spoke up harshly, "If you try to put me or my friends in jail, I will drop you in a hole in the lavas where even a buzzard can't find you."

Ellen then entered the conversation. "We don't want you around here. We can look after ourselves. Git out!"

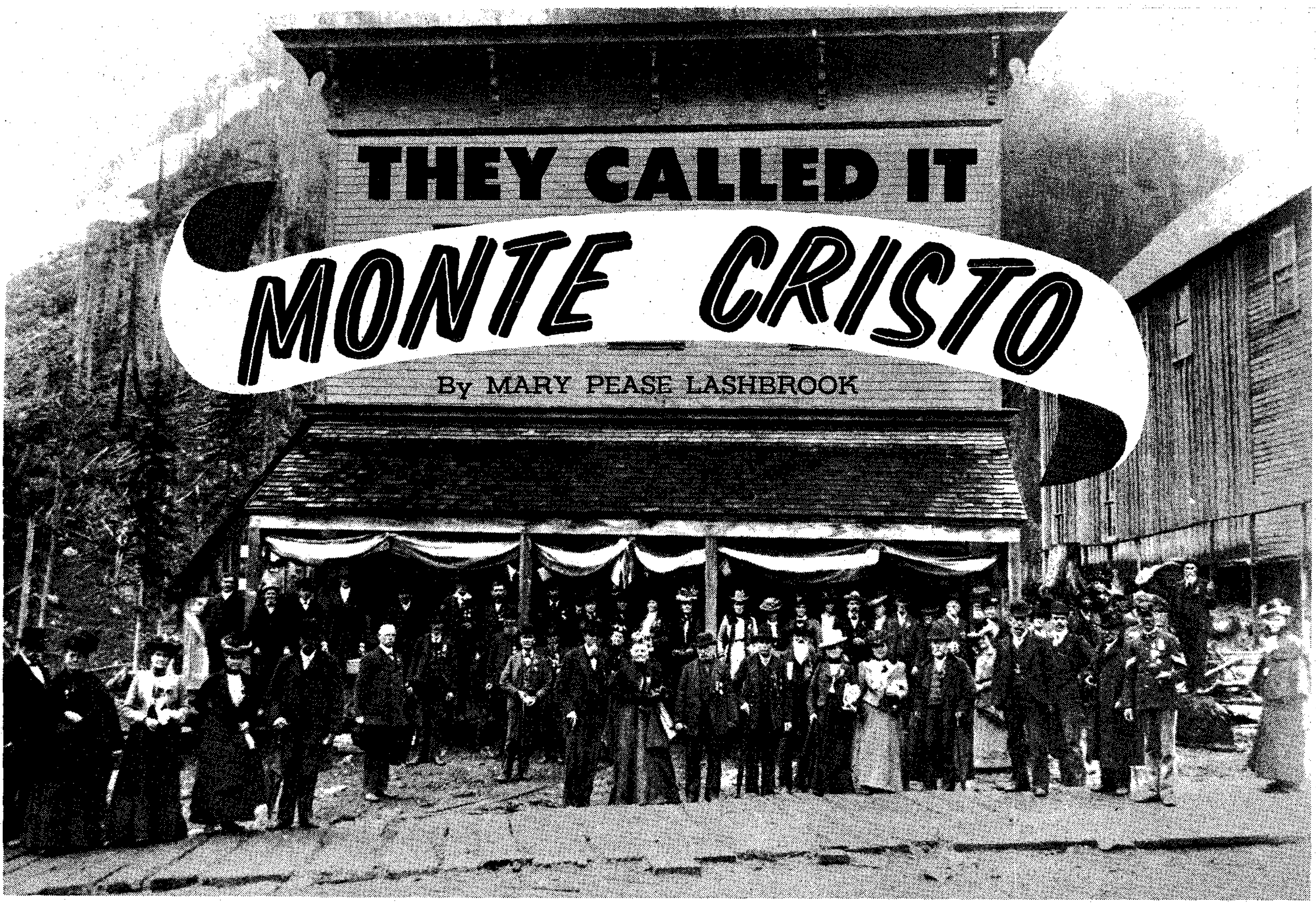
Yellow Bell was silent, and Jesse sat with his head down. It appeared to Guy as if Jesse were no longer boss in his own home.

A little while later, Guy was riding through the brush a short distance from the Scoble ranch, and saw about twenty hogs eating a cow which had been shot and ripped open. Guy recognized it as his own. This was the last straw. The next day he went to Hailey to see Sheriff Clemmens and told him of his suspicions. "Guy," the sheriff said, "I always liked Jesse. If it had not been for those cowpokes, he would never have gotten into trouble. You are just imagining things. You and a lot more don't want to give the boy a chance

(Continued on page 58)

THEY CALLED IT MONTE CRISTO

By MARY PEASE LASHBROOK



Courtesy Enid Nordland

Jim Kyes Store in Monte Cristo, Washington, 1902.

"THERE'S ENOUGH gold in that mountain to make the Count of Monte Cristo look like a pauper!" Frank Peabody's tall, lean frame tipped slightly forward over the crooked stick he used for a staff as he and Joseph Pearsall stopped for a breather on their climb to Silver Tip Mountain in the Cascades.

Pearsall lifted his field glasses to take another fascinated look at the ore that gleamed red in the morning sunshine on the mountain across the valley.

"Frank," he said with a sort of awe, "a man can hardly dream of that much gold."

Peabody laughed. "Well, I used to dream all right. For awhile when I was reading old Alexander Dumas I dreamed every night of finding hidden treasure, but it was never anything like this."

That was July 4, 1889. The men were not greenhorns. Peabody had placer-mined and prospected in Nevada without much luck and was broke when he heard there was gold and silver in the Cascades. In fact, he sold his watch to get enough money to make the trip to the Puget Sound country.

Pearsall had spent years prospecting in the mountains of Colorado and Idaho. He hadn't been lucky either but in spite of it he was always the same jolly prospector whose snappy blue eyes, hearty laugh and generous nature made friends everywhere he went.

The two men had met in a Seattle coffee house one night in late June. Joe was showing friends some rocks he had found while on a recent prospecting trip. Frank happened to be near and went over to inspect the ore samples. The men soon became acquainted and when Joe Pearsall asked with a laugh, "How would you like to go prospecting in the Cascades?" Frank replied, "That suits me fine." Thus a partnership began that was to last for years.

Although Frank had won $1,000 in a faro game not long before, both men knew they needed much more money than that, so they went back to Seattle. There, Frank met an old friend, John MacDonald Wilmans. As the men talked, Wilmans told of his experiences in investing in mines in Utah where he had made a lot of money. Hoping this was their chance to get a grubstake, Joe showed him his ore samples.

Mac, as he was called by his friends, studied the ore and after an assay showed the large gold content, he went with the two prospectors to see for himself the ledge they had described. The trip satisfied him that plenty of gold was there, so in September Mac and his brother, Fred, grubstaked Frank Peabody and Joe Pearsall and told them to locate as many claims as they could.

THE WILMANS BROTHERS had felt it would be worth the expense of cutting a trail into this fabulous mining country, but they were not used to the spring storms of the Cascades and found the going a lot slower than they had expected.

By the end of April, 1890, they were still twelve miles from the place which had been selected for a campsite. One snowstorm followed another. Mac and Fred helped the crew shovel snow and hack their way through thick underbrush, vine maple and huckleberry bushes.

A year had passed since the discovery of gold, but at last a foot trail was carved into the picturesque valley, a perfect setting for their camp. For two months with only one man to help him, John MacDonald Wilmans packed supplies and mining equipment across the mountain on his back. The rest of the crew stayed in the valley, some to prospect, others to clear land. In time they built a fifteen-foot-square cabin with a stone fireplace on the bank of '76 Creek and called it the '76 Cabin.

Around the campfire one evening they got to talking about a name for the camp. "Frank ought to be able to dream up a good one," commented Pearsall. "He's the one who figures we'll all be richer than the Count of Monte Cristo."

Wilmans brought his fist down on his knee with a whack. "That's it! We'll call it Monte Cristo." That suited the rest and Monte Cristo it was from then on.

A horse trail was opened to the camp by August that year which made it easier to bring in supplies and pack out the ore, but a better mode of transportation was vital if the claims already located and the new ones that were being located every day were to be developed.

There was much talk of constructing

This "Ghost" is more comatose than dead—its golden heart could start beating at any time!

a puncheon road from a landing on the Sauk River to the mines. Finally, in late spring of 1891, the work was begun. After cutting down many trees, laying many culverts and miles of puncheon, also corduroying miry ground, a "tote" road was completed and tote wagons began carrying supplies over the fifty-mile stretch. An ox team could haul one wagon.

By that summer prospectors were flocking to Monte Cristo and the valley took on the hustle and bustle of a busy mining settlement. A post office was secured with Owen McDevitt the first postmaster. Mail was carried from Hartford by a train of pack horses, on the way crossing the river over a sixty-foot "bridge" which was simply a large fir tree cut down by early settlers. A mercantile store, several hotels and a sawmill were erected. Monte Cristo was a typical gold camp.

SINCE the puncheon road could only be used part of the year because of heavy snow, people began to realize that a railroad was needed. When the news got out that the Rockefeller millions would be available for such a purpose prospectors poured in faster than ever.

By late spring of 1892 the railroad was started and the company expected to finish laying the sixty-three miles of track by October. Much of the road would run through canyons so many miles of trestles would have to be built and several tunnels would have to be dug through the mountains.

Labor for this kind of work was scarce, and at first a large crew of Italians was hired. These men had just arrived in America and most could not speak or understand English. Foolishly, because of this, some of the foremen looked down on these workers and were cruel to them. The hot-tempered Italians retaliated and at one camp they caught a foreman off-guard and drove a crowbar through his body. At another camp a cribbing broke loose, rolled down a bank, and crushed a cabin in which some Italians were staying. No one was injured seriously but the men inside thought they were being attacked. They grabbed up weapons and began a riot which took considerable time to quiet. Later, this crew was replaced by Chinese workers. The latter were placid, and worked hard and cheap.

In spite of rock slides and deep snow near the summit, the work of tunnelling and building trestles went ahead full speed, and when the rails were unloaded off a boat at a Seattle pier July 11, and the locomotive arrived, there was much celebrating all along the line. Soon the track laying began and visions of trainloads of ore moving out of the valley filled everyone's mind.

Old-timers looked at the framework of the trestles and shook their heads, "Not heavy enough when the spring run-off gets going strong." But the engineers would not believe them and the mine owners relied on the engineers. By early fall the rails had been laid four miles from Monte Cristo camp and most of the bridges were built. Then trouble began. Heavy rain swelled the Stillaguamish River and it washed out some of the grading. Water ran through the tunnels six feet deep. In one tunnel a cave-in buried alive seven Chinese workmen.

Although this wash-out delayed any progress for three months, contractors and engineers refused to give up and the work of repairing the damage went on. If the warnings of these old pioneers had been taken seriously, both money and lives could have been saved.

SNOW came early the winter of 1892. By November it had piled up to a depth of seven feet at the summit. Since provisions could not get through, there was nothing for the horses to eat, so sub-contractors had to bring them out. Work at camp stopped but below the snow line, repairing of the railroad grade and torn-out bridges went on.

Then came more rain, followed by a chinook. When the snows melted, the Stillaguamish went mad, tossing huge boulders against the flimsy bridges. Every one between Silverton and Granite Falls went out. The log which had been used for a bridge by homesteaders and pack trains was also washed out.

Obviously, supplies could no longer be packed into Monte Cristo, and all inhabitants were told to leave. Fifty of the stouthearted elected to stay, thinking surely they could shoot deer, rabbits, maybe elk. But game had gone lower down the country. Food ran out; snow continued to pile up; there was no choice but to try to walk out of the little mountain valley, so they started. Snow drifted across the trail. It cut into their faces, blinding them. The men lost their way and became panicky as night came on. As they floundered through the drifts some fell and were too feeble to get up. The weakest died of hunger and exhaustion. Two men finally fought their way out for help. A rescue party was formed and food and clothing were brought back to the survivors.

A warm spring and summer followed the severe winter and the development of the mines got into full swing. The townsite of Monte Cristo was surveyed and filed for record. A plat was laid out in the form of a huge revolver with the barrel pointing toward the junction of Glacier and '76 Creeks. The main street was called Dumas; another one, Mercedes. Carpenters were busy building houses and log cabins to replace the shacks and shanties.

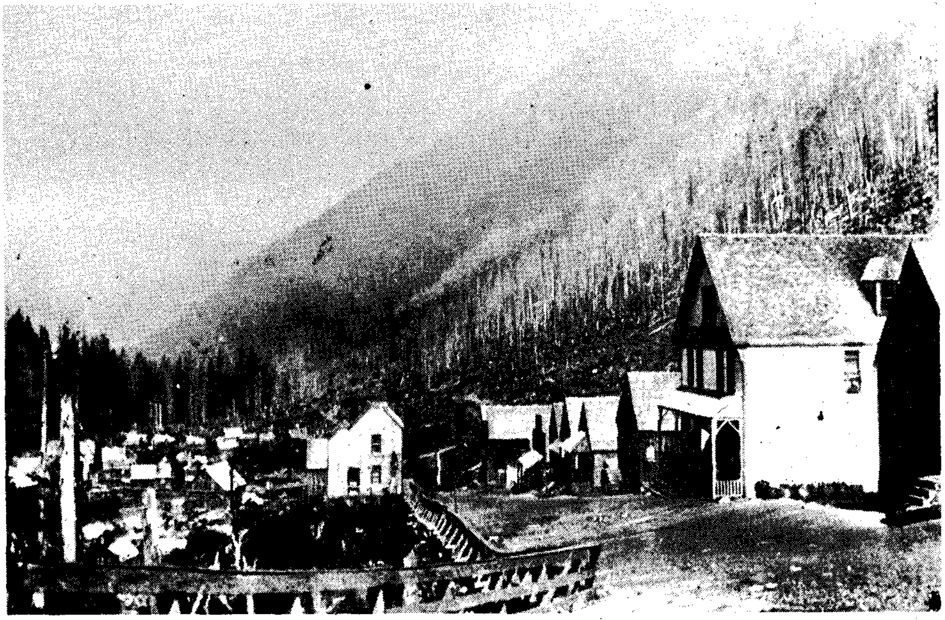
Monte Cristo boomed with hotels and restaurants feeding hordes of workers. Average lots sold for $800; some went for $1,000 up to $5,000 each. The first newspaper, with Mr. Bartholemew editor, was called the Monte Cristo *Mountaineer*.

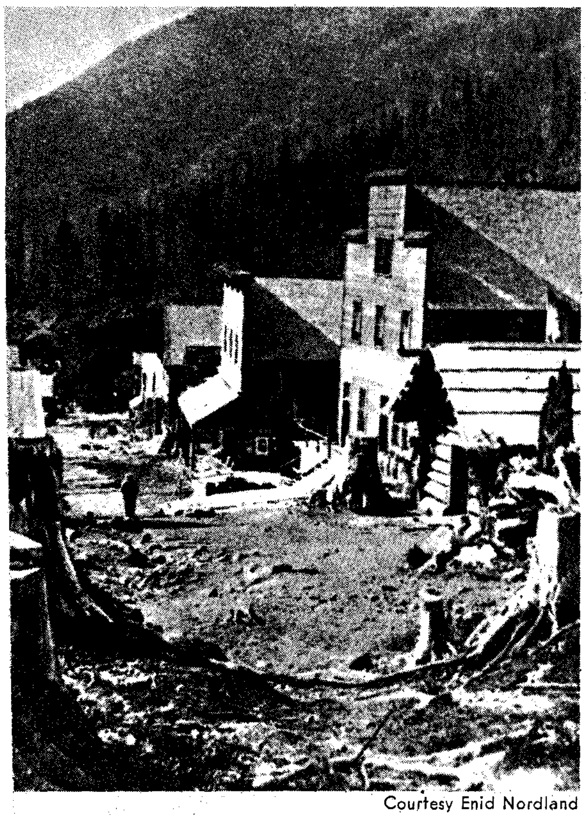
Like other mining towns Monte Cristo had its slum district with saloons, dance halls, gambling dives and bawdy houses doing a thriving business. The managers of the railroad camp dives were heartless to the men who became drunk on their liquor, and there were many cases of robbery. Sometimes the workers took the law into their own hands. "The Branch of the Burning Bush," an establishment whose only elegance was its name, was blown up by a mob of men to avenge the "rolling" of some fellow workers. Fights were frequent.

Since the town had no sheriff, criminals often got away with even murder. One

An early photo of Monte Cristo showing the Royal Hotel (right) and the Glacier Saloon (center).

Courtesy Enid Nordland





Courtesy Enid Nordland

Looking west on Dumas Street, the Pride Hotel is at right, followed by the Jim Kyes Store, 1897.

day Joe Connor, a teamster, was waylaid and shot as he returned from Sauk City with a tote wagon. Joe was liked by everyone and as a result of this crime, the people demanded a jail. One was built but soon after it was completed persons unknown literally tore it up and threw it into the creek. They left a note with the words, "We want no jail here. If you want to ride a rail, go ahead. 4-11-44." These numbers were some which were supposed to have been used by an old vigilante committee of other parts.

AUGUST 5, 1893 was a red-letter day for the people of the mining camp, for the Everett and Monte Cristo railroad finally reached the bustling town. Before long the train was making three trips a week. Although its passengers were made up mostly of job-seekers, gamblers, swindlers and the like, a few were out-of-state men on business. Many fell in love with the alpine beauty of the place, and sure that there was a chance to make money, they returned to make it their homes. Prospectors by the dozen arrived every day.

That fall two mines—the Mystery and the Pride of the Mountain—proved to be real producers. Aerial tramways were built, and the ore, in buckets swinging on carrying cables, was taken to the terminal building. There it was dumped and broken into pieces, then put into boxcars and hauled to the concentrator by mules.

Soon the Comet mine was ready for production and on January 4, 1894 the first carload of ore left Monte Cristo. The population went wild. Everyone celebrated, and many had a hangover the next day.

The town's population had reached 800. There were three general stores, three barber shops, three hotels, one drug store, two laundries, three meat markets, one hospital, four restaurants, two boarding houses, one real estate office, one telephone office, one newspaper, one clothing store, one concentrator, six saloons and seven mining companies. There was also one doctor.

About this time the silver panic struck the nation and, without the help of the Rockefeller and other Eastern interests, Monte Cristo might have gone the way of other mining towns. But more veins were struck and people stayed, despite the severe climate and unbearable living conditions.

At some of the camps it was hard to keep experienced workers on the job. Monte Cristo was lucky to get about 150 Welch miners from Michigan's copper belt who were out of work because of the depression. These men, called Cousin Jacks, were strong and vigorous and were used to putting up with bad accommodations.

A miner was forced to live in an unheated shack, to sleep on bare boards with a little straw on top under a blanket he had to furnish himself. Most of the time the food was abominable. Garbage was dumped not far from the camp's buildings, and the rats moved in. The big mining companies did not seem to care whether the workers had enough to eat or a decent place to sleep. The thirst for gold was so strong they did not think of anything else. Although there were many complaints, nothing was done to improve living conditions. Labor unions all over the world were striking and the miners at Monte Cristo also walked out.

THE STRIKE was settled early in the fall of 1897 and soon the mines were running full blast again. Some were producing better than expected. Business houses in the little town prospered. Dumas street was planked and some of the side streets had board sidewalks.

Summer is beautiful in the western mountains and the people in Monte Cristo were content during the warm, sunny days. When the nights became cooler and the red leaves of vine maples and the yellow of alder decorated the valley and mountainsides, they were sure that no other place could be so delightful.

Then the rains came! Week after week the rain poured down, washing slashings from the mountainsides and causing creeks and rivers to overflow. The more timid of the townspeople became worried and left for the winter.

Still the rain fell and late in October, 1897, the trestle three miles from town began to crumble. The families who had stayed in town grabbed a few belongings and ran before the river cut off their escape. With rain beating in their faces, men, carrying children and helping their women, struggled through waist-high water. They then inched their way across the shaky bridge to the other side.

Soaking wet, cold and tired, they arrived at Silverton only to be told that the bridge between that town and Gold Basin was about to go to pieces. The terrified group kept on. A few stopped at Gold Basin while the rest went on to spend the night at the Otto homestead near Robe.

The few miners who had remained in the deserted camp waited for days for the river to go down. The railroad trestle at the terminal fell, knocking the Cleveland Saloon into the Sauk River. Two tunnels caved in. The Stillaguamish washed out some of the railroad track. The result of the debacle was that Monte Cristo was without rail service for three years and no ore could be shipped.

The cost of snow removal, repairing collapsed tunnels and flood-torn bridges was too expensive and the Rockefeller interests withdrew. Not until 1900 was a new corporation formed and the railroad rebuilt. As before, the re-opening of the mines at Monte Cristo made news and the town came to life again. Soon new buildings stood in place of those carried away by the slides. Those knocked crooked were straightened, and new roofs made those caved in by the heavy snows habitable. Tramway cable towers about to topple over were brought upright and the downed cables lifted into place. It was about this time that Jim Kyes joined his brother, Dan, who was foreman of the Justice Mine.

"I like to talk about Monte Cristo," said Mrs. Kyes, a jolly lady past ninety years old who lived with her son, Leo, in Seattle, Washington when I interviewed her. "My husband went there in 1901 at the beginning of the second mining boom. He put up a building in which he operated a general merchandise store, meat market and post office. Leo and I joined him in 1902. Our living quarters were in the second story. One evening we heard a terrific racket. Thinking it was someone trying to break in, Mr. Kyes seized a gun and dashed for the stairs only to find that the noise was caused by a lot of snow sliding off the roof.

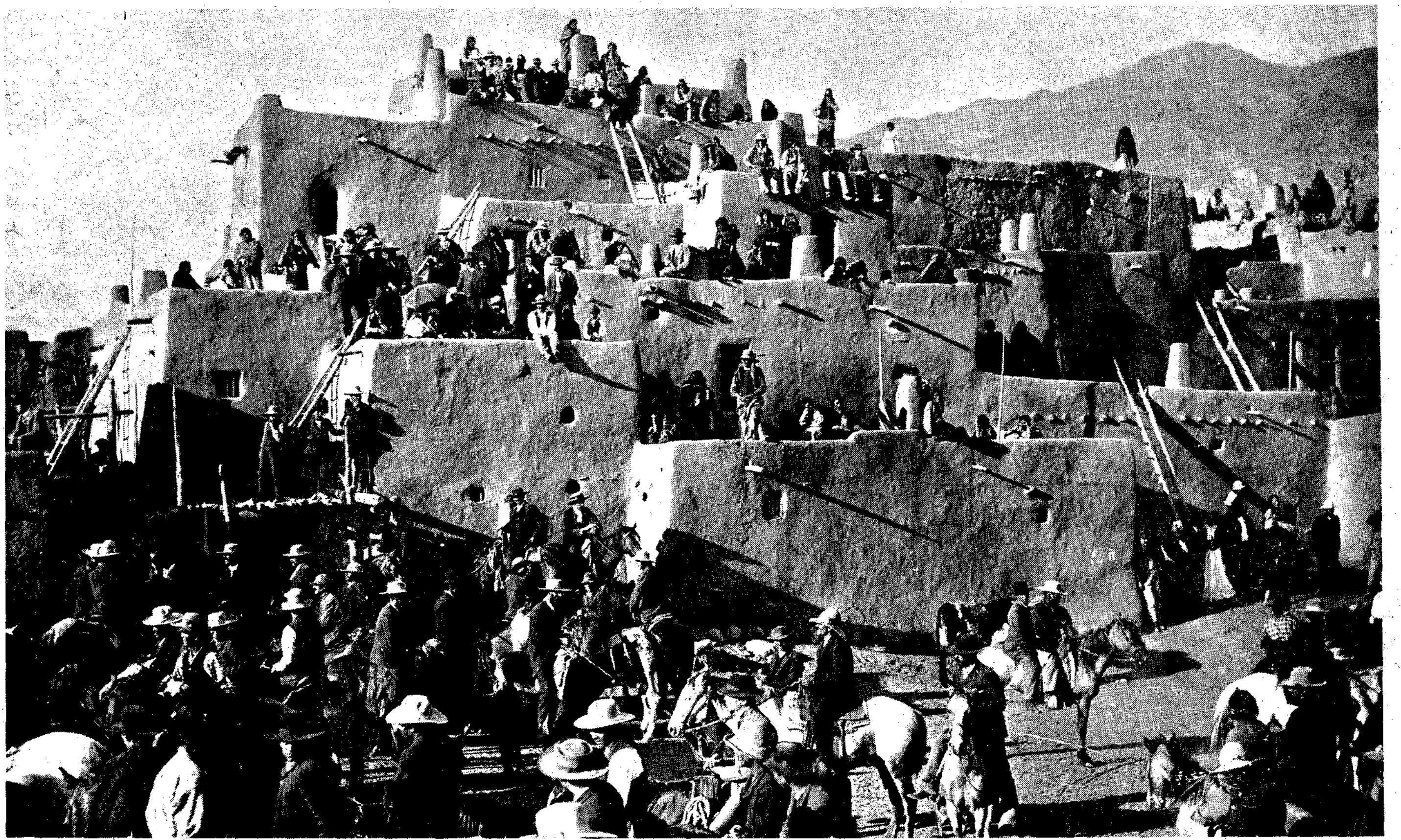
"At any time during the day or night we could hear the echo of a snow or rock slide down the valley. We got so used to it that we didn't pay much attention. I have watched many of them. Mr. Kyes was running the Justice Mine for Mr. Wilmans one winter. One night a big snowslide came which broke the windows and came into the room where he was sleeping. Mr. Kyes got up, shoveled the snow out and went to bed again. I remember one winter the snow was so deep the train couldn't come up for several weeks. We sold all the meat in the market except for one ham which we saved for ourselves.

"After the first snowstorm most families left and for the rest of us the winters were rather lonely," continued Mrs. Kyes. "We always looked forward to the arrival of the train three times a week bringing the mail. We could hear the whistle of the locomotive long before it puffed up the last, steep grade, always pushing the snow plow. Then everybody gathered around our big, pot-bellied stove waiting for Mr. Kyes to sort the mail.

"Once we had a bad flood. It washed out buildings and washed rails through

(Continued on page 54)

THE MYSTERY OF PAUL



Courtesy Charles F. Lambert

Pueblo de Taos, New Mexico, 1897.

By BERNICE MARTIN

On the frontier men did not need a name or a birthplace or any manner of past. They were born the day they arrived—and they christened themselves!

PAUL was the only name he had—but then a lot of men in the Old West misplaced part, or even all, of their names when they crossed the Mississippi. He could speak French, which wasn't unusual since many of the mountain men were of French descent, but it was hilariously funny that any member of a fur trading outfit should be so persnickety about his person and food, and consequently he was the victim of considerable good-natured horseplay from the uncouth and smelly party with which he was traveling. Paul was young, tall, a Negro and a slave.

He had grown up on a 2,000-acre Ohio River plantation at Covington, Kentucky, and had lived all his life in a fine mansion where the lady of the house insisted on all the graces of civilized life—polished floors, dainty china, bright cut glass, shining silver, fine wines and foods, and good manners.

From childhood he had been the personal servant of Major Jacob Fowler, who owned the large plantation and its beautiful manor house. Fowler was a gentle, kindly man, easily imposed upon by his friends, and in time, all of his possessions went to pay the debts of others.

Fowler was an accomplished surveyor, and the desultory work he had been doing for the United States government now became a full-time job. Paul went with him as a matter of course. Fowler's French wife also accompanied him on some of his surveying expeditions, bringing along fine silver, and carpets for the tent floors, trying to establish a bit of Paris in the dreary wilderness.

Across the Ohio lived Colonel Hugh Glenn, who had achieved some renown as a trader in the Far West. The families had been life-long friends, and when Glenn proposed a big trapping and trading expedition in the Rocky Mountains, where rumor said fabulous fortunes could be made, Fowler was all for it.

Jacob Fowler, with his brother Robert, and Paul, traveled by riverboat to Fort Smith, Arkansas, which had been established five years earlier by Major Long. He had named the settlement Belle Point. From this time on Jacob Fowler kept a diary—a diary remarkable for its plain, straightforward story, remarkable for its accurate location of distances and topography, and equally remarkable for the worst spelling ever put into an otherwise intelligible document.

The party's first objective was Colonel Glenn's trading post near the present location of Fort Gibson. Then, on September 25, 1821, after three weeks of preparation, the outfit was ready to move out. There were twenty men in the expedition including Paul; thirty horses; and seventeen mules laden with traps and goods for the Indian trade. Approximately a third of the men were French, and many were experienced mountain men. Roughly, their direction was up the Arkansas River toward its headwaters.

THE WEATHER grew colder each day, but game was plentiful and food was no problem. The Indians were friendly enough, often too friendly, and in spite of all precautions managed to steal some of the outfit's best horses. Soon the party was in sight of great herds of fat buffaloes moving across the plain and fading across the horizon. On November 12, they saw the mountains for the first time, and correctly assumed that the two highest points were the Spanish Peaks.

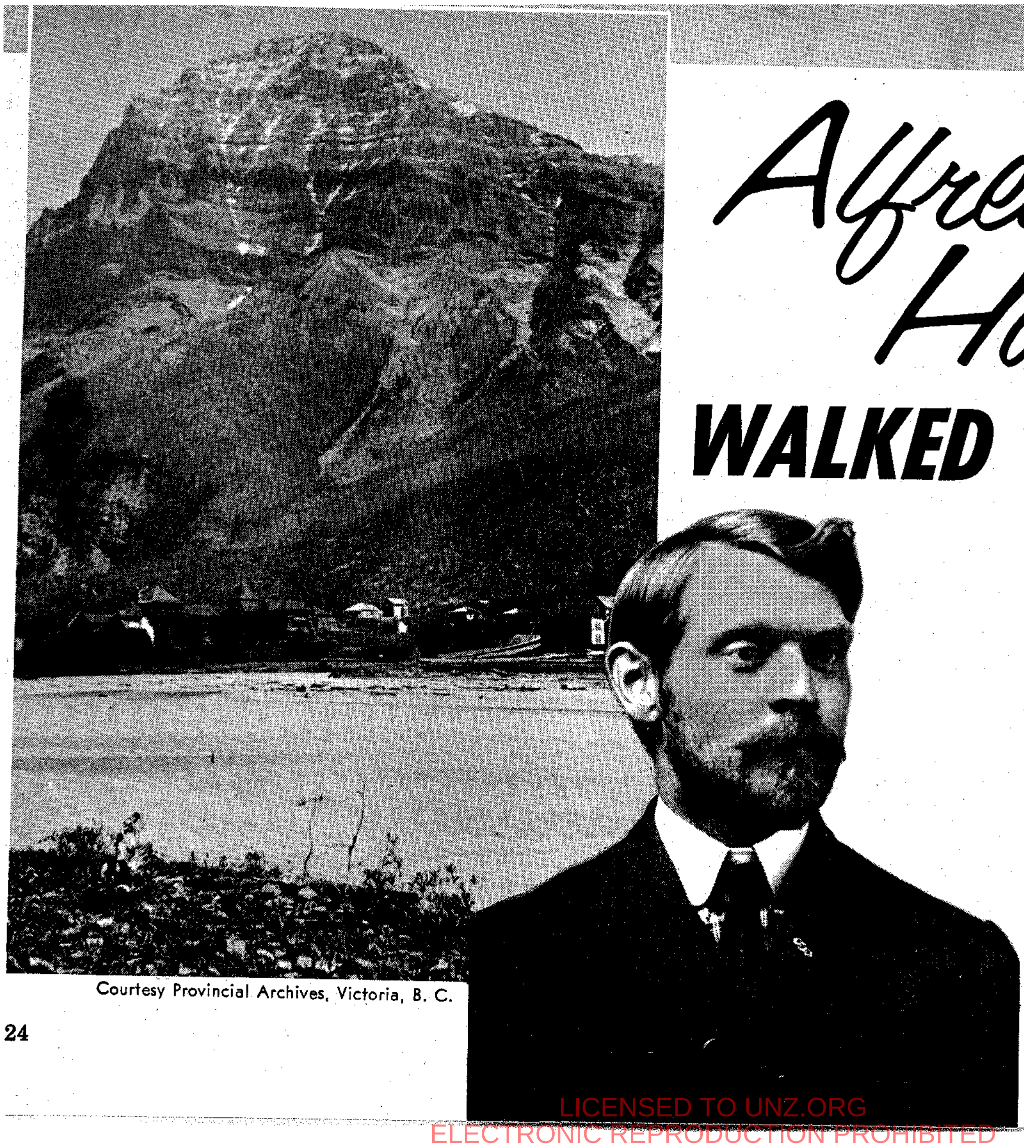
Near the present site of Las Animas, Colorado, the explorers had a horrible experience. They had camped in a thicket where wild grapes grew in abundance.

(Continued on page 42)

Alfred Harkness WALKED the ROCKIES

By JOHN F. L. MOORE

Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B. C.

Alfred Harkness, left, began life in the West, as a smithy, stage driver, mountain climber and guide. At far left is shown 10,495-foot Mt. Stephen above the town of Field, B. C.

Left, Harkness in his shop at Banff, Alberta, 1905.

ALFRED HARKNESS dropped his leather apron and laid down his hammer for the last time in his blacksmith shop in York Mills, now on Toronto's Yonge Street. The day had come, in 1899, when he could no longer resist the lure of adventure out West. He stopped only long enough to say goodbye to the folks on the old farm near Sarnia, where he had grown up as one of a lively family of ten boys. Then he went down to Detroit and worked his passage west on a Great Lakes freighter to Fort William.

Crossing the sparsely settled prairies, he was on his way to Vancouver when a fellow traveler persuaded him to go up into the Cariboo country. Accordingly, he dropped off at Ashcroft, borrowed a heavy winter coat, bought a ticket on the "jerky stage" as he called it, and headed north to make a name for himself.

The B. C. Express Company, better known as the "B. X." made the Ashcroft to Barkerville run twice weekly. The 280-mile trip, one way, averaged four days.

Driving stage over twisting mountain trails through spring muck and torrents, summer's hot alkali dust and hordes of flies, and winter's blizzards with 50 below zero, was a job for only the hardiest of men. These drivers were usually young and strong, and they were seasoned horsemen. Fresh teams waited at every station (situated about eighteen miles apart), so except for hills a brisk trot could be kept up all the way.

All through the deep snows of long cold winters, big freighting sleighs were on the trail. Huge flat-tops crawled along with eight- and twelve-horse teams, with an outrider on each side. These outfits would average twelve miles a day. All these horses had to be well cared for, and for some years Alfred helped keep them on schedule. Alfred also took a turn at the stage run, but blacksmithing was still his trade. He set up shop at 150 Mile House for the B.X. Company. Many a long hour he spent shoeing, tire setting, and repairing coaches and sleighs—even carriage construction in the Ledingham shop.

But there were times when Alfred could explore. Fish and game abounded, with few restrictions. With his favorite Swiss army rifle he soon knew all the surrounding mountain trails and valleys.

While at the 150 Mile House he accepted an assignment from the B.C. police to ride to Soda Creek in the shortest possible time. To the constable there he was to hand over a secret letter. Not until some time later did he learn that it concerned a murder.

Two ranchers had quarreled over water rights. One was stealing water by shifting the dividing board at the end of the flume. One bright moonlight night the hired man of the victimized rancher was lying in wait. When the water thief appeared, whether by intention or not the hired man shot him. After seven years he had finally been traced to Soda Creek. The fugitive was on his way out of the country, when as a result of Alfred's fast ride, he was apprehended.

AT FIELD, high in the Rockies, Alfred built a new log blacksmith shop. Without a guide, he was the first man to climb the 10,495-foot snow covered Mt. Stephen above the village. The little party with which he joined up was organized by Dr. Herdman, superintendent of Presbyterian Missions for B. C. and Alberta. The trio of climbers consisted of Alfred the blacksmith; Dr. Lumley, a dentist; and Rev. Tom Murray, Presbyterian student minister at Field. "Alf," as he was then known, was the only one to reach the summit. The friendship which resulted from this climb had an aftermath. When Rev. Murray shipped an old log church up from Golden by train, Alf was on hand to help rebuild it in Field.

At the turn of the century, R. E. Campbell, later of Vancouver, owned a string of pack horses, teams and carriages in the village. With him, Alf met and worked with guides and helpers from Golden to Banff. One of the most remarkable partners he ever worked with was the congenial guide, Sid Baker. Sid was the son of an English archbishop.

One day they were out on a trip with two rather aloof English professors who were confidentially chatting to each other in German. Sid joined in on their conversation. They switched to French. Sid came in animatedly again. Haughtily now, they continued first in Latin, and then Greek. Still friendly, Sid carried right on with them. On the homeward journey the party rode in silence. Finally Sid suggested they converse in Spanish awhile. But the party still rode on in silence.

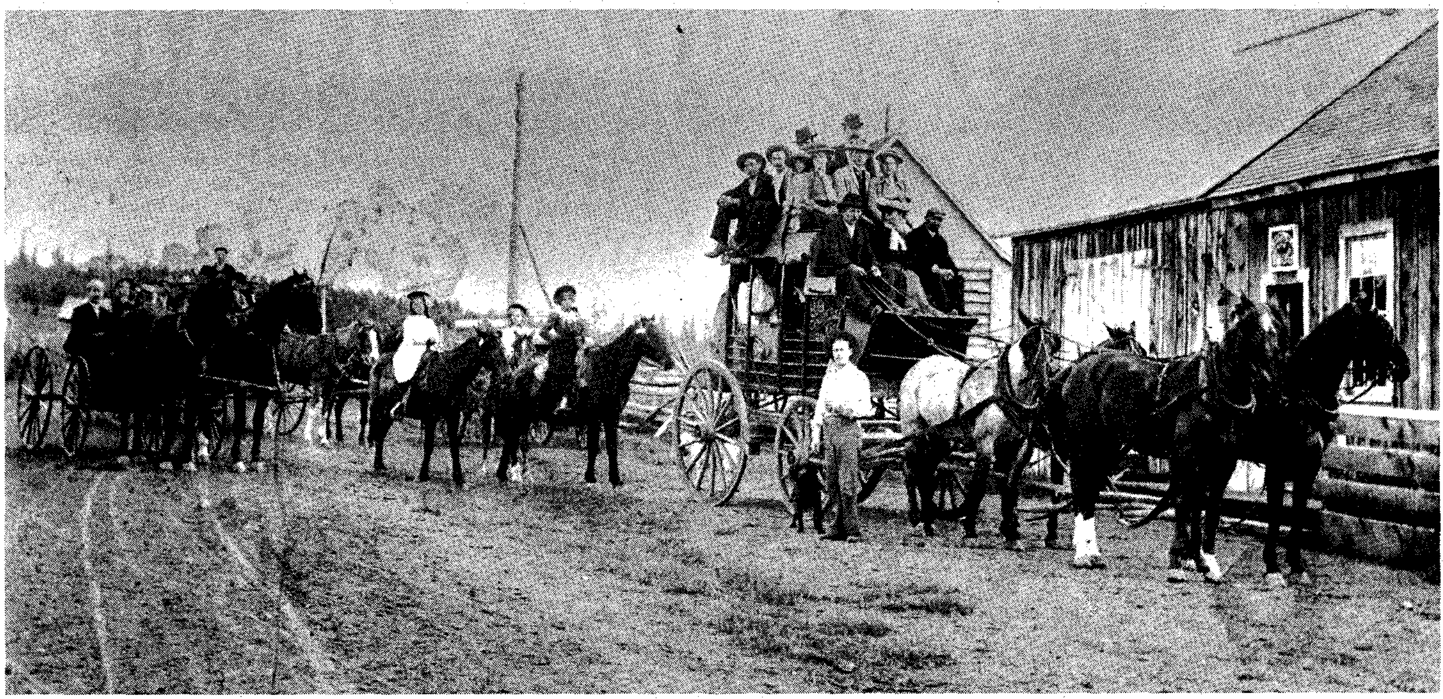
Another day they had a haughty German nobleman who was searching for an old route of an early German explorer. When it came lunch time he was in the habit of using a certain little box for a seat. This day he stood to attention, and quite arrogantly demanded, "I will eat now. Bring my little box!"

"Shades of Bismarck! You're no cripple. Get your own damned box," Sid retorted.

That day while their pack horses grazed contentedly on the grassy slope below the cool spray of Takakkaw Falls, 1,248 feet and one of the highest in the world, they had had about enough of their client's arrogance.

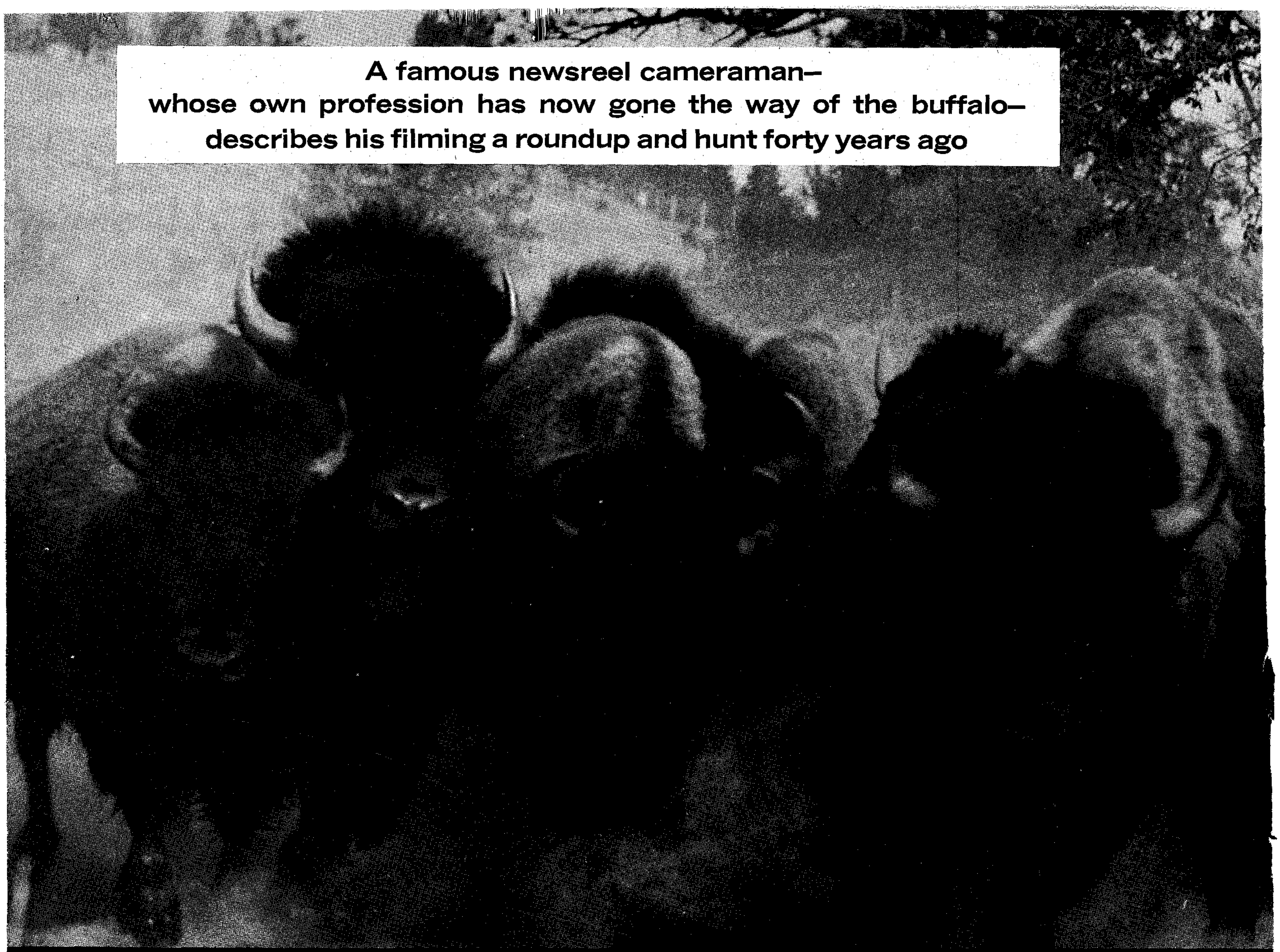
Broad of shoulder and deep chested Alf Harkness grinned knowingly. "Befitting a cavalryman, perhaps we should

(Continued on page 68)



The stagecoach leaving 150 Mile House, 1902.

A famous newsreel cameraman—
whose own profession has now gone the way of the buffalo—
describes his filming a roundup and hunt forty years ago



BLACK THUNDER ON THE

By LEE ORR

Photos Courtesy Author

I WENT to Yellowstone National Park in the winter of 1928-29 to film a story on "Skiing among the Geysers" and while at headquarters there I learned that about 500 buffaloes were in a big holding corral at the Buffalo Ranch just thirty miles east of headquarters. In a few days the rangers would be turning them loose at one time to go back to their remote range. I decided the ski trip to Old Faithful could wait and I went to the Buffalo Ranch instead.

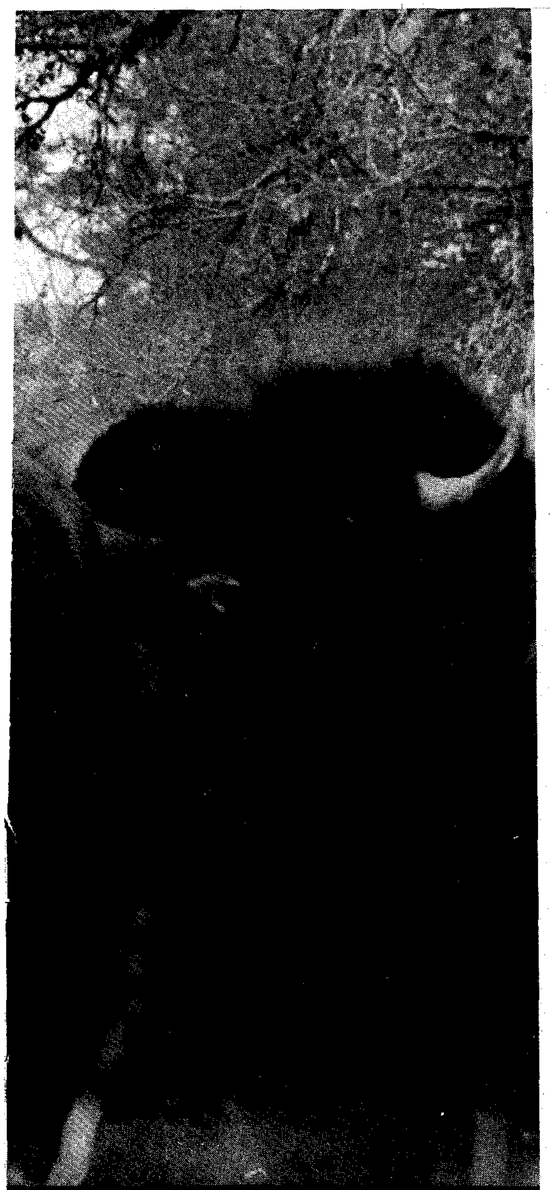
I could remember as a boy the fine buffalo rugs which adorned the floors of hundreds of homes, and the great buffalo coats which covered the backs of hundreds of men. They were at once an article of prestige and an excellent piece of clothing in the northern states where the cold was sometimes severe.

By the turn of the century the Indians had been rounded up and penned on reservations, and the buffaloes almost exterminated. When conservationists belatedly got interested and tried to save what was left of the once great herds, the U. S. Government established a few reserves where the buffaloes could roam and live somewhat in their own natural way.

Now rounding up buffaloes is somewhat like rounding up cattle but a lot more thrilling and a little more dangerous. The riders must be well mounted on fast, quick and strong horses because some of the bulls, so used to being monarchs of all they survey, get peeved easily and are apt to go on the prod at any time if approached too closely or pushed too much. I looked forward to getting some exciting scenes.

The Park Rangers, turned buffalo herders, rounded up those they could find and selected the strong bull calves for breeders and, as one Ranger described it, "desocialized" the weaker ones. A few of the beasts were held separate, also, to be shipped later to some zoo or park.

I HAD my first taste of herding buffaloes just at dusk the first day at the ranch. One corner of the big holding corral came right down to the ranch house. Scotty Bowman, one of the herders, and I were sitting in the house awaiting the call for supper when he saw a big buffalo hit the fence just below the house. The animal took a whole panel of the fence with him. Scotty went into action fast for he knew that in a few minutes the information would reach the herd on the other side of the hill, and the entire 500 would soon be on their way to freedom, singing "Don't Fence Me In."



HOOF

Left, buffaloes in Wind Cave National Park.

Scotty jumped from his chair, ran out into the yard and grabbed a throw rug off a clothesline. Not knowing much about buffaloes under such conditions, I did like Scotty did and side by side we squatted in the two feet of snow in the gap in the fence which the bull had made. "Be quiet," Scotty said, "and just watch me." We knew the herders at the barn would soon be there to help us, but the buffaloes might be there first and we had to hold the fort.

"Here they come," Scotty warned, as a few appeared around the side of the hill. "Just hold still and don't move until I do."

I tried to do that but found it quite difficult to sit there quietly and watch buffaloes coming right at me with their heads down (they can't carry them any other way). When the ones in the lead were about thirty yards from us—it seemed much closer to me—Scotty quickly stood, yelled like a Comanche, and waved and flapped the throw rug in front of them. I did likewise. The bluff worked. The leaders turned to their right and circled up over the hill.

We knew they would be back again and with reinforcements, so we squatted down in the snow and waited, but not for long.

"Here they come," yelled Scotty as a much larger bunch appeared. We repeated our actions, possibly a little more frantically this time. The animals got closer to us than on their first try, but turned before any of them hit us. We knew they would come again and with added numbers and wondered if we could work a bluff three times in a row. Buffaloes don't have much respect for a man on foot.

We saw a few appear at the base of the hill about 150 yards away, getting ready for another charge, and we longed for reinforcements. Almost immediately from over the top of the hill came four horsemen riding hard. They got there before the buffaloes did, and turned them. Then with the mounted herders standing guard, Scotty and I and another Ranger repaired the fence. The day was saved. Only three buffaloes had escaped.

That night I got more closely acquainted with the Park Service men. There was Joe Douglas and Bob LaCombe and Scotty Bowman and a couple of others whose names I do not remember. They were all fine fellows but they were rough and tough and expected anyone associated with them to be the same. Joe and Bob had been with "Skinny" Wainwright when he was a lieutenant in the Philippines and also with him in Yellowstone Park before the National Park Service was established in 1916. LaCombe was a prizefight enthusiast and we sat and swapped fight stories until long past our usual bedtime. I had been a boxer in my younger days so it was easy to make fight talk with him.

THEY FINISHED working the buffaloes the next day and decided to turn them all loose the next morning. I made the cut in pictures I needed while they were working the beasts. I had visions of photographing the big herd passing in review and then growing small in the distance. The white snow-covered ground, glistening under a bright sun—the deep blue sky decorated with fleecy clouds—this was to be a masterpiece.

The next morning was cold—seventeen below zero and snowing. There were just two shades of light—the nearly black buffaloes and the white snow. There was no horizon, just snow. My beautiful plans gone awry, I quickly changed them to suit the occasion. I got some "build up" shots of the mass in the big corral and from my angle you couldn't tell if there were 100 or 10,000 for they lapped back over the top of the hill.

I took my place behind the fence near the outlet gate where Scotty and I had bluffed them two nights before. The Rangers opened the gates and went back over the hill to start them moving. I waited, standing in snow half-way up my thighs.

One old bull saw me or smelled me or in some way knew I was where he didn't think I belonged. He came toward me, head down, and when about ten yards away stopped to look me over. Then lowering his head and pawing the earth, his tail went up in that peculiar question-mark shape. I longed for Rangers like I had two nights before, only more so this time for I was alone. There was no Scotty there to show me what to do. I couldn't run through the deep snow, so I just stood still and started my camera going.

Just as I thought he was about to charge, some more of his buddies came around the edge of the hill and a young bull hit the big fellow on the port side and turned him in the direction he should go. In a very short time the entire hilltop was covered with the running beasts, each trying to be the first to get to the open gate only a few feet to my left. They didn't bother about me—the gate was open and liberty was in sight. Well, I got my picture of buffaloes growing small in the distance but not as I had planned it. Nevertheless, those buffalo tails sure looked good to me.

Bob rode over and asked, "Well, how was that? I hope you got the shots for that's all there is till next year."

I assured him I had got it all and we went into the house where Harry, the cook, had something to warm our insides—he called it a Blue Blazer, and it wasn't coffee.

My New York office said the story was a good one. They thought the storm had enraged the buffaloes and made it more thrilling. So my bad luck of a cold cloudy day had turned to my benefit. Such is the life of a newsreel cameraman—make the most of what you have; maybe it's better than anything you could have planned.

TO HAVE a complete picture story of buffaloes I still needed some better roundup and drive scenes. Early in November of the following year I went to Yellowstone again to get shots of the Rangers rounding them up and driving them into the winged corrals which led them to the closed one.

Chuck Edwards and I were working side by side; he for Paramount News and I for Movietone News. We selected a spot across the Lamar River about a mile and a half from the Buffalo Ranch Ranger Station. There we expected the big shaggy beasts to come along a natural runway after the Rangers had started them up a few miles downcountry. We wanted shots showing them out in the open with no fences showing.

We selected a place where the runway crossed a ravine containing a little stream. Ice and snow covered most of the water, and the ground around it and the hillside to the east was covered with a scattering of small trees. The slope to the west was fairly steep and was covered mostly with grass and sagebrush. The buffaloes were expected to come from the west over the top of the hill and down across the little stream. We placed our

Park Rangers dressed like Indians for an old-fashioned buffalo hunt. Left to right, Charlie Murphy, Tom Phillips, Harry Treschmann, and Jimmie DuPuis.

cameras on tripods behind some trees near the bottom so we could get close-ups of them crossing the rivulet with the hillside in the background.

It was hard to be patient when we began to get cold from the low temperature and the inactivity. The top of the slope or hill was about 200 yards to the west and it was in bright sunlight. Halfway up, a big rock jutted from the ground. It seemed it would make a good shelter for us while we were waiting.

We looked along the trail and assured ourselves there were no buffaloes in sight, then snuggled behind this rock to keep warm. Chuck was a good story teller and we soon got interested in swapping yarns of past experiences.

Suddenly we were aroused by a rumbling like thunder. We quickly looked over the rock. The skyline on top of the hill was covered with great shaggy heads all bearing down on us at full speed.

"Here they come," one of us involuntarily yelled and we both jumped to our feet. We were directly in their path and our cameras were seventy yards away. Of course, it was a downhill drag, but so was it for the buffaloes.

From that rock we hit the ground running; and then it was a race to the cameras—a race between us and the buffaloes. We were going fine and holding our own when my right knee began to weaken. An automobile wreck a few months before had given me a bum knee. About halfway down the hill I realized a fall was inevitable.

Visions of hundreds of sharp hoofs cutting and pounding me into the ground flashed through my brain. If I fell flat they would be upon me before I could regain my feet, even if I were not hurt in the fall. Right then I would have been thankful for even a broken post for protection, but there was nothing but thin air between those buffaloes and me and the amount of that was decreasing with horrifying rapidity.

I wanted a picture of those buffaloes charging down that hill directly at the camera; I had come 800 miles to get it but unless I did something very quick someone would be making a picture of me instead (only I wouldn't know anything about it). Years before in the gymnasium and in football I had learned to take a rolling fall. Could I do it again? I decided to try.

I doubled forward and as my weak knee sagged under me, I ducked my head and went down in a ball. This was the most important roll I had ever taken in my life. I gave a slight shove with my hands as I turned over and came up on my feet running. Chuck saw me go down but he could not see me come up again for he had gained a couple of yards on me. He was almost as surprised as I was when we reached the protection of the trees at practically the same second. Boy, it is surprising how fast one can run when a herd of buffaloes is chasing him. Even including the fall, I don't think Charlie Paddock could have beat my time.

Our cameras were all set and ready and we merely jumped behind the previously selected trees and turned them on. The buffaloes were close when we reached the trees, but behind the leaders the hillside was covered with great shaggy beasts all coming in their peculiar bouncing run straight at us. It was a glorious sight and our cameras recorded it all. When the first of the buffaloes hit the ice in the little stream they slowed down a bit. Some of them fell, but not many, and the others just kept on coming. The ice had made it a still wilder scene and the slight delay in their onward rush gave us time to swing our cameras and get extra angles. They passed on both sides of us, and near the end when we had sufficient pictures we slapped a few on their rumps as they passed. They were running from something behind them and we knew they would not take out time to argue with a new adversary.

CHUCK had to leave the next day but I stayed on while the herd was worked and selections were made to send to other parks. After this was completed and the Rangers were ready to turn the big herd out again, someone suggested we have a little fun. The Rangers would dress up like Indians and show how the braves used to shoot buffaloes with bows and arrows.

Max Big Man, a handsome Crow Indian, had come up from the reservation near Sheridan, Wyoming. The Crows were negotiating to get a couple hundred buffaloes to start a herd on their reservation and he had brought some costumes along. He said he could make good Indians out of the Rangers.

The "Indians" were created and instructions given. Both the hunters and

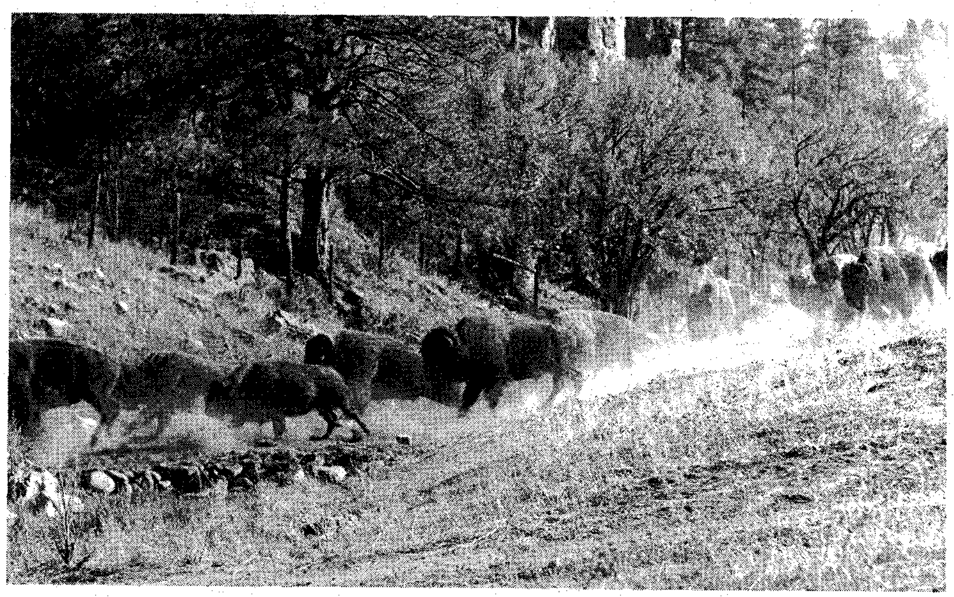
Some of the 500 buffaloes in the corral at Yellowstone National Park.

the buffaloes were rarin' to go, but for different reasons. The plan was to allow a few—eight or ten—of the animals out at one time until I got the desired shots and each of the "Indians" had had a chance to show his great prowess. After that, the rest of the herd would be turned loose and I could get a mass shot of the hunters riding for them. It seemed like a fine idea and I might get some good pictures.

My camera was mounted on top of the Movietone News truck which was parked along a snow-covered roadway where no fences or telephone poles would show. We figured, and correctly, that the buffaloes would follow down this roadway and very close to where the truck was parked, for this route offered a faster track for their dash to freedom.

Two small bunches of eight or ten each had gone through as expected, and without incident. The "Indians" were just getting the feel of this new game. The weather was cold but bright and the ground was covered with eight inches of new snow on top of some old. Nothing except a few buffalo tracks broke the even white surface.

Ranger Tom Phillips, dressed in a blanket, war bonnet and some other genuine regalia, and with bow and arrow all ready for the "fatal" shot, came riding hard slightly to the rear and on the right flank of a huge beast. He was about ready to shoot and had it timed perfectly—right in front of the camera. What a scene! It looked as natural as though Sitting Bull, himself, was about to get a dinner for himself and a new coat for his squaw. But, if so, his squaw is still waiting. Tom's horse stepped in a snow-covered badger hole, stumbled, and went down.



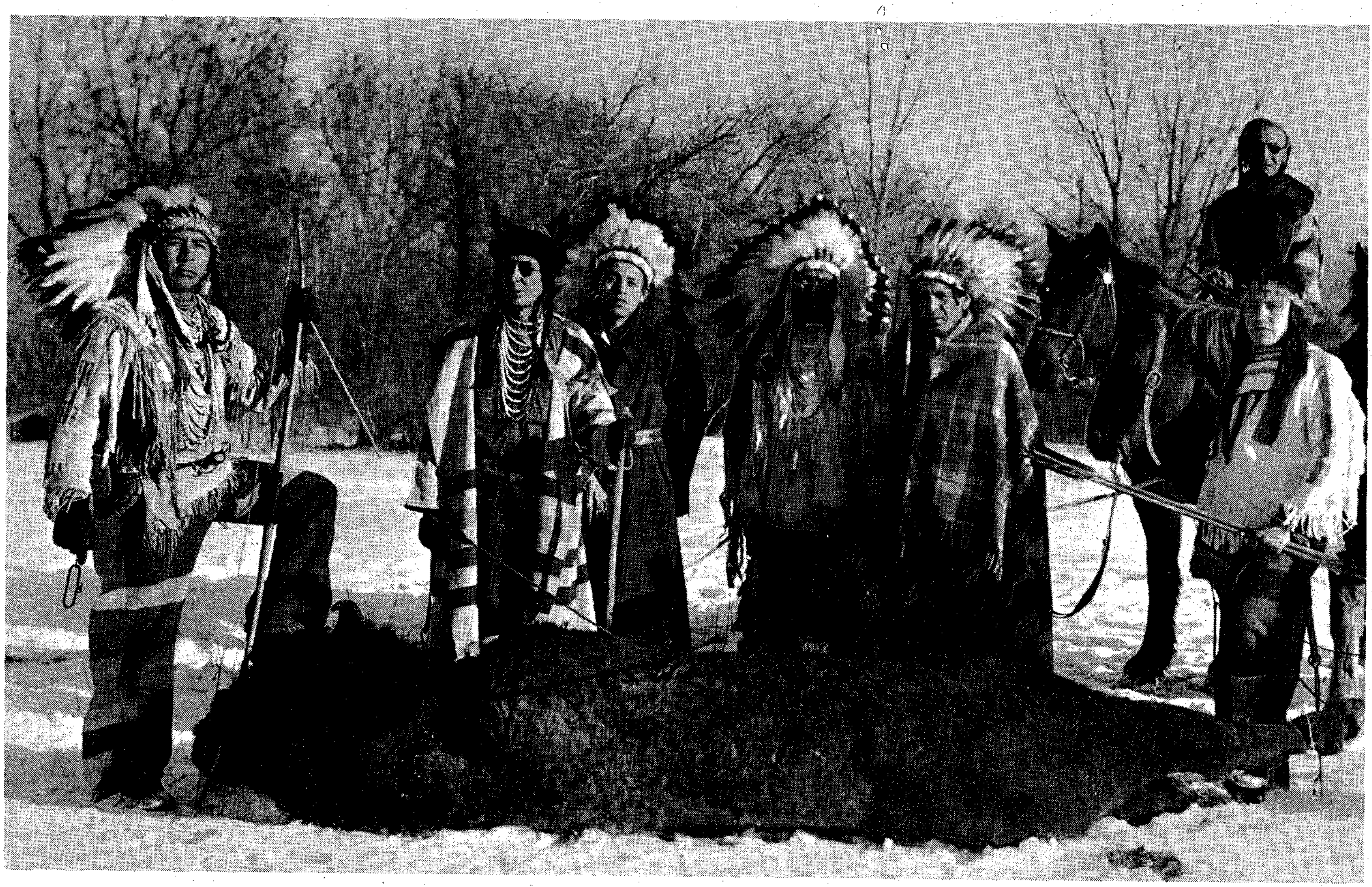
The buffalo herd in Yellowstone National Park.

There was a sliding, rolling mass of feathers, horsehair, blankets, snow, and man and horse right in front of my camera—just as though Hollywood had set a trap there to throw him. It was spectacular and humorous, but I was greatly relieved when Tom disengaged himself from the confusion with his arms and legs intact and still looking very much like an Indian.

Next came Charlie Murphy, the genial and popular manager of the Ox Yoke Ranch at Emigrant, Montana, just a few miles north of the Park. Charlie, too, looked "heap much like Indian Chief." Now Charlie was an excellent rancher and rider, but shooting buffaloes with bows and arrows was a little out of his

(Continued on page 52)

Max Big Man (left) presents his Crow tribesmen with the dead buffalo.



In 1873 most farm boys would have swapped a hoe for a saddle any old day—even if a straight back did make a better target!

By RUTH JONES O'KEEFE

Photos Courtesy Author

OUT OF THE COTTON PATCH INTO THE FIRE!

Newt J. Jones, about 1884.

NEWT JONES, a lad of eighteen, was picking cotton on his father's farm in Montague County, Texas, when he saw some wagons going by, drawn by oxen. These men were going to Smith Paul Valley (Indian Territory) to haul back corn which they would sell for fifteen cents per bushel. This seemed much more exciting to Newt than the humdrum life of a cotton patch.

Taking off his sack and leaving it in the cotton row, the boy crawled through the fence with but one thin coin to his name, and clad in patches. Thus it was that in early fall of 1873, Newt Jones started out into the world to earn his way. Everything went fine until, after arriving at Smith Paul Valley and helping the men load their wagons, he watched them start for home. Homesickness and uncertainty gripped him.

Newt was walking along the road with tears in his eyes, looking for a job, when he met a man named J. Y. Smith and asked him for work. Smith asked him if he could drive a yoke of oxen. Newt replied that he had driven some up there and that freighting was his ambition. He was hired by Smith for the winter. Smith was not able to pay any wages then, but gave the boy board and room.

At harvest time, Smith said he could get both of them a job binding wheat following the droppers, but Newt did not know how. Smith said they could go over early before the others got started and he would teach him how to double and bind a bundle with straw. This they did. The late Jim Thompson of Henrietta, Texas was one of the men running one of these droppers (better known later as binders).

On October 24, 1874 Newt Jones hired to agent Bob Tarlton to carry the U. S. mail from Rush Springs (Indian Territory) on horseback (he rode a mule) to Fort Richardson, Jack County, Texas (the present site of Jacksboro). However Newt only came as far as Red River Station. There he was met by the courier from Fort Richardson. They would exchange their mail and each return his way. Newt was paid $30.00 per month. He and another boy, Charlie Mitchell, were hired for this route.

The mail had formerly been carried direct from Fort Sill to Red River Station, but the Indians had burned down the stage stand on Whiskey Creek where the riders had to change horses.

After the first trip Mitchell sold his old sore-back mule (Jerry) to Newt and quit. Newt continued carrying the mail alone for nine months. He did not receive a cent of his wages until he quit at the end of that time. As he did not even have a gun when he first started out, he gave an order on the agent for $15.00. The agent notified him not to write any more orders. On this long trek he had to carry feed for his mule, also his own food, as there was only one stop on the sixty-five-mile mail route.

THE landmarks along the lonely, now-famous Chisholm Trail or Cowtrail, as it was more familiarly known by the cowboys of that day, were strange and weird. Of these, the man who preceded Newt on this route never failed to mention and warn him.

Five miles to the north after leaving Red River Station, was a post oak grove known as Bluegrove. Nearby was an old dugout where two men, the Withers brothers, had lived. They had been murdered only a short time before Newt began carrying the mail.

The brothers had been buried in very shallow graves by the side of the dugout. This was one of the places a previous mail rider was referring to when he said, "You'll have some lonely places to camp, but will probably have to stay there some times." Newt did spend a night in the dugout and saw the graves for the first time the next morning. The men's feet were sticking out. Wolves, polecats, and other varmints had gnawed their toes off. Newt rode by there for nine months, but never again looked at the graves. One time was enough for him.

These men were thought to have been killed by vigilantes from Texas who had been organized to stop so much of the murdering and stealing which was going on at that time.

Twin Elms, on the west side of the trail, was the next landmark, and about ten miles farther was Monument Hill. From Monument Hill one could see the Wichita Mountains some sixty miles away. Beyond Monument Hill was another grove of trees also called Bluegrove, thence to Jim Fitzpatrick's ranch, where Newt usually spent the night.

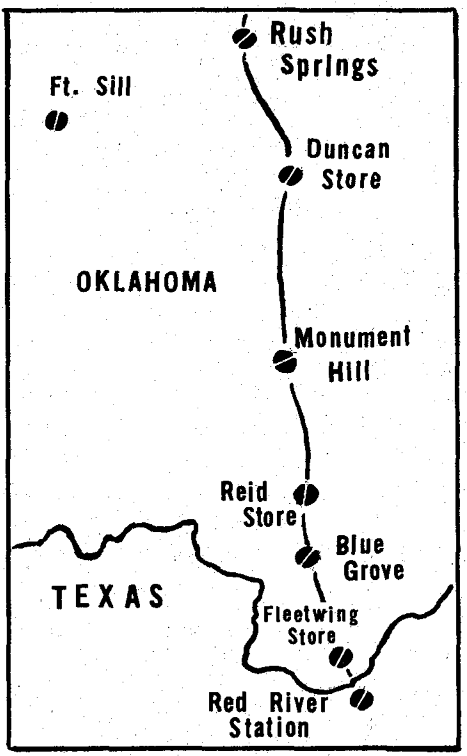
After leaving Fitzpatrick's ranch, he made a cut of six or eight miles around a skirt of timber to the head of Wild Horse Trail, then ten miles on to Rush Springs.

An old man, Perry Hall, and his family of three girls lived at Rush Springs. A very fine source of water was there. Mr. Hall had this spring walled up and had a place in it to keep his milk.

The stage stand was about 200 yards from the spring. Here, also, the stage line from Fort Sill to Caddo (Indian Territory) connected with the M.K.&T. Railroad.

After leaving Rush Springs the first stop was the T. E. Fitzpatrick ranch

Mr. and Mrs. Jones leaving friend Judge Newton's home in Seymour, Texas.



The Chisholm Trail

on Cow Creek, then on to Red River Station. Newt remained there two days, returning to Rush Springs where he had a one-day layover.

Jim Lofton from Kansas worked at Fitzpatrick's Ranch. He had two pearl handled six-shooters and two horses. The man was paid off one day and left. When Newt rode in that night he was asked by parties at the ranch if he had met Lofton on the road. Newt said, "No." He was asked this several times, but he always had the same answer.

"That's strange," they replied, "for he was supposed to go that way."

A year later after Newt had quit carrying the mail and had returned to the Fitzpatrick ranch to work cattle for them, a small boy remarked to him one day when they were out herding, "Do you want to see Jim Lofton's skeleton?"

They rode out a short distance and there lay a skeleton intact, face down with a bullet hole through his skull. The boy called two men's names who had been working at the ranch and said they did it. One had taken both of Lofton's pistols and horses; the other took his money.

IN DECEMBER, 1874 Newt reached Red River Station at dusk. The river was up and the ferry wouldn't cross after night. Newt had to camp under a tree. A saddle blanket and mail sack was all he had for a bed, not even an overcoat. He built a fire near a tree and turned his mule loose to eat shucks. In the night the fire burned the tree down, which fell and showered him with fire. However, he and his mail sack escaped unhurt.

The next morning Henry Blain, the ferryman, started across for him. Before Newt could saddle his mule, the animal broke loose, ran across the sand to meet the ferry, and started getting on. Newt had to take off his clothes and wade out in the river in that cold December weather to get the mule onto the boat.

On the next trip everything was covered in eight or ten inches of snow. On reaching the river, he found it frozen over. Newt crossed on the ice and continued in the snow until at last his mule gave out—just lay down and refused to go. Newt tried to lead him and finally fixed his rope so he could drive him down the road. All the time he was trying to find a place to camp for the night, as both man and beast were exhausted from the long ride in the bitter weather.

About five miles from Red River Station, they came to an old dugout. Newt thought he would camp, but the mule refused to be led inside and the mail rider knew if he left him without any protection, he would be frozen the next morning. Newt was forced to continue another quarter of a mile to a ranch house where old Missouri Bill had been living before the vigilantes had run him out of the country. In his haste to get away Bill had left a barn full of feed. At 11:00 p.m. that night Newt reached the supposedly vacant ranch house. After covering his mule up well with hay, he went in the house to find six or seven men there.

At this time the Government was setting the Indians afoot and selling their horses at Fort Sill. These men were from Jacksboro, Texas, having been to Fort Sill to buy some of the Indian ponies. They didn't offer Newt anything to eat or a place to sleep, but he was grateful just to sit by the fire for the rest of the night. He had not had any dinner or supper and left the next morning without any breakfast to continue the rest of his forty-five mile trip. For the next ten days, the Red River was frozen over and he continued to cross it on the ice.

One day while laying over at Rush Springs, the north end of the line, one of the stage drivers told Newt of a Negro deserter who was hiding around there wanting to exchange his army clothes for citizen's clothes. Newt traded his lightweight suit to the Negro for a cavalry uniform and overcoat.

On the next trip he stopped at Missouri Bill's house. It was after dark as he approached. Someone called out, "Who goes there?" Newt replied, "It's me." Imagine his surprise on finding the ranch house occupied by a company of Negro soldiers with a white officer. The sentry took him around the back of the house to a small house in the yard which the officer was occupying for his quarters. Newt told him who he was and what he was doing. The officer, being convinced, told the soldiers to take him in and give him something to eat and a place to sleep, and to feed his mule. They gave him soldiers' hardtack to eat. The Negroes made their beds on the floor and asked him where he wanted to sleep, in the middle or on the outside. The next morning the soldiers were gone. Newt stayed out in the adobe house in the yard the rest of the winter, making this his regular stopping place. His bed consisted of a layer of hay on the ground floor, then saddle blanket, then an overcoat, and then an oilcloth coat that answered for a slicker, more hay, and a board on top of that. Then he would crawl in between his overcoat and saddle blanket and sleep very comfortably.

IN MARCH, 1875, Newt was in Rush Springs, staying in the home of Mr. Eckles who was suddenly taken ill. The next day Newt started on his route and lay out all night at Bluegrove. There was a big snow that night (March 4). The next day on arriving at Red River Station, his friend, Mr. Blain, suggested Newt get a pint of whiskey for his cold, which he did. He started to return to Rush Springs, but was too ill to go any

(Continued on page 66)

The killing of Mrs. Noble by Roaring Cloud.

A drawing of the war bonnet given Abbie Gardner upon her release from captivity in 1857.

WHEN FEAR WOULD HAVE BEEN FATAL

By JEAN EHLY

Photos Courtesy Author

ABIGAIL GARDNER is thought to be the only female captive ever to receive an Indian chief's war bonnet as a tribute to bravery. Abbie was given this prize trophy upon her release from captivity in 1857. The endurance and common sense of the thirteen-year-old girl had so impressed the Yankton chief Inkpaduta that he was willing to confer on her an honor usually accorded only to great warriors.

Abbie had never seen her father's pioneering as anything but foolhardy; she had never understood why he left a thriving sawmill business in New York to join the thousands pushing westward in the "chase of the setting sun." Understandably, being a young girl, she had anticipated a "genteel" life of parties and sleighrides, schools and city entertainments. The lush prairie around Spirit Lake (now the famous Lake Okoboji region) in Iowa, with its beautiful scenery and healthful climate, offered far different attractions — and hardships — than those she had known during the first part of her life.

The winter of 1856-57 was one of deep snows and violent storms. The Gardner cabin was rudely built. The doors were made of puncheons hung on wooden hinges and the ground was covered with prairie hay. Nevertheless, the family (Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, Abbie, her sister Mary and her husband and two babies) had life's basic needs—a roof, food and warmth, and each other. There had been no report of trouble brewing among the Indians.

Trouble, in this case, was to be Chief Inkpaduta ("Scarlet Point" or "Red End"). About fifty years old, he was six feet tall and strongly built, though his face was deeply pitted by smallpox. He was an outlaw and led outlaws from different bands of the Sioux.

Inkpaduta arrived at Spirit Lake on the 7th day of March, 1857. It was a fine morning and Mr. Gardner was preparing to go to Ft. Dodge for provisions. Suddenly the Indians appeared at the cabin door, swinging their tomahawks, and forced their way into the house. One Indian grabbed a child from Abbie while the others cut down Abbie's mother and father.

"You can imagine my feelings," she wrote much later. "I was suddenly plunged into scenes from which no element of the terrible was lacking—my heroic father murdered at my feet—I knelt to kiss his lips, still warm with life and outside the yard lay the mangled children—yet I couldn't comfort them."

The Indians ransacked the house and started off with Abbie, who was filled with hatred for the warriors whose hands were wet with the blood of her family. She was taken to their camp not far away. There the Indians performed a war dance, moving about the bloodstained snow all night with wild screams and fierce gestures. Abbie, in a state of shock, spent the night on the ground, too numb to feel the cold or to think.

The next morning she was loaded like a pack animal and forced to carry on her back a sack which contained eight bars of lead, one pint of lead balls, one tepee covered with heavy cloth, one blanket, one bed comforter, one iron bar three feet long, a gun, and a piece of wood four feet long which kept the package in shape.

IN CAPTIVITY with Abbie were three other white women: Mrs. Thatcher, a Mrs. Noble and a Mrs. Marble. The captives had to paint their faces and dress like squaws, and served as slaves to the Indian women. They waded through icy water, chopped wood, cut poles, and put up tents.

It was said of Abbie that her countenance had well-formed features stamped with strength and self-discipline and that her naturally amiable disposition saved her life many times. Whenever the Indians threatened to torture her, she was so stoic and tearless they desisted. They were impressed by any sign of bravery and often practiced endurance tortures among themselves.

One time an Indian seated himself beside Abbie in a tent and said she'd be dead as soon as he loaded his revolver. Abbie merely bowed her head submissively and the savage laughed uproariously, repeating the incident as a big joke.

Abbie described the Sioux lodges as tepees varying from fourteen feet to twenty feet in diameter. They were of the thickest, heaviest kind of cloth or skins, supported by nine poles. Fires were made in the center so the smoke could escape through an aperture in the top. The Indians made beds of straw mats, blankets, and buffalo robes which they arranged around the fire. On these they slept, smoked and ate.

When it was too stormy to travel, the Indians crowded together in the tepees all day, talking of wars, fighting each other, pulling hair, scratching and biting as the squaws cheered them on. Disgusting to Abbie was the way the Indians ate until they were gorged. Her religious background and belief in a protecting Father was her only comfort.

Abbie delighted the Indians when she made bread from tartar and soda which had been stolen from wagontrains. It pleased them to see the bread "grow" and had Abbie been older and more cunning she might have proclaimed some kind of magic to use to her own advantage.

The girl witnessed many cruelties and saw two women captives murdered, yet she maintained sufficient presence of mind to save her own life. The first woman to be killed was the nineteen-year-old Mrs. Thatcher, who was crossing a stream on a bridge made by a fallen tree when an Indian pushed her into the water. The others, feeling in a sadistic mood, wouldn't allow her to swim ashore but threw clubs at her, and with long poles shoved her again and again into the icy current. Finally an Indian shot her, ending her torture forever.

This tragedy so terrified Mrs. Noble that she wanted to drown herself but Abbie, remembering her Christian instruction, cited lessons of patience and so restrained her. However, this woman died a few weeks later when, weary of the inhuman treatment, she refused to leave her tent with Roaring Cloud, Inkpaduta's son. In a sudden fury, he dragged her into the open and clubbed her to death. Abbie watched in despair, not daring to try to help. As she later wrote, "Only an Indian can deal such murderous blows."

WHENEVER white soldiers came near, the Indians packed their plunder, extinguished their fires, and crept through the willows like partridges. The warriors were instructed to kill any women captives if the cavalry attacked.

When Abbie became too weary to continue such hurried retreats, the squaws brandished clubs over her head, but she waited so composedly for death that the blows never came. The Indians were always awed by her willingness to die.

Abbie showed neither amusement nor derision when the Indians looted wagontrains and decorated themselves in fantastic fashion. They would deck their horses out in chemises and women's hats and it was funny to see a dark masculine hand in a lace glove splitting at the seams.

Of the Sioux, Abbie wrote, "They believed in one Great Spirit—the maker of heaven and earth — one who created everything but wild rice and thunder. They believed rice was beneath the workmanship of the Great Spirit, and the clap of thunder seemed to be the wings of an immense bird. They believed in dreams and omens and when a tribal member became ill, they built a fire in a pit — if the smoke blew toward the sick person, it meant he would die; if the smoke blew away from him it was a sign that he would live."

The highest ambition of a warrior was to secure a feather as a testimonial of his having taken coups. One feather whetted his appetite for more feathers. The customs, language, traditions and physiognomy of the Sioux differed from the Algonquins, and Abbie stated that their sacrifices offered to an unknown god, their feasts and burnt offerings, were similar to certain customs and observations among Asiatic tribes before the Christian era. She believed the Sioux were of Tartarian origin.

Abbie, at first, had tried to keep track of the Sabbaths but gradually she lost track of time. Of all the living things taken in Iowa after the family's massacre, only Abbie and one horse (out of seventeen) survived.

Spring came to the prairie with beautiful carpets of flowers, the trees put on their leaves and the birds were in gay plumage, but nature's charms could not move Abbie. She was at her lowest point when salvation finally came. For even as Mrs. Noble was being murdered, rescuers under the direction of the U. S. Commissioner were en route to Inkpaduta's camp. Mrs. Marble, already ransomed and back in civilization, had told of the fate of Abbie and the other women captives. She had given the name of the tribe to the American authorities, and an appropriation of $10,000 by the territory of Minnesota under the governor's agent, Major C. E. Flandreau, had been made to secure their release.

When Abbie's ransomers came, she was with Inkpaduta's band on the banks of the James River, encamped among the 190 lodges of the Yanktons — a powerful branch of the Sioux nation. Over 2,000 Indians lived there in buffalo-hide tepees. It was a strictly primitive life — fires were started with flint; meat was half-raw when eaten; bows, arrows, and clubs were the only weapons.

ABBIE was possibly the first white person the Yanktons had ever seen. From morning to night she was on exhibition. Then three Indians from a mission came dressed in white shirts with starched bosoms, and a council was held. As the Indians smoked and talked, they told her variously that she was to be burned, tortured, tied to a stake, and drowned, but Abbie refused to show fear.

Finally Inkpaduta's band agreed to release her for two horses, twelve blankets, two kegs of powder, twenty pounds of tobacco, thirty-two yards of blue squaw cloth, thirty-seven and one-half yards of calico ribbon and other articles sent by Major Flandreau.

Abbie's rescuers were Mozaintemani ("Man-Who-Shoots-As-He-Walks"), Hotonwashta ("Beautiful Voice") and Chetanmaza ("Iron Hawk"). She left the Yankton lodge in a wagon with five Indians — her three rescuers and two Yanktons. En route to her destination in

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Mrs. Abigail Gardner Sharp

NUGGETS

BRAVE JANETTE RIKER

By Marian M. Coriell

THE GIRL awoke, shivering and apprehensive. What was that sound? Lifting the flap of the wagoncover, she looked out on a desolate scene; it was just dawn. The wind rustled the low desert growth and off in the distance the movement of a small animal could be seen.

"Oh," she sighed, "It's only the wind." She had so hoped her father and two brothers were returning from their hunting trip.

It was late in September, 1849, somewhere on the trail to Oregon in the state now called Idaho. Janette Riker, with her father and brothers, had started out from Missouri nearly three months before. They had missed the last wagontrain, but expected to catch up any day. However, many things delayed them, and the week before, finding their meat supply low, the Rikers had stopped for a day to hunt. Winter was not far away but the family hoped to be at Ft. Hall before the storms hit in earnest. The fort was a way station at the Oregon border, on Snake River.

Now Father Riker and the two boys had been gone seven days. Every morning Janette had walked out to a high rock where one could see in all directions for many miles. Each time she saw nothing.

Just twenty-one, she was a tall thin girl with lots of dark hair which she wore piled on top of her head. She and her family had had visions of a bright future after they arrived in the Willamette Valley. The boys hoped to get into mining and her father had ideas for a lush green farm. It had all sounded exciting to Janette.

Now she did not know what to expect. She had to face the terrible fact that after seven days, there was little likelihood that her family would return.

Janette's thoughts at first were wild and full of panic. Should she start for Ft. Hall? She was so unsure of directions that she was afraid to try. Never far from her mind was the fear of being discovered by Indians. Then there was the threat of coming winter. Still, if her family did return, she wanted to be where they had left her.

All this went round and round in Janette's thoughts till she finally decided the best thing was to stay right where she was and plan well for her own survival. Had she known what the following months would bring she might have given up then and there.

WITH a tremendous will to live, Janette, during the last warm days, built a crude tent from the long boards and canvas covering of the prairie wagon. All the blankets, the tiny wood stove and the food supply were transferred there—also a couple of guns which she was able to use almost as well as her brothers.

Though very discouraged, she planned to have everything in readiness if her family returned. She kept busy, but she often found herself listening for the sounds of the men returning, sounds that did not come. She even prepared extra meat by killing one of the oxen and salting it down. Like most pioneer women, she was equal to this backbreaking job. She had helped her father in butchering many times. The other oxen wandered off.

The first night in the tent was horrible. Winter struck with a sudden blizzard which all but buried her home. She pretty much lost hope for her loved ones after that.

The long, lonely months dragged on. The quiet during the day was eerie and dreadful; at night the wolves howled and fought among themselves till the first rays of dawn showed over the mountains. Janette slept in short naps and was exhausted all the time. The dread of being found by Indians, the fear of illness or injury to herself made rest for any length of time impossible.

Having no other source of help, she prayed many times daily. This made her feel less alone, but Janette's calm often deserted her and she would tremble and cry. She was intelligent enough to realize, though, that she must not give in to depression if she were to stay rational.

Janette tried not to think too often of the future, and concentrated on a daily routine. She had to keep her supplies in order around the walls of the tent; snow had to be melted every day for water; the horizon had to be checked repeatedly for, she hardly knew what—friend or foe.

SUDDENLY, early one morning in late January, 1850, a thaw set in and flooded the tent. Everything had to be shifted to the wagon. There was so little time before the tent floated away that Janette lost many of her supplies. Much of the food, one or two blankets and the books went. The last thing she did was get a grip on the canvas covering; it came away with a great ripping sound but she was able to retain most of it.

Once again and all through the spring, the wagon became Janette's home, and it was none too comfortable. She lived on uncooked cornmeal and raw salted ox meat. Fortunately, there was plenty of water from the melting snow. This probably saved her life.

In April some Indians on a hunting party stumbled on the wagon. As they rode toward it Janette cowered in the blankets, fearful and weak—anticipating an enemy, hoping for a friend. They were astonished to find her there alone. By quiet motions they convinced her they were friendly. There was only a three-days' supply of food in the wagon and Janette obviously needed medical aid. They took her to safety at Walla Walla. Nothing was ever heard of her family.

There the record ends. Perhaps the girl stayed at the fort and married one of the men. Or one wonders if she might have continued on to Oregon. Wherever she went, no pioneer woman of the West paid a higher price for her chance at a new start, or deserved happiness more.

THE BRUSH ARBOR

By G. W. Daugherty

IN 1901 I was riding for the Slick Jones outfit in the Panhandle of Texas. The Panhandle was in one of those long dry spells that people now call droughts. The good church people had decided to hold a meeting to pray for rain. The meeting was to be held at a brush arbor on Mr. Jones' place a few miles out of Mobeetie.

The meeting was in progress when my buddy, Dick Busby, and I decided to have some fun out of the occasion. We put on our slickers, turned our hats down all around and rode over to the arbor. We stationed ourselves at one of the wagons and began to scrutinize the sky for signs of rain. Now this drew considerable attention from the meeting folks, and Dick and I thought it was great fun. When the preacher began to pray, we searched the sky more earnestly for rain signs and extended our hands to feel for it. The harder the preacher prayed, the harder we looked for it.

Every once in a while when he would look up at us, we would shake our heads negatively and keep on feeling for rain. We thought this was so funny we couldn't stand it and had to bust out laughing. We were sure enjoying ourselves and having much fun till the preacher said, "Amen." Then our merriment was cut short, for a member of the congregation happened to be the local justice of the peace. He took matters into hand pretty quick and held court right there on the wagon. The sentence was thirty dollars or thirty days.

Dick and I came a whole lot closer to having thirty cents between us. We told the judge if he would let us ride back to the ranch we could get the money from the boss. The judge, being a suspicious sort of a feller, kept our saddles for security till we got back with the money. Mr. Jones let us draw a month's wages in advance to keep us out of jail. We rode the next month for nothing, except that meeting sure made a Christian out of me. To this day every time I see a brush arbor I pray for rain.

THE ROBBERY

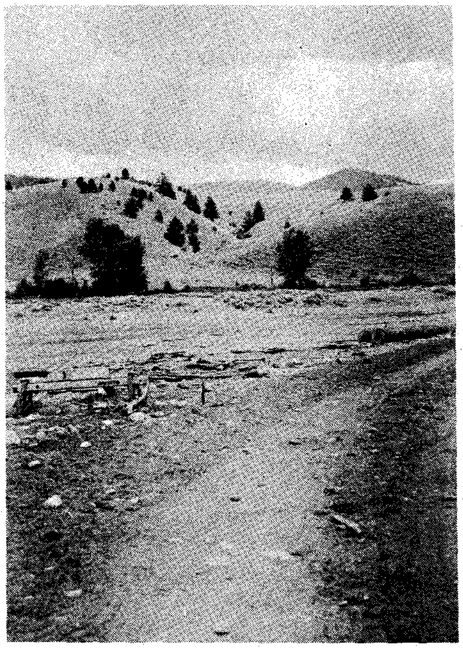
By Paul N. Barker

THE BITTERROOT VALLEY lies along the base of a beautiful range of high mountains whose jagged peaks extend far above the timberline and divide the State of Montana from the State of Idaho. Near the base of one of these mountains are the remains of an old mission where Father Ravalli brought the white man's religion to the Flathead Indians. Around this mission grew up a small rural community, Stevensville, and into this town drifted many characters from the mining towns of the state as the gold rush gradually petered out. Many of these men were of hard-working stock and others were drifters with a shady past who came to gamble in the saloons.

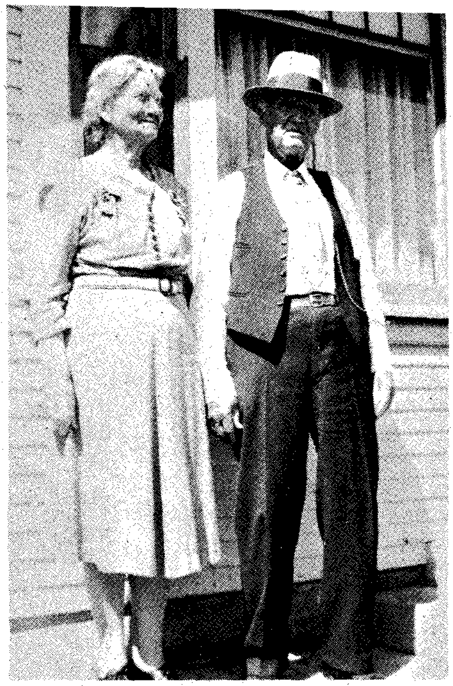
One day in the fall of 1885, two men by the name of Clark and Fitchen drove a band of horses through Missoula, at that time just a small settlement where Rattlesnake Creek empties into the Clarks Fork River. From Missoula they drove the horses up the Bitterroot Valley and, stopping at Stevensville, inquired where they could winter the band. They were told they could find a place on the Simpson ranch a few miles from the town.

In this band of horses was a beautiful roan mare which had been stolen from the Larrabee Ranch at Deer Lodge, Montana. The mare caught the eye of a Flathead Indian named Fransway and he agreed to pay a fancy price for her in gold.

The Indian led Clark and Fitchen into a branch store of the Missoula Mercantile Company in Stevensville—the only place in town with a safe which many people in the area used to store their valuables. When George Salzik, the manager of the store, opened the safe, Clark glanced in and estimated that about $10,000 in gold was stored in it.



The Bitterroot "Direct" which led from Burnt Fork over the hills to Philipsburg.



At right, Robert Barker. He was 23 at the time of the robbery, the youngest member of the posse.

CLARK and Fitchen decided to rob the store but thought they should have help. They managed to talk a man by the name of Dodge into joining them. They entered late one afternoon when there were only two customers in the store—Luke Hatch, a former Confederate soldier, and a Mr. McClure. After getting the drop on the store manager and customers, Hatch and McClure, the bandits helped themselves to the gold (the safe had not yet been closed for the night).

After warning the three victims not to try to follow, Clark, Fitchen and Dodge started off on foot up Burnt Fork Creek. Hatch and McClure borrowed two revolvers from the store and started in pursuit.

A few miles up the creek, Hatch and McClure met a small band of Indians coming into town and sent a note with them, asking that a posse be formed and sent to help.

The note was delivered and a posse formed: John B. Catlin, Frank Brechbill, John Landrum, a man named Schraeder, a Frenchman known only as Eugene, Paterson Charlie, John A. Smith, and Robert Barker. They took two extra horses for Hatch and McClure, and made their way up the creek to an old grist mill. There they found Hatch and his companion waiting with the news that the thieves had taken the old Bitterroot "Direct"—the trail which led from Burnt Fork over the hills to Philipsburg.

The trail followed the ridges of low timber-covered hills and, at that time of the year, was about three-and-a-half

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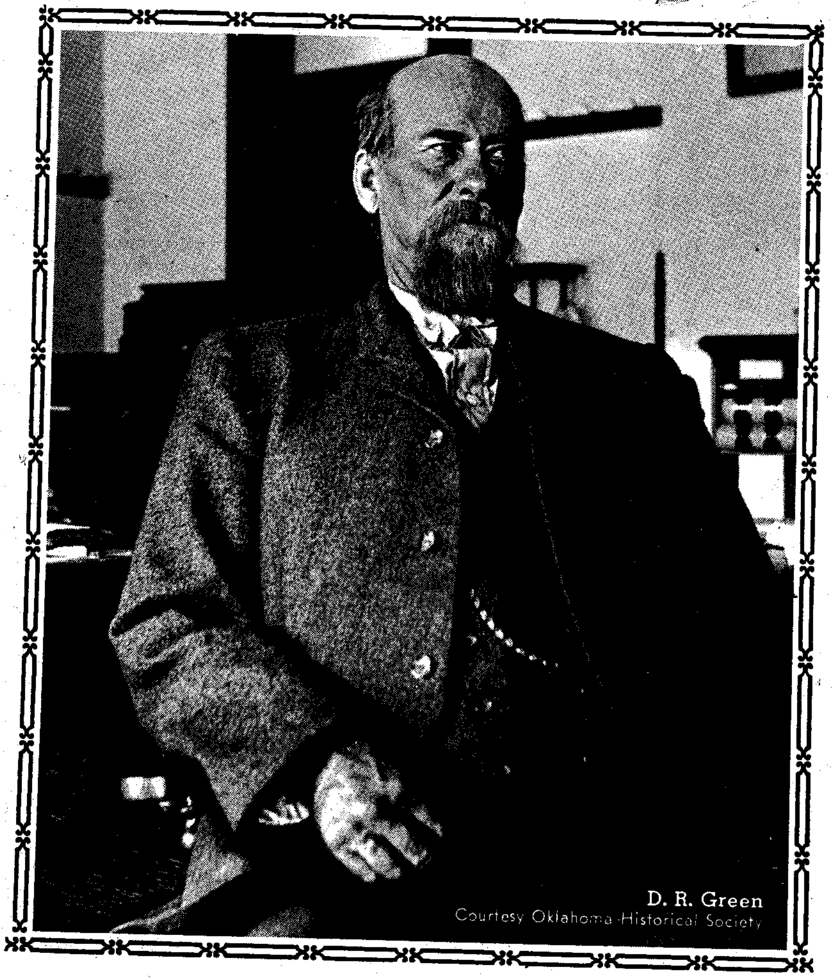
The old grist mill on Burnt Fork Creek, 1926.

MEET THE STAGECOACH BARON OF THE PRAIRIES—

“CANNON BALL” GREEN



D. R. Green
Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

By JOHN and MILDRED FRIZZELL

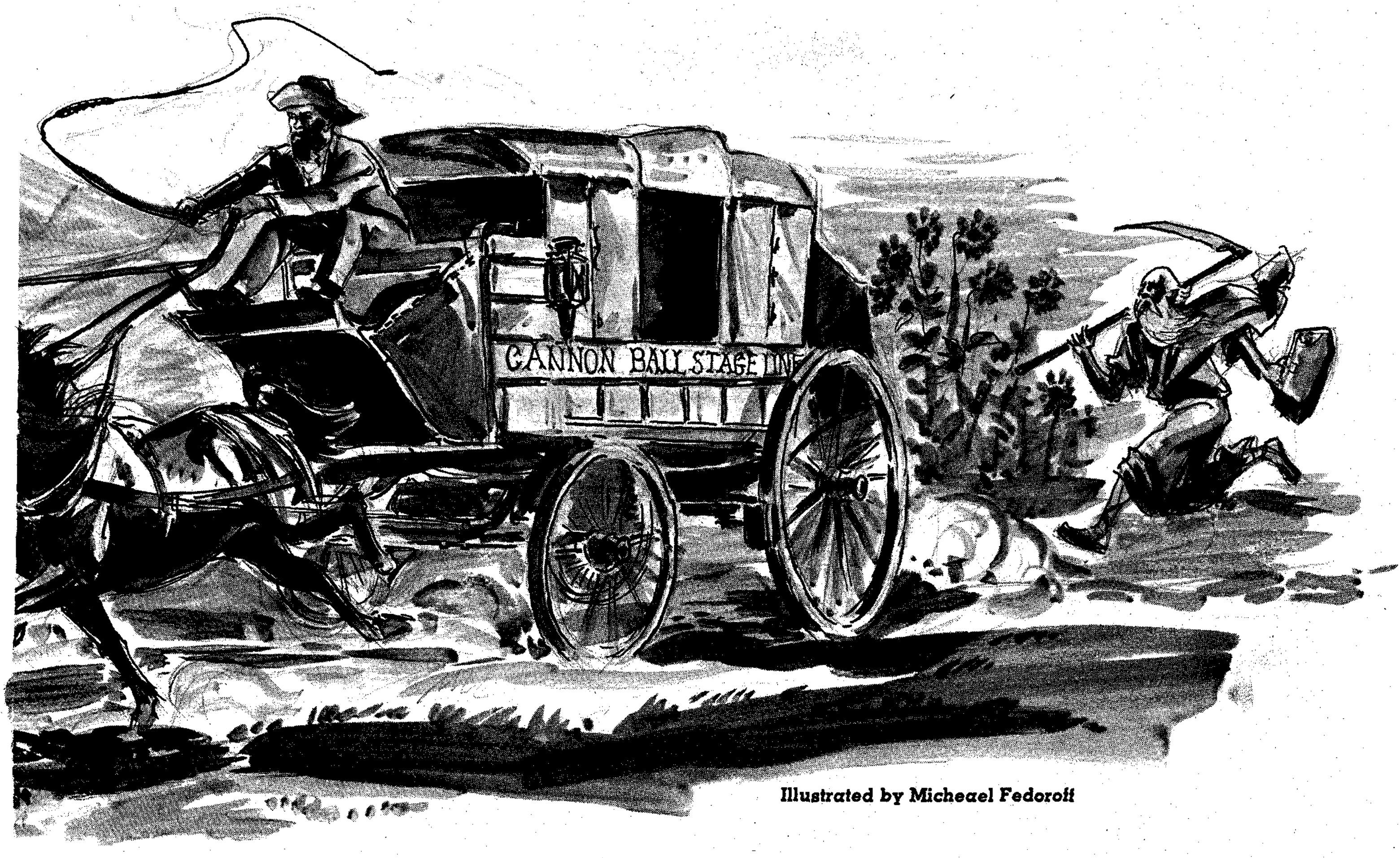
Photo Courtesy Author

THE CANNON BALL stages were so swift that even time could not keep up with them, according to D. R. Green, owner and operator, who enjoyed making exaggerated statements about the speed of his vehicles. A picture of “Old Father Time,” encumbered with a valise, trying to catch a Cannon Ball stage was painted on the side of his pay wagon.

Green started his stage line in 1876 as a small livery service in Kingman, Kansas. It grew rapidly into a network of more than 1,500 miles across the lonely prairies of the Southwest. At the peak of his brilliant but brief career, Green was running 70 vehicles and 1,000 horses.

Green worked hard to gain positions of importance in his community, and though friendly in manner he was selective in his choice of close friends. Some inner drive enabled him to overcome obstacles and he had a persistence that refused to accept defeat.

When on the box his “driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously,” but with judgment and skill. When transacting business in his small austere office, unadorned except for a picture of Lincoln,



Illustrated by Micheael Fedoroff

he had the appearance and posture of a judge. He wore a fine broadcloth suit. The long jacket was always left open to reveal a well tailored vest, draped with a heavy gold watch chain. He wore a large diamond tie pin, high under his chin.

Green's thick grey beard and receding hair line added dignity to his husky "six feet in his socks." Heavy brows shadowed his deep set eyes. Most of his life had been spent in the wind, and he had the leathery skin of a cowboy.

His large collection of diamonds revealed the flamboyant facet of his nature. During his affluent period Green boasted he "owned more diamonds than were owned, altogether, west of the Mississippi by all other would-be diamond owners." He derived great satisfaction seeing his adored wife wearing elaborate jewelry. His diamonds lent eastern glamour to the early social events of the frontier.

Staging was a satisfying life for Green. He was an athletic, ambitious extrovert who longed to be identified with success, and as a knight of the ribbons he was surrounded with an aura of importance and authority.

"She's long, tall and handsome, she's loved by one and all, she's a modern combination called the Wabash Cannon Ball" —the record-breaking feats of this early locomotive inspired the name of his stage line. The Wabash Cannon Ball, later immortalized by the popular folk song, represented the epitome of efficiency in early rail transportation. The pioneer on the lonely prairie waited and watched for the Cannon Ball stage with as much confidence as the early Illinois farmer who would "listen for the jingle, the rumble and the roar" of the Wabash Cannon Ball.

GREEN drove his first stage between Helena and Ft. Benton, Montana. After becoming proficient with the ribbons, his quick and precise reflexes won for him one of the most coveted prizes of staging at a festival in San Francisco, California. There, he cut the closest figure eight with his stage-and-eight before a cheering and admiring crowd.

At the age of forty-four Green moved his family to Kingman, Kansas, the western terminus of the railroad where all westbound mail and passengers transferred to stages. He started with a small livery stable to transport settlers southwest into the new "Garden of Eden."

His rigs bolstered communications between Kingman and Coldwater, a distance of 100 miles. It was a ten-hour drive in good weather. Green left Kingman early each Monday and returned Tuesday, making three round trips each week. His genial manner, dependable vehicles and skillful driving soon began to pay off. The hacks of competitors often stood vacant because passengers requested the services of Green. The prairies' favorable terrain and his fine teams, which he changed every fifteen to twenty miles, enabled him to hold a fast schedule. Green was adamant with his drivers about this rate of speed, maintaining that the first rule of successful staging was to accustom the horses to one speed and to keep that timetable.

Green was more than a stage driver to his early passengers. He was their confidant and advisor. He helped many find their claims and explained the use of "compressed hay" to Easterners who were baffled at the lack of timber in this new land. If buffalo chips were not available, he taught the newcomers how to twist rosin weeds or blue stem into stovewood lengths. This made a hotter fire and left fewer ashes. He warned them of grass fires in summer and blizzards in winter and explained how to prepare for each.

Riding on the box with Green was like reading a "prairie textbook." Early travelers vied with each other for the honor. Green knew the answers to their questions about this strange and beautiful country. As they rolled across the flat tableland, carpeted with lush natural forage, Green would detail the manner of building the quickest and cheapest home with little or no wood. He would point out the advantages and disadvantages of the dugout, half-dugout and the sod shanty.

AS THE IRON RAILS filled up his ruts, Green moved west to his farm near Reeder, twelve miles north of Coldwater, where he built Fairlawn, his prairie mansion. Here he lived with his family in the grand southern style. A Negro couple, Aunt Caroline and Uncle

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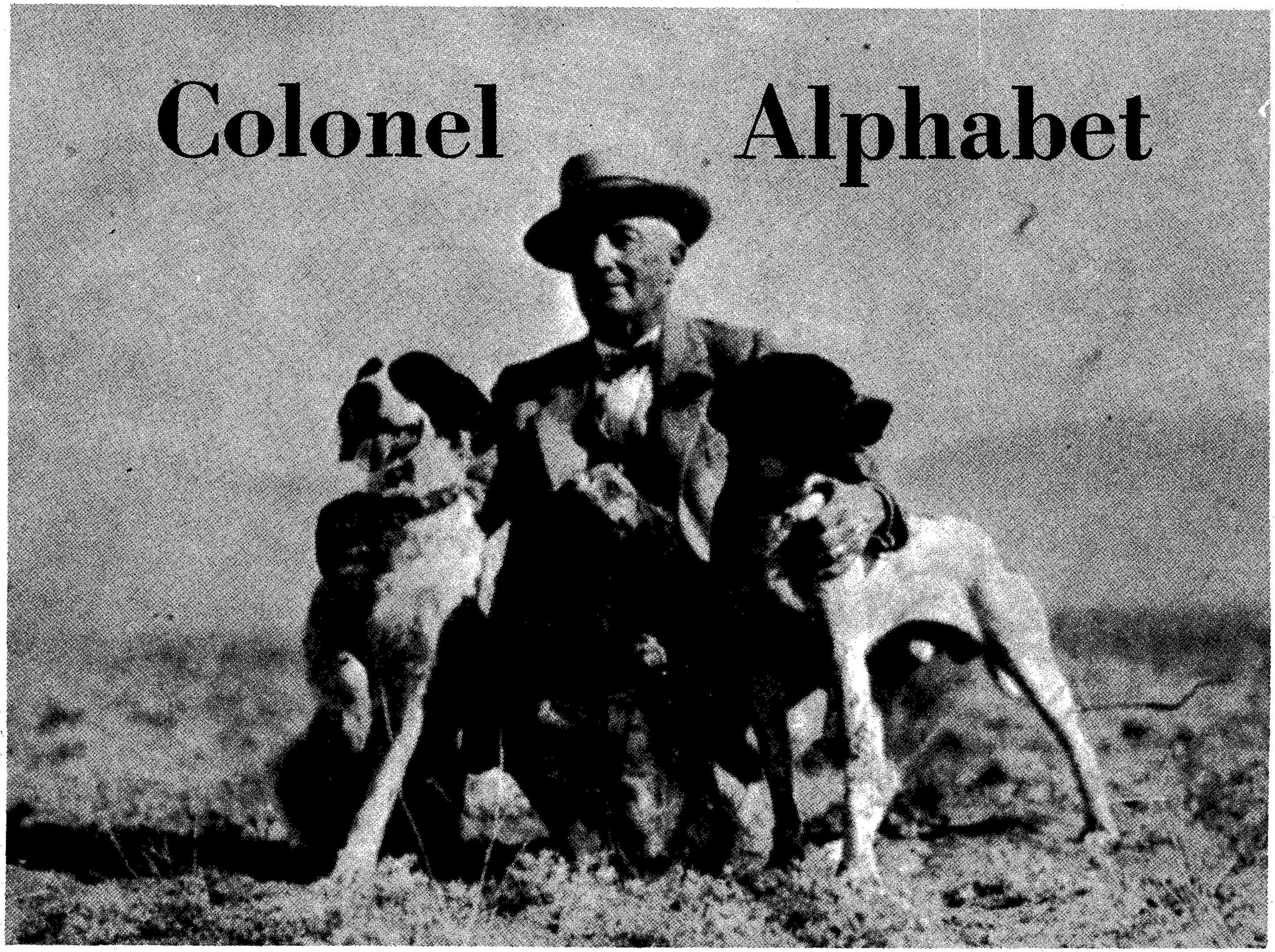
Colonel Alphabet



By AMY PASSMORE HURT

Photos Courtesy Author

COLONEL D. K. B. SELLERS is believed to have been the first—and last—man to stage a sham battle between real Indians and United States Cavalrymen in this part of the country. The fourth performance of this realistic struggle, enacted at one of the famous old New Mexico Territorial Fairs which flourished around the turn of the century, had national repercussions.

To many Southwesterners, Sellers was known as "Colonel Alphabet." Few people knew what D.K.B. stood for, or when and where he had acquired his title of "Colonel."

During his early residence in Farmington, New Mexico, a little town bordering on the vast Navajo Reservation, the Colonel had become widely acquainted with the tribesmen. So, when he was appointed chairman of the Fair's entertainment committee, he conceived the idea of staging a pageant—or sham battle—using real Indians, cowboys, and United States Cavalrymen.

The fairs in Albuquerque were always held in Traction Park. Through several influential citizens, the Colonel succeeded in persuading the Army to send two companies of cavalrymen from Fort Wingate to participate in the pageant. From the vicinity of Pueblo Bonito, on the reservation, Sellers rounded up 200 Navajos and 25 cowboys. The Indians traveled to Albuquerque by horseback and covered wagon.

The sham battle, with Indians on one side and cowboys and cavalrymen on the other, was to be presented each afternoon. Few rehearsals were needed, for even the Navajos, most of whom could not speak English, caught on quickly. Blank cartridges were used in the six-shooters carried by the participants.

The first afternoon the spectators in the grandstand watched excitedly as an old Concord coach, pulled by six horses, came dashing down the race track. Galloping ahead was the scout, impersonated by the Colonel himself. The coach was filled with winsome ladies and gallant gentlemen. Atop the coach were guards who were supposed to protect the passengers, mail and express at the risk of their lives. The driver was a prominent Albuquerquean.

The scout, astride a bay pony, rode blithely on but just as the coach reached the grandstand, 100 Indians leaped from a blind constructed of brush, and attacked the coach with rifles. No sooner had the firing begun than a bunch of cowboys, followed by U. S. Cavalrymen, tore down the track to the "rescue." More Indians on horseback appeared, a battle ensued, and several of the participants on both sides fell over "dead." The ladies in the coach screamed, the horses plunged, and the spectators in the grandstand howled. The first show was a grand success. So were the two that followed.

ON THE fourth day, designated "Albuquerque Day," a huge crowd was expected. Colonel Sellers was basking in the sun-filled glory that was his. Then about noontime, young José Platero, the Colonel's Navajo interpreter, brought news that some of the Indians, including Pa-Shi-Kli, their chief, had loaded their guns with live bullets and intended to use them that afternoon.

For a moment Sellers was too horror-stricken to move. Then he snapped, "Get our horses—quick! We'll ride out to their camp."

The Navajos were gathered around a big campfire eating their midday meal when the Colonel and José arrived. Motioning the Indian boy to move quietly, the Colonel dismounted and threw the reins over the pony's head. José followed suit and they slipped carefully through the brush beneath the cottonwoods where the Indians were camped.

The two, scarcely breathing, stood for

The popular amateur showman did just fine till the Indians in his "cavalry vs. braves" skit got tired of always losing the fight!

several moments at the edge of the clearing. Then Colonel Sellers plunged forward and grabbed the chieftain's gun which was lying on the ground beside him.

Chief Pa-Shi-Kli jumped to his feet, but he was not fast enough. The Colonel had turned the gun on him and was holding him at bay.

"The fact that he didn't try to take the gun away from me was proof enough that it was loaded with live bullets," Sellers said, many years later. "And several young bucks who rushed to his side kept their distance too."

José was instructed to gather up and unload all the guns in camp. Among the many rifles the youth collected, fifteen contained live bullets! The sullen chief's little scheme to pick off a few soldiers and other whites during the afternoon's sham battle had failed.

Obviously that spelled the end of the pageant. Just a few weeks later flustered officials in Washington, D.C. who had heard about the incident issued a decree that no more sham battles using real Indians and U. S. soldiers would be permitted. So far as is known, the Government has never relented.

This near tragedy did not prevent Colonel Sellers from using Indian talent in other civic programs. Some of the first ceremonial dances performed in public by Indians were staged by this amateur showman. The memory of one program in particular, staged prior to 1912, still gives many old-timers a laugh.

It had to do with statehood for New Mexico. The Colonel was one of the most enthusiastic proponents of statehood in the Territory. So was William Randolph Hearst, the famous newspaperman. Hearst was so interested in New Mexico's cause that he filled a private railroad car with United States Congressmen and brought them to the Territory at his own expense so they could see for themselves just how important the matter was. Albuquerque officials planned a big reception for the notables and Colonel Sellers was chosen master of ceremonies.

SELLERS decided to give the honored guests a big thrill by providing Indian entertainment. The welcome address would be delivered by none other than the Navajo Chieftain, Vincente.

Chief Vincente was a striking figure. Six feet tall, brawny and dignified, but also arrogant and haughty, he was a true Navajo. His stance, shoulders back, proud head lifted, was impressive. Unlike most Indians, he wore a drooping mustache. He was wealthy and possesed many sheep.

There was just one hitch: Vincente disliked most white men, especially those who had control over Indian affairs. He opposed change and denounced the establishment of Government schools for Indian children. Probably none other than Sellers could have persuaded the chief to appear before the meddlesome white men from Washington.

The wily Vincente extracted a promise from the Colonel that if he appeared before the Federal lawmakers he would be permitted to get off his chest many grievances against them. Knowing that Vincente could not speak a word of English and that the Washington delegation could not speak or understand Navajo, Sellers agreed. He would, decided the equally wily Colonel, do the "interpreting" himself!

Several days before Hearst and his party arrived, Vincente, and a group of Navajos who were to perform Indian dances for the guests, put in an appearance. All were dressed in their feathered best. The Colonel went into rehearsals immediately. What a sensation they would be, he told himself exultantly!

With José Platero interpreting, Sellers and Vincente agreed on a few signals. So long as the Colonel's foot rested on the chief's moccasined one, Vincente was to speak. He could say anything he wished. But when the Colonel's foot was removed, Vincente was to maintain silence. The Colonel would then interpret what he had said.

José related these instructions to the chief. Vincente's expression revealed that he thought the whole business was a lot of damfoolishness, but he rehearsed with the Colonel until they were "letter perfect."

D. K. B. Sellers, oldtime showman of the Southwest.

The momentous hour arrived. So did Hearst and his party. They were met at the depot with much pomp and ceremony by the city fathers and then conducted to the grandstand erected for the occasion in downtown Albuquerque. There they were seated beside the mayor and other city officials.

After a word of greeting from the Colonel, Chief Vincente was brought forward and introduced to the guests. The address of welcome began with the Colonel and the chieftain standing side by side. Sellers' foot remained firmly on the chief's. After a few minutes, Sellers removed his foot. The Indian paused and the Colonel "interpreted."

Vincente, he said, welcomed the visitors. He appreciated all that the Government was doing for the Indians.

Then it was Sellers' turn to pause. Vincente's voice grew more and more impassioned. As a speechmaker, he was superb. Colonel Sellers would have given much to know what he was saying.

The farce kept up for several more minutes, with the white man interpreting to tell the visitors that the mighty Navajo chieftain praised the Congressmen for the interest they took in the welfare and education of Navajo children.

When Sellers noticed that the Navajo's eyes were beginning to glitter and that sweat was breaking out on his forehead, he decided to end the "welcome."

There was much handclapping and stomping among the audience on the platform and in the street when the address was concluded. Over Vincente's face now passed a smug, complacent look. He had just unloaded many years' accumulation of wrath against the Great White Fathers and they had taken it much better than he had anticipated.

Vincente went back to the reservation, quite ignorant that he had helped sell statehood to a number of distinguished United States Congressmen. New Mexico became the 47th state in 1912.

As for the Colonel, he continued providing western entertainment for appreciative Albuquerqueans. Among the performers who later became famous was Tom Mix and a young Albuquerque horsewoman, Billie Loudon. Mix and the Colonel maintained a warm friendship as long as they lived.

COLONEL D.K.B. SELLERS was a native of Dayton, Ohio. He came west in 1880 at the age of seventeen. He settled first in Dodge City, Kansas, then went to Texas, where he worked on a cattle ranch. Tiring of that, he headed for Colorado to become a sheepherder. But that held little interest, so he and another young adventurer bought two burros, loaded their provisions on one and their clothing and bedding on the other, and struck out afoot for greener fields.

They walked from Colorado Springs to Leadville, where the mining boom was on and thousands of other prospectors

(Continued on page 68)

The Terrible Tragedy

Submitted by
O. E. LIPPS

ON MONDAY noon, November 11, 1901, there occurred in what is known as Turkeytown, Carter County, Tennessee, two miles from Watauga, seven miles from Johnson City, and four miles from Elizabethon, what was probably the most horrible and bloodcurdling murder and suicide ever committed in this old historic county.

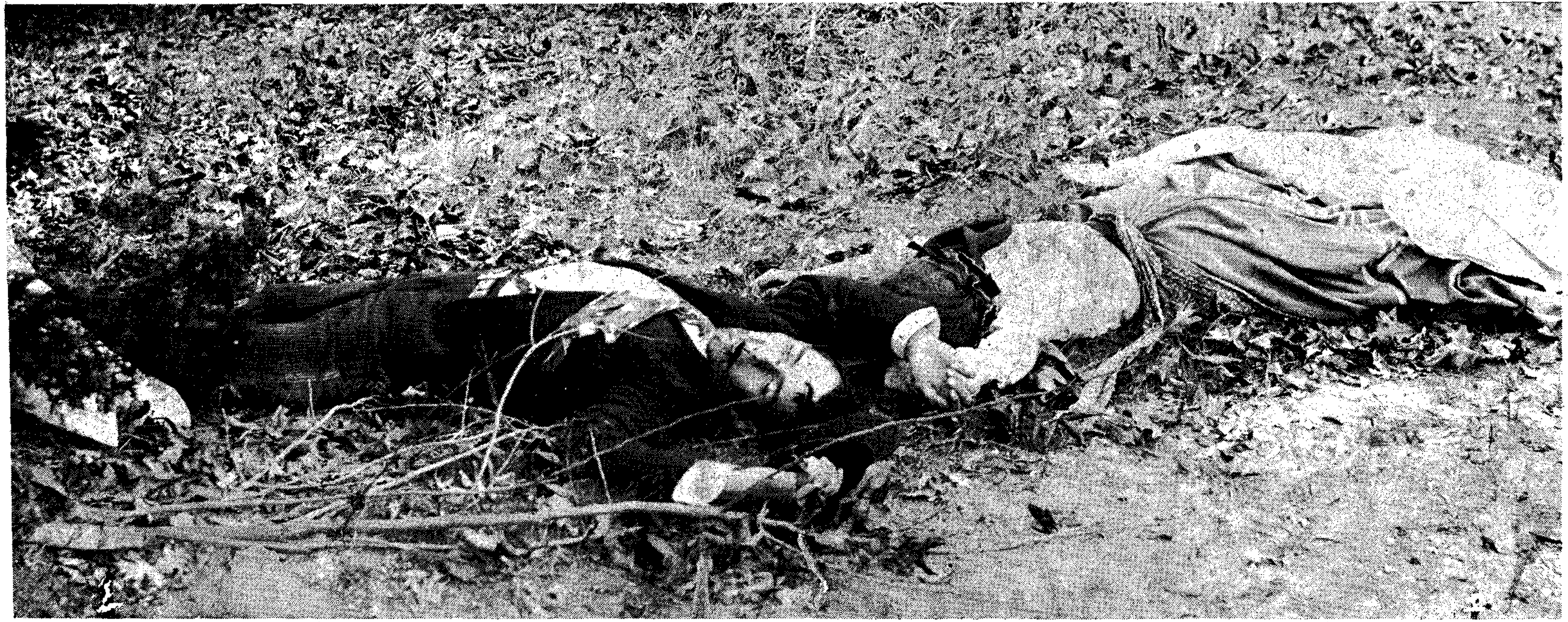
About 12 o'clock of said day Frank Kidwell went to the Range schoolhouse where Ada Thompson, a young lady sixteen years old, was attending school, and told the teacher that Miss Ada Thompson's brother and his wife had come from Johnson County, and they had sent for her to come home at once.

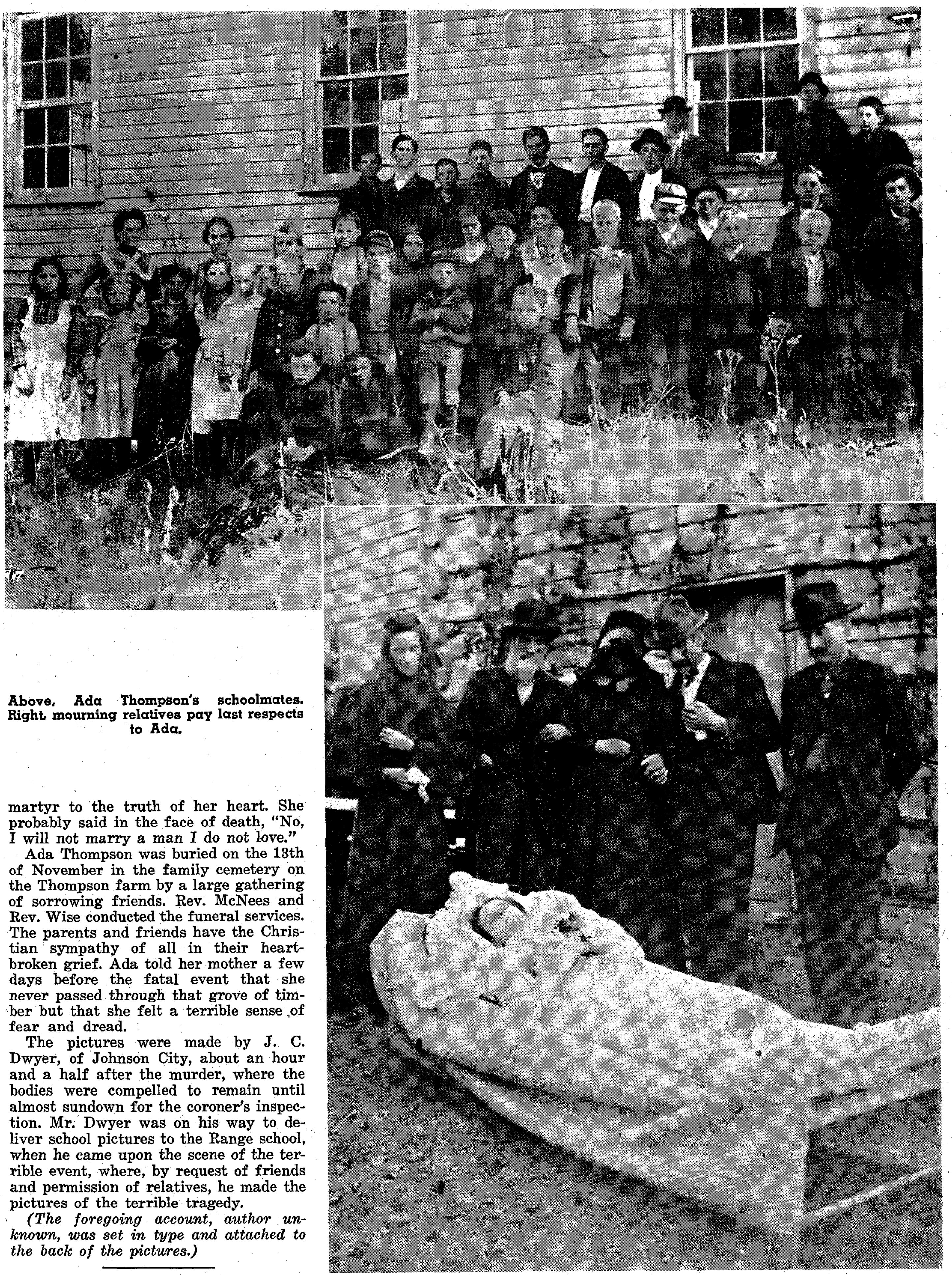
Believing the story (for they were looking for the brother and wife) she started with him. The schoolhouse is a half-mile from the Thompson home; halfway between is a little woodland to pass through. There occurred the awful murder of the innocent girl. Kidwell shot his helpless victim three times, who fell dead upon her face; then, as seen in the picture, threw himself upon his back and put two bullets into his own breast. Both died instantly and, to all appearance, without a struggle.

The bodies were found within thirty minutes after the tragedy by Mr. Little's son, George, who was returning to school from dinner. This hideous crime was committed because this schoolgirl about six weeks before had refused to marry a young man she did not love.

The poor girl had evidently struggled with her terrible assailant at the time of the firing of the first shot, as shown by the severe powder marks on her hand. One bullet lodged in the right shoulder and two in the breast, and young and beautiful Ada Thompson fell upon her face a lifeless corpse. Both the Thompsons and the Kidwells are among the best families and have large relations in several counties. The two families are closely related, Ada Thompson's brother having married Kidwell's sister. And thus died the precious young girl, a

Scene of the murder of the sixteen-year-old.





Above, Ada Thompson's schoolmates. Right, mourning relatives pay last respects to Ada.

martyr to the truth of her heart. She probably said in the face of death, "No, I will not marry a man I do not love."

Ada Thompson was buried on the 13th of November in the family cemetery on the Thompson farm by a large gathering of sorrowing friends. Rev. McNees and Rev. Wise conducted the funeral services. The parents and friends have the Christian sympathy of all in their heartbroken grief. Ada told her mother a few days before the fatal event that she never passed through that grove of timber but that she felt a terrible sense of fear and dread.

The pictures were made by J. C. Dwyer, of Johnson City, about an hour and a half after the murder, where the bodies were compelled to remain until almost sundown for the coroner's inspection. Mr. Dwyer was on his way to deliver school pictures to the Range school, when he came upon the scene of the terrible event, where, by request of friends and permission of relatives, he made the pictures of the terrible tragedy.

(The foregoing account, author unknown, was set in type and attached to the back of the pictures.)

Stope Maravel's Unlucky Find

(Continued from page 16)

was protecting his friend's mine until he should return to claim it."

Reddington and Oldets remained until the sheep owner arrived with a deputy sheriff. The prospectors were not held for the unfortunate killing and soon returned to their own camp to resume their search.

Now, however, neither prospector was hopeful or very enthusiastic over future possibilities. Maravel had died after finding the ledge, then his friend Espada had been killed because of it. Maybe it wasn't meant to be claimed again, they shrugged. They gave up the search that fall and never went back.

During the following years, other prospectors have entered the region. It has become known as a place of mineral wealth and lost mines. Most prospectors go in from Belen on the west off U. S. Highway 85. Priest Canyon can also be reached from Scholle in the region of Dripping Springs on State Highway 10.

Some of the mines which were concealed by the Spaniards and Mexicans have been found and worked. New discoveries have also been made. But to this day no one has come upon the Spanish silver and lead mine which Stope Maravel found in September, 1890.

The Mystery of Paul

(Continued from page 23)

Part of the men were hunting, others were cooking, and the rest were picking grapes. Paul and Major Fowler were down at the creek washing up.

Inadvertently, a man named Lewis Dawson stumbled over a grizzly bear, and it sprang up and pulled him down in a flash. Three times the man's dog succeeded in diverting the grizzly's attention, but three times the bear went back to his victim, seizing the man's head in his great jaws. Colonel Glenn's gun jammed. Others of the party finally ran up and killed the bear. Down at the creek Paul and the major heard the dreadful screams of the victim, the yelping of the dog, and the yells of the men. By the time they could get up the hill, Dawson had been terribly mauled and almost scalped. There was no surgeon in the party or instruments with which to work. It was Paul and the major who sewed up the wounds as best they could with the crude tools at hand and with only raw whiskey for anaesthetic and disinfectant. Two days later the man died. Although others may have succumbed earlier, this is supposedly the first recorded death of a white man in Colorado territory.

The party made camp on the north bank of the Arkansas River, and prepared to trade with the Indians. Throughout the next few days whole villages of Comanches, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Snakes, and Pawnees arrived and set up camp. Soon the Glenn-Fowler party was surrounded by some 700 lodges, and the stench became unendurable, particularly for the more fastidious members (such as Paul).

The traders moved a mile down the river, "to git off of Being so Crouded," and built a log house. But the Arapaho chief, whose excessive friendship was proving to be somewhat of a nuisance, insisted on moving too. It was he who invited them to a feast of fat meat, "of Which We Eat plentifully," and afterward informed them they had dined on dog.

After several weeks of trading, the party was well supplied with horses, beaver pelts and buffalo hides. The white men parted with their Indian companions with some difficulty and continued up the Arkansas.

Then an "express" arrived with a request to turn back and meet a party of sixty Mexicans who had just ridden in from the south. Mexico had declared her independence from Spain, and contrary to the previous attitude of Spanish officials, the new Mexican Republic was anxious to make friends with the Americans of the States. Santa Fe, the messenger promised, was now a wide open market.

Colonel Glenn was skeptical and cautious. He remembered previous trading expeditions which had had their goods seized and their men imprisoned. When Glenn and Baptiste Roy, the interpreter, rode back, hoping that the friendship of the Indians would protect them in case the Spaniards proved hostile, he left Major Fowler in charge of the party's equipment, with instructions to fortify the camp and wait until Glenn found out if the report were actually true.

This was the first day of January, 1822. Fowler wrote, "We are now In the Hart of the Inden Cuntry and Emededly on the great War Road—not only of one nation Against the Others—on the Road to all the Spanish Settlements With Which the Indeans on this Side of the Mountains are at War—so That our Setuation is not of the most Plesent kind—We Have no meet In Camp—and Con Clude to send two Hunters out with the Horses in the morning to kill some Meat Intending to Set the ballence of the Hands at Work to build a Hous and a Strong Peen for the Horses at night."

The house which they built was the first structure to be erected on the site of present-day Pueblo, Colorado.

TROUBLES were many, and Paul seems to have been the only man on whom Major Fowler could depend. Some of the party believed Colonel Glenn would never live to return, and a potential mutiny of those who wanted to break up camp had to be quelled. A couple of men were captured by the Indians but managed to escape. Horses were stolen so frequently that another house with three rooms was built, with the door to the horse pen opening through the house so that Indians could not get to the horses without waking the men.

The hunters were getting beaver and buffalo, however, and there was plenty of game for food. One memorable day for Paul all hands went to the river to wash their clothes, and the Negro learned how to use the yucca plant for soap.

Each day they watched anxiously for a returning messenger from Colonel Glenn, and at last when hope was almost abandoned, he came. The news was good. Colonel Glenn had obtained written permission "to Hunt to trap and traid" in the newly independent Mexican provinces.

The trappers moved out about ten o'clock on January 30, 1822. They were following the old Taos Trail which would take them between the Wet Mountain and Sangre de Cristo Ranges, and over Sangre de Cristo Pass. "We came to the top or Backbon of the mountain Which Divides the Watters of the arkensaw from the Delnort and Heare the Wind Was So Cold We scarce dare look Round."

Another day saw them descending to an "oppen plane of Great Exstent," the San Luis Valley. Traveling fast now, as much as thirty miles a day, they arrived February 8, 1822, within two miles of San Fernandez de Taos, present-day Taos, where they were met by Colonel Glenn.

The next evening the village staged a fandango for the newcomers, and the mountain men who had been building up a great thirst ever since they left the Verdigris River abandoned themselves to revelry. It was in this Mexican settlement that Paul had his most frightening experience.

The same captain who had met the party in Colorado with the news of his country's independence, was going out on another sortie, and before he left he introduced his youthful-looking wife and two teen-age daughters to the Glenn-Fowler party.

In the afternoon a message had come inviting Colonel Glenn, Baptiste Roy, and Paul to the *hacienda*. Paul tried to refuse, but the fun-loving mountain men would not allow it. Major Fowler related what followed, with humor and considerable sympathy for the shy young Negro.

The adobe house evidently was built somewhat like the Taos Indian dwelling, with the entrance by way of a ladder let down through an opening in the roof. According to Fowler, it was a custom of the Mexicans when introduced to greet the visitor with wide open arms and a "Close Huge," and this ceremony so embarrassed Paul that if a small hole could have been found, he would certainly have crept into it.

To his added consternation, the entrance through which he had descended into the room was promptly shut and he could see no possible way to escape. A fiery altercation then ensued between the women, each apparently demanding Paul for herself. The mother asserted her right as the oldest to have the "ferst Chois of Bows," and "took Paul for hir Chap takeing Hold of Him and drawing Him to the beed Side Sot Him down with Hir arms Round His Shoulders and Giv Him a Kis."

Fowler wrote that Paul was a fastidious youth, inclined to be somewhat religious and bashful. When the woman began to caress his face, Paul cringed. His companions later claimed he actually tried to creep into the wall, and that he kept his eyes constantly fixed upon the trap door above him. To his great joy, some outsider opened the door and started to descend into the room. Paul was up and out in a flash, running down the narrow, twisting street, stopping for

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nothing until he had regained the safety of camp. Soon the other men arrived to tell with great glee of their visit to the *hacienda*. Everyone had fun but Paul.

THREE YEARS of drouth, together with a grasshopper invasion, had reduced food supplies in Taos to a minimum. Colonel Glenn decreed that three hunting parties should start north immediately, scouring the San Luis Valley for food and beaver. All three parties were to follow the Rio Grande toward its headwaters. Almost from the first, the deep snow and punishing cold began to tell on the men. Game was extremely scarce. Time after time Fowler reported, "We all Went up the Mountains to Hunt But See Nothing to kill." Sometimes they saw antelope and wild horse bands, but could not get close enough for a shot. "Nothing to Eat but look at Each other With Hungrey faceses."

Jacob and Robert Fowler agreed that one of their horses had to be killed. Apparently the animal was a pet. Unable to watch the slaughter, the brothers went off to hunt while Paul shot the horse. The hunters found some deer in the brush and killed two of them, so no one had to eat the pet. The next day Paul shot a fine big elk, the first he had ever killed.

Every few days they saw hunting parties moving up or down the river. Mountain men, Indians, Mexican trappers, Mexican cavalry—the traffic along the river through an entirely uninhabited land was quite an extraordinary phenomenon. Although mountain men were known to travel this territory, Fowler's account seems to be the first written record of the life of the traders and trappers along the headwaters of the Rio Grande, or the Rio Grande Del Norte, as they called it.

The weather finally moderated, game became more plentiful, and the hunting parties rendezvoused at Pike's Stockade, which had been built by Zebulon Pike on his expedition some fifteen years earlier. Their beaver traps had filled often and the party was jubilant.

By the time they returned to Taos, the cottonwoods were beginning to leaf out. By early May all of the hunting parties had completed their tours, and they planned to start back to "the States" on the first of June. While Colonel Glenn manipulated the trading deals in Santa Fe, Fowler and Paul took the half-starved horses to some high pastures a few miles away, to fatten them for the return home. The chokecherry and wild rose, and dozens of other flowering shrubs were in full bloom. Jacob Fowler became almost ecstatic over the beauty of New Mexico in the spring.

On May 31, 1822, the horses were collected and all was made ready for the departure of the Glenn-Fowler party, together with the McKnight party who had joined up for mutual protection. Paul, and Jacob and Robert Fowler spent their last night together, and apart from the others. The three had been companions since childhood.

A change in status for Paul had obviously been taking place. In the beginning Fowler had recorded, "I sent Paul—" or "I had Paul make—;" later he wrote, "Paul did—" or "Paul went—." Paul had his own gun, his own horse. He behaved like a free man, which it is likely he had become.

The implications are that Paul remained behind at Taos to live out his life as a pioneer of the Old West. We may never know for sure.

Jacob Fowler arrived home at Covington, Kentucky, on July 27, 1822, after various interesting experiences which he described in great detail. But never again after that last night in New Mexico did he ever mention Paul, although the Negro's name had appeared more frequently than any other man's in his diary up to that point.

Strangers at the Campfire

(Continued from page 12)

dog's teeth. He reached down and patted me on the head and laughed.

"I've got four little boys like you at home," he said to me, and he looked sad for a moment. Then he was smiling again and his teeth flashed in the sunshine. And as he walked away there was a sign on his back—"Trusty." I asked what it meant and was told it meant the man could be trusted.

Outside Papa said, "You can put old Blanco in the wagon. I see he is beginning to get sore feet." Then he cracked the whip over old Jack and Dave, and they rolled their tails like they knew we were headed for home.

The Scout Who Saved the Sioux

(Continued from page 13)

no consideration was given to the fact that Custer was making an open attack upon a people who were on land which belonged to them and where they had every right to be.

It was late in the spring, 1876, when the horses were fat and there was plenty of grass and water, that the Short Buffalo band held its council and decided to break camp and head for the rendezvous to the north. The year before, the Plains Sioux had selected the Little Big Horn as the site for their annual reunion.

It was a long and trying journey. The Short Buffalo band held to the open country to lessen danger from ambush. Loneman, the scout leader far in advance of the others, covered the way thoroughly, picking favorable campsites and searching out signs of danger.

During the journey, Loneman sighted a train of covered wagons moving across the sagebrush country. He and the Short Buffalo Indians were so close to the train at nights that some mornings they were awakened by the crowing of the train's roosters.

IT TOOK the band nine days to reach the Tongue River. There they remained in camp to rest while Loneman and Iron Buffalo moved out to find the main camp of the Sioux on the Little Big Horn. The two scouts returned after four days to report that the main camp had been found. They also reported seeing cavalry troops heading in the general direction of the Little Big Horn. When the Short Buffalo band broke camp, Loneman, Walk Out, and Iron Shell rode in the rear to keep watch on the moving troops.

Three days after their arrival at the main camp, Loneman learned that Crazy Horse had left the Rosebud Creek area after a fight with General Crook's forces, and was traveling to join the main body of Sioux on the Little Big Horn.

When the cavalry troops, followed by a train of army wagons, continued to move toward the Indians' reunion site, Loneman sent Little Killer to the main camp to let the chiefs know that soldiers were heading toward the rendezvous.

That evening, around the council fire, Chief Sitting Bull announced to everyone that troops were in the area. "I hope the soldiers will bypass our camp here," the chief said. "We are not at war with them and have not attacked them. We selected this camp for a reunion of all the Sioux people. We wish to be left alone, as we are here to select a place for our midsummer Sun Dance.

"We have traveled a long distance to honor our young men and to thank the Great Spirit for the past year. It is time for the Sioux Nation to offer prayer and sacrifice. Let us not forget that Crazy Horse had to fight off an attack by soldiers on the Rosebud to get here. We shall remain together as a Sioux nation and we must never retreat in the face of danger, no matter what the odds. We must defend our rights, our families, and our hunting lands."

Sitting Bull then cautioned, "Let us remain in peace if we can. Let no one give away his tribe by assaulting first. Leave the soldiers alone. If they come in peace, we shall receive them in peace.

"Before we depart to our camps for the night, let all who wear the bald eagle tail feather be grouped with War Chief Gall. All who wear the spotted eagle tail feather will be grouped with Crazy Horse, and all who wear the red hawk tail feather will group with Eagle Shirt. None of you paint your faces, for we are not at war. We must all be alert, with our best horses ready should the soldiers decide to attack us. Be sure your families are secure, hide all of your personal belongings, and make sure you do not lose them. Remember that we are confronted by fresh troops on our own land and we must not let them run us off."

THE NIGHT was spent in visiting among the various tribes. A strong guard was placed but the night passed uneventfully. Loneman described the next day—June 25—as a very bright and sunny one with a haze of purple along the horizon. A cool breeze came up in the south (a south wind was always considered by the Sioux as a good omen).

Loneman rode to a high butte overlooking the Little Big Horn. From this point he could view the movements of both Custer's cavalry and the Sioux in their rendezvous. No bugles blared and the troopers were going quietly about their camp tasks. Would they attack or bypass the Indian camp?

Finally the troopers mounted. Heading northeast, they put their horses to a gallop, charged up to low hills, dismounted, and went through the motions of firing their rifles. A mock attack! The scout now was sure that Custer intended to join battle with his encamped tribesmen.

When Little Bird, another scout, arrived on the butte, Loneman left him to watch the troops and hurried back to warn the Sioux of the coming attack. He also dispatched scouts to keep a keen lookout for the arrival of white reinforcements.

As Loneman rode out of camp again, he met Iron Buffalo and Walk Out. They reported that Custer was regrouping his forces. It was later learned that Custer went in direct violation of orders when he divided his troops into three detachments and ordered an attack.

Captain Benteen was left to guard the ford upstream from the Indian camp, which was on the west side of the Little Big Horn. The second detachment, under Major Reno, was ordered to cross the river and strike from the rear. The third detachment, 212 troopers under General Custer himself, proceeded downriver on the east side. It was Custer's intention to strike the camp simultaneously with Benteen's attack at the side and Major Reno's at the upper end.

Loneman heard the sudden blare of a bugle as it sounded charge. Suddenly, over a low hill, the troopers appeared in orderly, swift-moving formation, guidons fluttering, swords gleaming in the bright sunlight, their horses' hoofs sounding like a herd of buffaloes in full stampede as they charged for the uplands.

At almost the same time, Loneman saw the Sioux appear. Their wild yells rent the air as they raced to intercept the charging soldiers. They swung their tomahawks, lances and clubs, but did little firing with their rifles. There were at least 3,000 warriors.

Chief Sitting Bull was riding his high-spirited gray horse and he was armed only with a crooked lance. Loneman said his voice could be heard above the rifle fire. "This is the day these soldiers came to seek! Let them seek what they came for! Charge, my warriors, ride with all your might!"

Loneman, gazing in wonder over the battle, saw Chief Gall reverse his charge when Major Reno's detachment crossed the river and deployed for action. The Sioux warriors under him and Crazy Horse struck with terrific force and swept Reno's men back across the river. Gall followed in pursuit, preventing Reno's attempts to join forces with Custer.

Captain Benteen's troopers, left to guard the river ford, were soon put to flight by the warriors under Eagle Shirt. Each trooper was pursued by at least three warriors. Some fell into the river, lost their rifles, and were trampled by the terrified horses. Rifles and cartridge belts were seized. For many of the troopers, the wild battle was over almost before it started.

SOON THE river bottom was filled with dust and smoke from the black powder cartridges. Troopers lost their way, lost their detachments, and fled in sheer panic. Horses dashed wildly about. Many warriors had seized the cavalry horses and continued their pursuit on them. Everywhere the troopers were outnumbered and unnerved by the yelling, screaming Sioux. Remnants of Benteen's troops finally joined forces with those survivors under Major Reno and a retreat to higher ground was made. Rifle pits were hastily dug. Benteen and Reno saved about half of their forces.

Custer and his men were soon completely surrounded on a low plateau. Hordes of the charging Sioux crowded them. Gun-shy horses reared and threw their riders and many of the soldiers lost their rifles as they fell. Some used their fallen horses for breastworks and fired as rapidly as they could.

But the situation from the first was utterly hopeless for Custer. Soon only the loud yells of the victors could be heard above the timber lining the river. It was all over for the troopers. Custer and his command had been completely annihilated.

Dead soldiers and warriors lay everywhere, Loneman said, some near the top and some on the slopes, many in grotesque positions. Dead and dying horses were strewn about the plateau above the river. Saddle blankets, white gloves, rifles, hats, boots and other items lay in wild disorder.

Some of the Indians who had not been in the attack on Custer captured the army supply wagons. The drivers had attempted to escape by unhitching and mounting the horses but they were overtaken and killed.

"That is what happened to Long Hair on that day that he located the main body of the Sioux Nation," Loneman always concluded his account of the battle. "He attacked a people peaceably encamped on their own land and paid dearly for it."

After Loneman returned from his scouting mission, a warrior known as Good Weasel presented him with a trooper's bugle. The scout kept this bugle until his death; it was one of his most prized possessions.

Chief Sitting Bull praised Loneman for the keen vigil which had spoiled Long Hair's surprise. The Chief personally placed two eagle feathers upon Loneman.

On the fourth day after the engagement, each band left the rendezvous and departed for home. Sitting Bull and his band moved into Canada, the original home of the Hunkpapa Sioux. Later they were captured and returned to the United States. A large group came to what is now the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. Here just to the southeast of the Pine Ridge Agency, the last great Sun Dance of the Sioux was held in 1881.

Loneman spent most of his long life on the White River not far from the Oglala Indian Trading Post, operated since 1912 by John Linehan. The old Indian scout was very active in the Short Buffalo community and was known as a good provider for his family. He encouraged his people to settle down, establish homes, and have a church and a school. The latter was to bear his name.

Many years have passed since the historic battle, but Loneman is still remembered as the scout credited with saving the Sioux on that memorable day of June 25, 1876. Perhaps they would have won the battle, anyway, but Loneman's vigilance made it a certainty.

"Cannon Ball" Green

(Continued from page 37)

Dick, came west to help the Greens with their frequent entertaining. Fairlawn was filled with expensive and beautiful furniture, which indicated the success of the Cannon Ball line during the early '80s.

Green became one of the best known men in the area and towns paid high for his stage service. Pratt gave him a good lot on Main Street and supplied a stagecoach barn. Wellsford donated twenty acres adjoining the town. Coldwater gave him eight lots. Meade gave him a lot fronting on the square. Coronado gave him eight good lots and $500. Leoti presented him with eight main street lots and $1,000. Garden City deeded him six town lots and $1,000. The stage owner was quick to see that easy money was being made by laying out towns in advance of the westward migration.

Green watched Jacob Barney, a pioneer, lay out the town of Janesville in section 18, Edwards County, Kansas, the spring of 1884. The frustrating part of starting a town was the endless red tape of getting a U. S. post office. Janesville was given a prized post office by the end of the summer.

Kansas law declared sections 16 and 36 as state school land sections, and title to land in these sections could be obtained in six months or half the time necessary to gain title in other sections. That fall Green joined a group of men from Kingman and Kinsley to form The Greensburg Town Company for the purpose of laying out the townsite of Greensburg in section 16, Edwards County. Named in his honor, this townsite was more than a mile east of Janesville.

Greensburg had all the essentials for a good town, except a post office. Green pointed out to the citizens of Janesville that they could prove their claims in half the time if they moved a mile east to Greensburg. Most of the residents were quick to move the short distance after they were assured of a post office immediately.

One dark night in November, 1884, according to one account, the founding fathers of Greensburg quietly went to Janesville and loaded up the post office on a sled, complete with the postmaster who was asleep in the building, and dragged it to Greensburg. The residents were surprised and delighted to find a post office open and ready for business the next morning.

To assure the growth of the new-born village, Green led a movement to form a new county with Greensburg as county seat. The request was granted and Kiowa County was formed. Governor John A. Martin issued a proclamation officially designating Greensburg the county seat of Kiowa County on March 23, 1886.

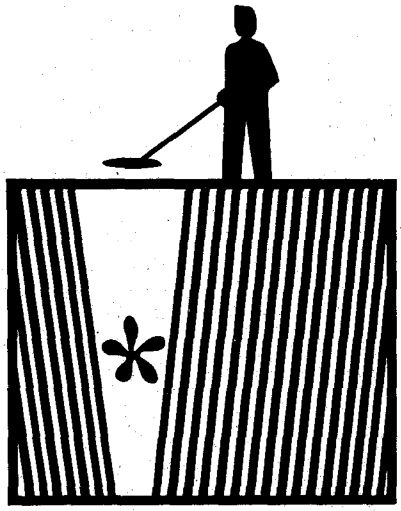
THE CANNON BALL network of stage routes expanded rapidly during the early 1880s. Green had to give up driving and spent most of his time in his familiar and welcome pay wagon, checking each station once a month. Since he spent so much of his time in this vehicle he had it equipped with an ice chest for food and drink. Frequently he gave important travelers the thrill of riding his personal coach.

Green was a confirmed advertiser. He made a practice of giving passes to "wind jammers" and men of importance who would say a good word for his service. "I was liberal with men who I thought could be of benefit to me. I attribute much of my money making to the country newspaper editors who rode in my stagecoaches and were given tornado-like trips across the country," Green later confessed to a friend.

Though 1887 brought lasting fame to Greensburg, it was the beginning of the end of the great Cannon Ball stage line. Conditions were growing more unfavorable for staging each day. The iron horse that had been slowly chewing up Green's stage line reached Greensburg. Farmers suffered their first big crop failure from drought. Green was forced to sell the Garden City and Coronado section of his network to John S. Lehr and Company.

The next year held both fortune and misfortune. Green was honored by being elected to represent the new Kiowa County in the state legislature. He considered this the first step to an important political career which never developed.

Green was christened "Cannon Ball"



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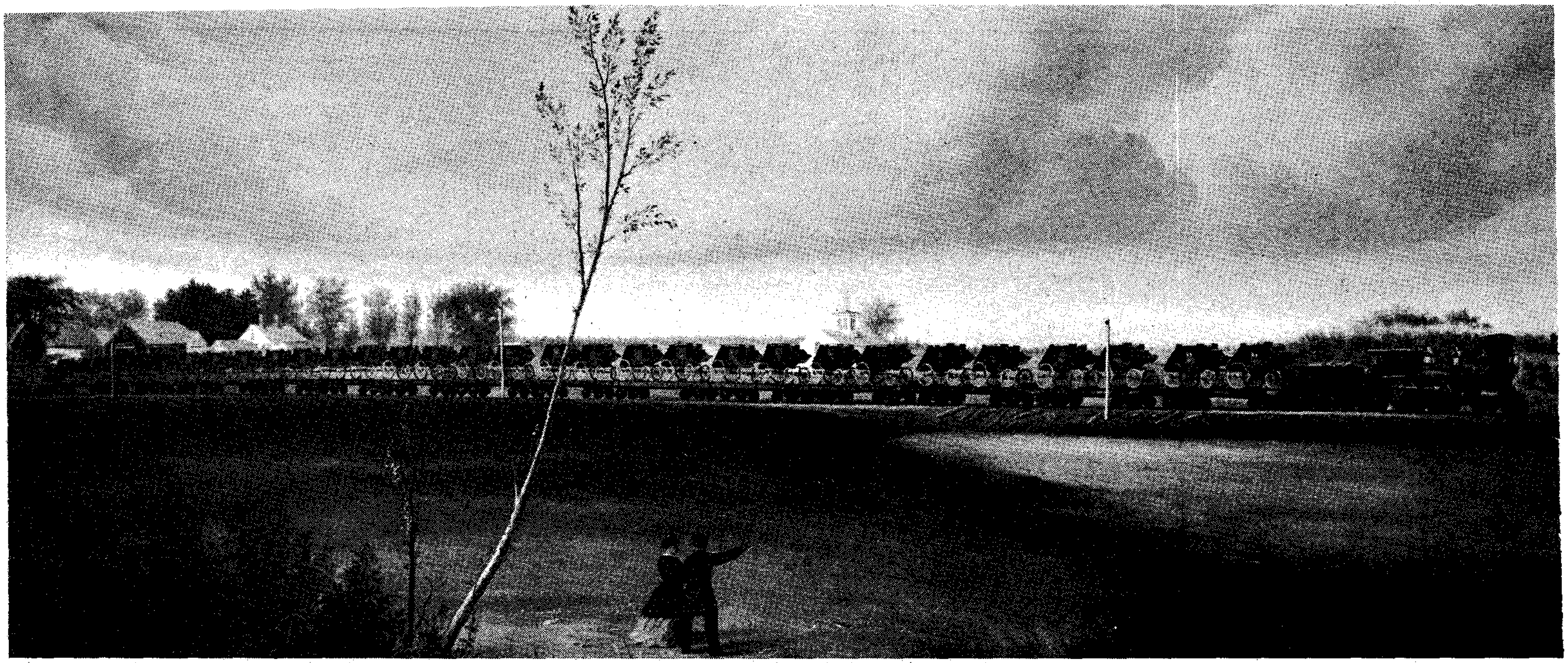


Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank

First piggy back? One hundred years ago a shipment of the thirty stagecoaches left Concord, New Hampshire for Omaha, Nebraska on order from Wells Fargo & Company, giant of the stagecoach and express pioneers. It was the largest single order for stagecoaches in company history. The coaches were passenger "Concords," hand-crafted by Abbot, Downing & Co. to Wells Fargo specifications. Painted straw and vermillion, the coaches were ornately decorated and had damask-lined interiors. The toy-like steam locomotive and its colorful freight dazzled onlookers who glimpsed its cross-country trek from New England to the Great Plains. (Photo from original John Bergum painting, a permanent exhibit of the New Hampshire Historical Society.)

during his first session in the legislature. "If Mr. Burton will take a match and clean the wax out of his ears he can hear me," Green replied in a measured voice, when asked to step out in the isle, so the gallery could hear what he had to say. This earthy retort brought a sudden flurry of laughter and interest from the gallery, and observers began to stir around to get a better view of the speaker.

"This is Mr. D. R. Green," announced Burton, speaker of the house. "He is the owner of the Cannon Ball stagecoach line." From that time until his death he was referred to as Cannon Ball Green.

Green suffered a large financial loss during the summer when his big barn burned, destroying more than sixty-five tons of millet and hay and more than thirty tons of oats. This disastrous fire was started by "Podsy", Green's youngest son, according to W. E. Bolton, early editor of the *Kiowa County Signal*. The boy had heard his father lament that the rats were eating his valuable grain. Podsy was determined to help by trapping the rats. This was good, but he made a practice of emptying his traps in the barn yard and burning the contents. On a hot August day in 1887, during his daily conflagration, one of the rats, on fire but still alive, instinctively ran back into the barn and into the dry straw. The whole barn became a holocaust within minutes. The horses were saved but all the feed was destroyed.

GREEN was in Topeka on March 23, 1889, when President Benjamin Harrison issued the proclamation that unassigned land in Indian Territory would be opened for settlement on April 22. Both railroads and stagecoach lines had been waiting for these magic words which meant more passengers.

The two railroads that would profit most from the "run" trade were the Santa Fe, building south from Arkansas City, and the Chicago, Kansas and Nebraska, a branch of the Rock Island, building down the Chisholm Trail from Caldwell, Kansas, through Pond Creek and Kingfisher to Ft. Reno. The former made it in time for the eventful day, but the latter, plagued by financial problems, had crawled south only as far as Pond Creek, thirty-six miles north of the Oklahoma Territory line.

The C.K.&N. was in trouble. Marsh Low, its president, called Cannon Ball into his Topeka office and proposed a partnership. Low told Green if he would run a stage line from the end of the iron rails, down the "Reno Road" to Ft. Reno, Low would attach a stage ticket to the train ticket, which would entitle southbound passengers to continue to Ft. Reno on the Cannon Ball for $6 each. Green accepted this proposal, hoping it might give him an opportunity to switch over to railroading from staging, which was nearing its end. He was elated to be identified with a major railroad, not dreaming it would go broke the next year and be sold to the parent company. Nor did he realize, at the time he signed this contract, that most of the passengers would arrive on a single day.

"Yes, sir, I have closed a contract with the Rock Island people, and you can lay your last farthing that this will be one of the finest stage lines in the land," was Green's reply when questioned by a reporter after his meeting with Low. "We will put on new Concord coaches and with relays for fresh horses at short distances, will make so near railroad time that the most enthusiastic Boomer need have no fear of not getting to his claim in good shape.

"I have engaged experienced drivers, who have handled a double-handful of ribbons and at a twenty-mile-an-hour gait can pick a fly off the lead horses with the silken lash of his long whip."

THE CANNON BALL line faced stiff competition over this route. L. P. Williamson, a well known and experienced stageman from Independence, Missouri had been operating across this part of Indian Territory for more than a decade. He had the government contract to carry mail, the plum all lines wanted because it virtually assured their success. Among others who covered this area was Cresch and Lee, a line later sold to Fulford Brothers of Topeka.

As soon as the contract was signed, Green started his stages south from the end of the C.K.&N. rails in Caldwell, Kansas. He arranged for relay stations at Pond Creek; Skeleton Ranch (Enid); Buffalo Springs (Bison); Bull Foot Ranch (Hennessey); Red Fork Ranch (Dover); Kingfisher Crossing; Caddo Springs (Concho); and Ft. Reno. Here the passengers would change lines to continue south to Ft. Sill and Texas. He took L. L. and M. E. Green into his company and made them proprietors of the Kingfisher station.

A traveler could ride the Cannon Ball stage down the Chisholm Trail in "complete safety" according to Mr. Sebastian, superintendent for the Rock Island, who rode one of Green's stages over this road soon after it started. Even though the route was safe, as advertised by the railroad, it was still comforting to the passengers in the stagecoach as they rolled down the lonely trail to pass the Fifth Cavalry under Capt. Woodson, patrolling the road from Caldwell to Ft. Reno.

The rails of the C.K.&N. soon reached Pond Creek. Early each morning the stage would pick up its excited and anxious travelers, who experienced their first big thrill of the trip within minutes after leaving Pond Creek—fording the Salt Fork River. The sandy bed of the Salt Fork, sometimes a raging torrent, was crossed at a trot. Before the passengers were well jolted into their seats, the route took them through a village more than six miles long—a prairie dog town. Thousands of the little furry animals sat up on their hind legs and watched in wonderment as this strange vehicle passed their dwellings.

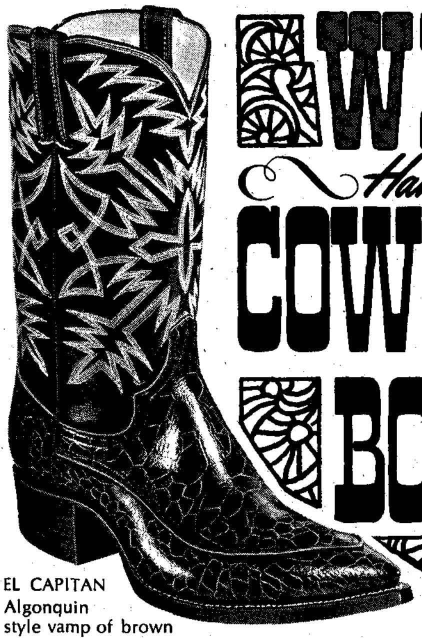
Beyond the village of prairie dogs the trail stretched out as far as the eye could see. The monotonous scenery was interrupted only rarely by a herd of cattle or a lone cowboy. By four P. M. the tall posts of the third gate, the entrance to the land of mystery, loomed up on the horizon. Grass was noticeably taller in the new land, because the "strip" had been pastured. When the stage reached "Hennessey's Flats" the driver pointed with his whip to a low mound of dirt, surrounded by stones, and explained this was the grave of "Patrick Hennessey, a freighter, murdered by Indians and burned with his wagon." Looking back, the wide-eyed passengers could see the "red hill, behind which the savages had waited for their prey."

After passing Bullfoot Ranch the road wound south over "Eight-mile Slope," between the timbered valley of Turkey Creek on the right and the oak covered sandstone ridge on the left to Red Fork Ranch where the passengers were greeted by an Indian trader "Chafe," the "Boss Cat of the Cimarron." This was the early site of the Lee and Reynolds store, burned out by Indians in 1874. A mile south of Kingfisher the stage passed the home of George Johnson, its first white resident. The next station, Caddo Springs, was one of the best known watering places in that part of the country. The weary and thirsty travelers awaited this stop with anticipation, as the driver had already described the cold clear water which came out of a three-inch pipe. This important water supply was a factor in the establishment of an Indian mission, where the stiff and dusty Easterners got their first view of blanket Indians. "In the lofty and spacious building, seventy-seven Indian children are taught as much civilization as their little brown skins will hold—by a corps of beautiful young ladies."

Three miles farther south they came to the town of Darlington, the Cheyenne-Arapahoe Agency. From here the stage passengers could look south across North Canadian River and see the end of their route, Ft. Reno, the "Fortress of Oklahoma."

THE CANNON BALL operated efficiently and on schedule until two weeks before the Oklahoma land opening, when Green received a wire from the Rock Island, informing him that approximately 600 passengers would arrive on the train the morning of April 22, 1889. Green searched the country for extra wagons, buggies and stages to meet this unprecedented crowd.

A sea of more than 200 vehicles, according to one report, all harnessed and



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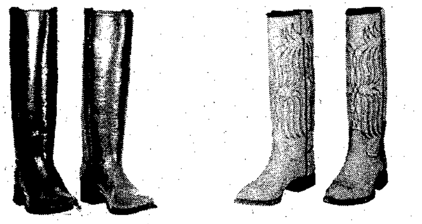

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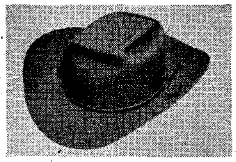

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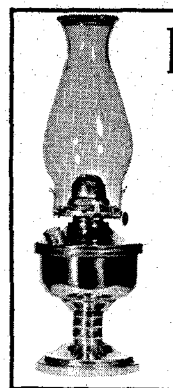

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lined up facing south, awaited the train that fateful day. The arrival of the train turned a quiet and orderly scene into one of bedlam.

Like bees swarming, a cloud of surging humanity soon filled Green's vehicles. Before the shining, steaming engine came to a full stop, men began jumping off and running for the first vehicle headed south. Every train exit was jammed with luggage and passengers. Young agile men threw their valises out the windows and jumped after them. Fathers retrieved their children from windows, scrambled for their luggage, grabbed their wives and ran for the waiting stages which filled up all too quickly.

Green stood by, a helpless, pathetic figure, as he watched the excited crowd rush for his vehicles. There was no time to check tickets. Seats went to the first to get in the wagons.

The lack of sufficient transportation for all caused undeserved criticism of Green and the Cannon Ball, and by fall, the familiar Cannon Ball stage line advertisement, headed "The man always to the front," disappeared from the local papers.

Green was slated for hard times. There were no more stage lines to run. Property values dropped in Kansas. The population of the once thriving Greensburg dipped from 1,000 to less than 300. Green was not reelected to the legislature. Added to all of these adverse conditions was the nation-wide depression of the early '90s.

The opening of the Cherokee Strip in 1893 offered Green only temporary relief. He made the run into the strip and took a claim three miles northwest of Pond Creek. He moved his family from Fairlawn to a new home in Grant County. As conditions grew worse, he had to sell his possessions piece by piece to feed his family. At one time he was down to one milch cow and a pair of mules, which he was able to hold only because they were in his wife's name.

But Green never lost his indomitable will to succeed. He turned again to politics and was made the first treasurer of Grant County. Among his most valued possessions in later life was a $5 bill—the first money paid him as treasurer of Grant County. Written in red ink on the back of the bill were the names of D. R. Green and J. W. Berryman, the Pond Creek banker.

His last frontier was the opening of Caddo County in 1901. Still struggling to restore his fortune, Green acquired a farm on the south bank of the North Canadian River at Bridgeport. With the help of his sons, he farmed the land but made only a meager living.

Appointed the school land appraiser for Caddo County, Green worked zealously on the problems which interested him. He took a keen interest in the debate for Oklahoma statehood. With the Caddo delegation he attended "a monster convention of over 1,000 delegates" in Delmar Gardens, Oklahoma City, July 12, 1905, whose purpose was a united appeal to the 59th Congress to favorably consider statehood for Oklahoma.

When Green was approaching seventy years of age, his brother, who had been attorney general of California, encouraged the family to come to California to escape the severe winters. For the last time, Green loaded up his few possessions, and moved to Long Beach where he soon took a keen interest in community affairs. He served on the town council and was reported to have been an excellent publicity agent for his new "home town."

With no more stagecoaches to drive and no more frontiers to open, D. R. "Cannon Ball" Green died in Long Beach in 1922 at the age of eighty-five—the last Stagecoach Baron of the prairies.

A Bunkhouse Confidence Man

(Continued from page 9)

knowing grin on his face and lowered an eyelid. "I somehow managed to get hold of some of that unsigned currency from the train holdup. A tinhorn gambler friend of mine is one hell of a pen artist. Once he forges the correct signatures on the banknotes I'm travelin' yonderly. I'll scatter that money like a farmer scatters seed in his plowed fields. I'm hittin' the high spots, mister. Livin' high on the hawg from here on. Me'n my pardner Frank Baker."

Sam slid the money from his flank pocket and flashed it under the nose of the astonished bookkeeper, then turned and swaggered out of the office-commissary, whistling a little tune.

"Let's split the breeze, Baker," Sam said as he swung into the saddle.

"What the devil you grinnin' about, Ringbone?" Baker eyed his companion warily.

Sam twisted a cigarette into shape, lit it with a kitchen match, the flame cupped in big calloused hands. "B.D. is due back from the sheep growers meetin' at Helena in a few days," Sam mused aloud, the smoke drifting out as he spoke. "I'd shore like to be hid out within hearin' distance when the bookkeeper gives Phillips a big earful of that confidential load I throwed into him." Then Sam proceeded to fetch Baker up to date.

BOTH MEN were in a festive mood when they stopped at the halfway log cabin saloon at the Hog Ranch for a round of drinks and a couple of bottles to take along to the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation. As Baker explained, the blanket Injuns needed a shot or two of firewater to put them in shape for horse trading. Though bragging how he'd been around Injun camps most of his life and could talk the language, Baker's knowledge of Indian words was actually limited to a very few such as "shongatonge," the word for horse, and "muzuskow" meaning money. Those two words, together with guttural grunts, would have to suffice.

By sundown Frank Baker had closed the deal for fifty-seven head of calico Indian ponies, paying for them with the worthless Confederate money, the horses to be picked up after dark. He and Sam located an isolated cut coulee along Beaver Creek to camp until nightfall, graze their horses and eat the cold biscuits and beef the Phillips cook had packed in a floursack. Sam consulted the vest pocket tally book in which he'd listed the ponies they had bought during the day. "Fifty-seven head of horses, all sound and in good shape. Not bad horse trading, feller. Once we gather them ponies in one bunch we're leavin' Cheyenne, driftin' yonderly like a tumbleweed in a high wind."

In the horse bunch there were about ten fair-sized geldings, so they would have a change of horses along the route. If all went well they would reach the Rocky Point Crossing on the Missouri by daylight. They would pasture the horses in Old Tex Alvord's horse pasture, lay over that day in order to let the ponies graze, and also to get the wrinkles out of their own bellies with beef or a bait of catfish. They also had visions of the pineboard bar in Tex's log cabin saloon that he called his "blind pig" because he had never bought a license, and it was mostly jug and bottle trade. Old Tex knew how to keep his mouth shut and tend to his own business.

As soon as the sun went down the next day and there was no hindering sun glare on the muddy water, they would swim the bunch of horses across. Travel at night, lay over next day at Spud Stephens' Red Barn ranch for a few hours, then pull out for the homesteader colonies around Lewistown and Gilt Edge.

Thus Ringbone Sam and Frank Baker mapped out their itinerary as they roundsided, waiting for the shadows of night to cloak their movements. Lady Luck had put on a sunny smile that day for the pair of fraudulent horse buyers. Nary a sign of a blue-coated mounted Indian policeman had appeared on the skyline. And their luck held out after sundown as they gathered up the horses by the light of a yellow moon. Once outside the reservation fence both men heaved an audible sigh of relief and shared what remained in the bottle.

A few days later they disposed of the last of the horses among the homesteaders, at an average price of twenty dollars a head. In the few instances when a bill of sale was asked for, Sam made them out and, with tongue in cheek, signed each one Harvey Logan.

Sam chuckled. "Them scissorbill sod busters never heard tell of Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry. Sorta ties in with the tale I told that dude bookkeeper about the loot from the Wagner train robbery. There's a big bounty on Logan's hide and them Pinkerton detectives will be running around the country like turpentined cats thinkin' Logan's come back to his old stompin' grounds. I could tell that bookkeeper will spill his guts to the law first chance he gets, figurin' he can claim his cut of the bounty money if Kid Curry got captured, dead or alive." Ringbone Sam stubbed out his cigarette. "That's what's known," he announced in a superior tone, "as throwin' the lawmen off the trail. The old red herring. Savvy the burro, pardner?"

"Nope," Frank Baker replied. "Clear as mud in my opinion. Like you mixed loco weed in with the Bull Durham you bin smokin'. That line of bull you fed all them sod busters when you auctioned off them calico ponies, givin' 'em long Injun pedigrees as war ponies that belonged to Sitting Bull, used in the battle of the Little Big Horn, with the story of Custer's Last Stand throwed in for boot. The damndest pack of lies ever told by a human." Baker spat out a soggy wad of chewing tobacco.

"It shore sold them ponies," Sam laughed. "A gent with my gift of gab orter to be in politics—the golden tongued senator from Montana. No doubt about it, I shore missed my callin'."

Ringbone Sam and Frank Baker, with the pockets of their levis crammed with real homesteader money, timed their arrival at the cowtown of Lewistown an hour or so after dark. They stabled their horses at the livery and feed barn, then bought new suits of town clothes and underwear. Bathed, shaved and dressed to the nines they consumed large quantities of fried chicken and French fried potatoes at the Chinaman's restaurant. Then they proceeded to paint Lewistown, Montana, red as a sunset, shooting off their six-shooters, making the rounds of the saloons, winding up at Big Bertha's parlor house and buying champagne for the girls.

When B. D. Phillips returned from Helena to his sheep and cattle ranch, he found things in a sort of uproar. His head camp tender Frank Baker and Ringbone Sam, bronc rider and straw boss of the cattle in the Phillips iron, had been missing for a week or so. Fatty Jones, the ranch boss, and Ed Woolworth, the sheep boss, said neither Baker nor Sam had offered any reason for their leaving.

Van Carter, the pilgrim bookkeeper from St. Paul, had some mysterious cock-and-bull story about Sam being a secret member of the Kid Curry outlaw gang—said that he had flashed a fat bankroll which he said was unsigned currency from the Great Northern train robbery at Wagner in 1901.

"Sam had a roll of new looking banknotes that would choke a cow," the bookkeeper announced. "He claimed he had a gambler friend who could forge the necessary signatures, and that he was heading for parts unknown to put the stolen money into circulation and was taking Frank Baker with him."

Carter said Ringbone Sam had sworn him to secrecy, but he was afraid that if he kept his promise it would implicate him as an accessory to the crime.

"Who else did you tell this to?" the sheepman's voice was a little grim.

"I tried to get the sheriff at Malta on the telephone," the bookkeeper admitted, "but he was out of town, or so his wife said."

"Who else?"

"I notified the Pinkerton Detective Agency at St. Paul by letter, informing them that part of the money from the Great Northern train holdup in 1901 was being put into circulation in Montana. There's a substantial reward offered for any information that would lead to the arrest and conviction of——."

The big red-jowled sheepman blew up like a powder keg, cussing the bookkeeper out for every name he could lay tongue to, informing him that he had, no doubt, been the butt of one of Ringbone Sam's practical jokes—that Ring-

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bone was the biggest liar ever born—that he was not only the sorry victim of a practical joke, but a cheap two-bit stool pigeon, a false friend and a prime so-and-so. He was fired as of now and he'd better start walking along the dusty road to Malta before some of Sam's friends took the notion to give him a coat of tar and feathers and ride him out on a splintered rail.

But all the time the sheepman was chawing out the bookkeeper, there was the bothersome thought that somehow, somewhere Sam just might have gotten his hands on some of the train robbery loot, and he was a big enough fool to try to put the money into circulation, just for the hell of it. In which event Ringbone Sam was in for a bad time.

The sheepman had about wound up his angry tirade when the wall telephone commenced ringing. It was the operator at Malta informing B.D. that there was a long distance call for him from Major Logan, Indian agent at the Fort Belknap Reservation. B.D. Phillips and Major Logan were old friends, also partners in the cattle business, the Phillips cattle grazing by government permit on the reservation. But Major Logan's long distance call had nothing to do with cattle.

Logan said that two men identified as Ringbone Sam Frazier and Frank Baker had been buying ponies from the Indians, paying for them with brand new worthless Confederate banknotes. The Old Men, the tribal chiefs and medicine men, together with their sons, were now on their way to the agency for a council with Major Logan. Fifty-seven ponies had been bought and Sam and Frank Baker were long gone with the horses. It was a critical situation. The trouble-making squawman sub-agent at Lodge Pole was threatening to notify the Indian Department at Washington.

"You better hightail it for the agency right now, Ben. After all, Frazier and Baker are both in your employ."

"Hold off the big council until I get there, Major," Phillips told him. "Tell all the Injuns I'll pay them in good money. They won't lose a dollar. I'll be aboard the first westbound train."

BEN PHILLIPS had no sooner hung up when the bell jangled again. It was the sheriff of Phillips County calling from Malta.

"I just got a wire from the sheriff at Lewistown, Ben," he said. "He's got a couple of your hands locked up in jail for disturbin' the peace and raisin' hell in general. Ringbone Sam and Frank Baker are on the inside of the Lewistown calaboose, lookin' out through barred windows. You want to wire their bail money?"

"Absolutely not!" The big sheepman's voice was choked with anger. "I hope those jokers die of old age behind jail bars. Wire the sheriff at Lewistown to throw the key in the river and throw the book at both of them. I'm headin' for town, Sheriff. You got anything on your mind, meet me in the Great Northern Hotel bar." B.D. slammed the receiver on the metal prong of the old fashioned wall telephone, told his foreman to hook up a fresh team to his top buggy, and went into the mess cabin for a cup of strong coffee.

There was no doubt whatever in Phillips' mind that Ringbone Sam had cooked up the whole thing and had talked Frank Baker into the deal. Now that they were in jail, Sam was setting up a big holler for B.D. to bail them out. To hell with them. Drunk and disorderly conduct at Lewistown was small potatoes compared to the serious trouble they were in on the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation. Uncle Sam would have little or no sense of humor if and when charges were preferred. A stretch in a federal prison would be a grim outlook for Frank Baker with his wife and litter of kids, and for the fun-loving Ringbone Sam.

At sunrise the following morning Ben Phillips and Major Logan met in a big council behind closed doors with the tribal chiefs of the Assiniboines and Gros Ventres. Jesse Iron Horn, son of Chief Iron Horn, who had graduated from the Fort Shaw Indian School at Sun River, acted as interpreter. The Old Men wore their beaded, fringed buckskin ceremonial clothes, complete with long eagle feather war bonnets. Numerous other Indians, those who had sold ponies to the two white men, gathered in small groups outside the agency, waiting stoically for the outcome of the council.

Phillips, an orator of no mean ability, spoke in plain everyday language that was easy for Jesse Iron Horn to interpret.

"Tell all Indians," the wealthy sheepman said, "to bring me the money they got in payment for their horses. The money is worthless, no good. The two white men who cheated them are locked up in jail and will be punished. Tell the Indians I will pay them dollar for dollar in good money when they bring me the worthless money."

Jesse Iron Horn spoke at length to the tribal chiefs and medicine men. He told them that Mr. Phillips was their friend of long standing and that he was willing to pay real money for the ponies they had sold to Ringbone Sam and Frank Baker.

The Indians were readily agreeable. Jesse Iron Horn went outside to interpret the good news to the large crowd which had gathered out on the old parade ground. Bucks, squaws, children and dogs. The men dug the worthless Confederate currency from buckskin pouches, talking among themselves in guttural tones. The squaws and kids gathered outside the agency store in anticipation of a buying spree.

But when Phillips took out a wallet bulging with banknotes a hushed silence fell like a black pall.

"They don't want paper money," Jesse Horn explained the heavy, almost hostile silence. "They want silver dollars."

THE MULE-DRAWN army ambulance conveyed Ben Phillips over the wagon bridge that crossed Milk River to the cowtown of Harlem. He carried empty canvas bean sacks to fetch back 740 silver dollars from the bank.

The sheepman shook hands with each Indian as he redeemed the worthless money and counted out the silver. Then he handed each victimized Indian a four-ounce package of pipe tobacco as a good will gesture.

Major Logan advised B.D. to pass the word on to Ringbone Sam and Frank Baker to keep off the reservation, on account of the buck Indians might organize a war party and take a notion to scalp the two horse traders alive.

B.D. grinned and nodded approval. "Ringbone Sam and Frank Baker are locked up in jail at Lewistown for being drunk and disorderly, Major. They'll wind up doing thirty days on the road gang for shooting up the town, riding into saloons, bucking their horses down the street, and raising hell in general. When the sign is right they'll coyote back."

B.D. riffled the sheaf of Confederate money. "Seven hundred and forty bucks of worthless paper. I picked up the tab for that amount, and that's exactly the amount that goes down in red ink on the company books. That pair of jokers will work out this debt down to the last dollar, if it takes the rest of their lives."

For many years afterward, the legal tender of United States currency in the form of banknotes was refused by the Indians on the Fort Belknap Reservation. Only silver dollars were accepted.

Ringbone Sam and Frank Baker's town drunk had lasted about twenty-four hours, but they had made every minute count as they made the rounds of the numerous saloons buying drinks for the house, and champagne at Big Bertha's place, handing out a ten dollar tip to each girl they danced with.

Sam had spurred his big bald-faced bay horse through the swinging doors of the Last Chance Saloon. When Frank Baker was about to follow suit, his horse suddenly balked on the wide plank sidewalk, whirling with a spinning motion that threw the drunken camp tender crashing through the half-doors. Baker skidded to a landing against the brass rail, his head slamming into a large brass cuspidor.

Sitting his saddle half-rumped, his weight in one stirrup, Sam reached into his pants pocket and tossed his last five dollar bill on the bar. "Two shots of booze, Clancy, and a bucket of beer with a head of foam for ol' Baldy, the best damn cow horse a man ever sat straddle of. Baldy shore likes his beer and he's saloon broke."

Sam quit talking as a tall, well built cowpuncher shouldered through the swinging half-doors. There was a nickel plated star pinned to his vest and his hand rested carelessly on the ivory butt of a holstered Colt six-shooter. There was an amused look in his eyes as he sized up the situation. The big roan horse wore a hackamore and his foam-flecked muzzle was buried inside a ten pound lard pail of draught beer.

"I'll be damned." A grin spread on the homely face of Ringbone Sam, "If it ain't ol' Spud Stephens favor-ite nephew, Johnny, wagon boss for Spud's Circle Bar outfit. I'd a sworn you was tryin' to hide behind a tin star that's shinin' in my eyes." Sam's eyes blinked rapidly.

"Long time no see, Ringbone," Johnny Stephens smiled, then, "I got bad news for you and your side pardner. I'm the sheriff of Fergus County and the judge just handed me a couple of John Doe bench warrants to serve on a couple of cowpunchers. I'm only doing my duty, Ringbone. No hard feelings meant."

"No hard feelin's," Ringbone's wide grin spread from ear to ear. "Directly ol' Baldy finishes his suds, me'n my pardner is ready, if not plumb willin', to *bid* His Honor good mornin'."

WHEN they rode toward the livery barn to put up their horses, Sam asked Johnny to wire B.D. Phillips, in care of the sheriff at Malta, to come to their rescue—furnish bail for him and Frank.

The sheriff at Lewistown received a reply to his telegram to Phillips before court opened. The irate sheepman stated that Ringbone Sam and Frank Baker could rot in jail, and to hell with them. But when the pair of now broke celebrants were fetched into court, there sat Big Bertha. In the bloodshot eyes of Ringbone Sam, Big Bertha sprouted the invisible white wings of a guardian angel.

When the justice of the peace dealt out the customary sentence for painting the town—what the cowboys called "Ol' Judge Whiskers' 30-30. Thirty days or thirty dollars"—it was Big Bertha who paid their fine. The judge then gave them an hour to get out of town.

In the afterglow of a crimson sunset Ringbone Sam and Frank Baker rode side by side along the mile-long lane that reached from the Hog Ranch stage stop to the Phillips headquarters ranch, their horses traveling at a reluctant jog-trot. For a half hour or longer, the big rawboned bronc rider had been whistling somewhat tunelessly between his teeth that showed in a rueful grin. It had been getting on the lanky camp tender's nerves, nerves that were getting a little frayed as the ranch buildings came in sight.

"Gawdsakes, Ringbone," Baker said, "that tune you bin spittin' out sounds like screwworms workin' on your innards. Enough to drive a man plumb loco."

"Trouble is with you, Baker," Sam said musingly, "you got no ear fer music. Me'n you are homeward bound and the tunes I was a-renderin' were 'Home Sweet Home' and 'After The Ball Is Over'."

"You're damned right," Baker spat tobacco juice into the dust. "The ball's over, and them as dances pays the fiddler. From what we bin hearin' along the way we'll be in debt for the rest of our lives, payin' for all that real money B.D. gave to them Injuns. It'll be charged to us on the Phillips company books, dollar for dollar." Baker groaned like a gutshot man dying slowly.

"We could be worse off, Baker," Sam chuckled, "makin' horsehair bridles for tobacco money in the Deer Lodge pen, or doing a stretch in federal prison for passing off Confederate money to the wards of Uncle Sam. Hell's fire, you bin in debt ever since you hired out as camp tender ten-fifteen years ago, and you'll be workin' for a dead horse as long as you live, supportin' a wife and kids. How many kids you got to feed, anyhow?"

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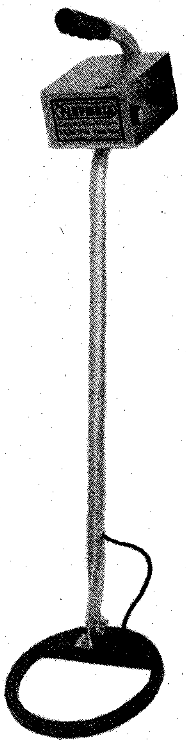

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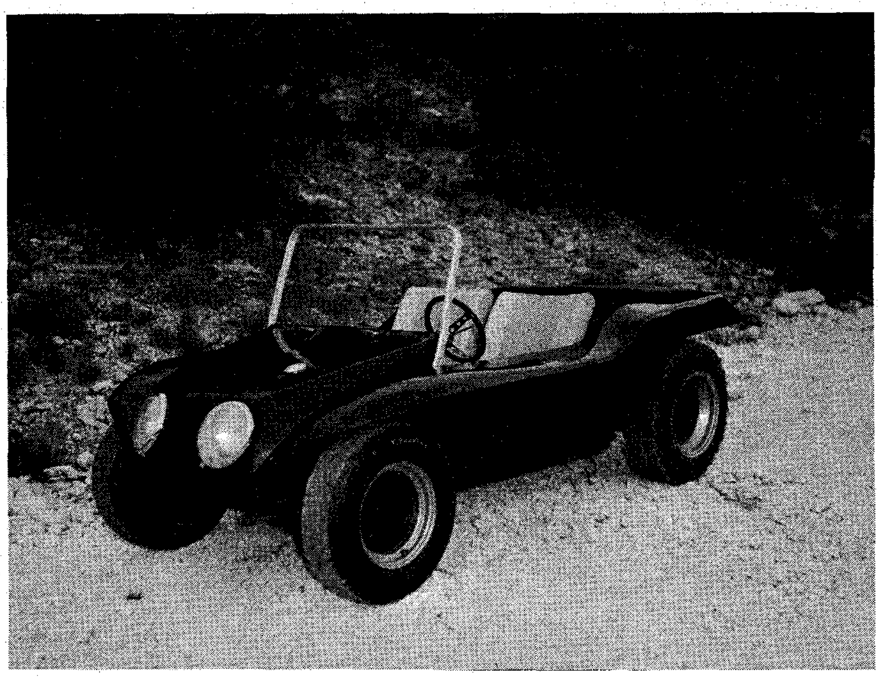

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"I ain't sure. I ain't bin home lately."

Sam twisted the cork from an almost empty bottle and handed it over. "There's a song called 'Every Cloud Has A Silver Linin',' but I can't recollect the words offhand."

"There's another," Frank Baker took a drink and handed back the bottle, "about the tune the old cow died on."

Ringbone Sam tilted the bottle, finished what was left and tossed it away. He reached into the pocket of his chaps for the rest of the Confederate money, and one by one tossed the bills away, to flutter like falling leaves in the evening breeze and lie scattered along the red lane that led to the Phillips home ranch. It would be a long winter.

Black Thunder on the Hoof

(Continued from page 29)

line. His first difficulty was finding a place to carry extra arrows in case he missed with the first one. He finally decided to hold them in his mouth with his false teeth, then he could ride like the true son of the West which he was.

Charlie's horse missed the badger hole all right and just as he was passing the camera, he got a good aim on the big beast he was chasing and let the arrow go singing through the air. I don't know if his aim was good or not; for all I know that buffalo may be carrying the arrow yet. The bow string caught the end of the arrows Charlie was holding in reserve in his mouth and took arrows, teeth and all somewhere in the general direction of the fleeing herd. Now, teeth were an important part of Charlie's anatomy and as though to give added importance to this fact, Harry, the cook, took that moment to ring the triangle and yell, "Come and get it."

Even a great Indian can't enjoy a meal without teeth, and Charlie was muttering some unintelligible sounds which we interpreted to mean, "Help me find my China Clippers." Imagine looking for a set of white teeth in a thousand acres of pure white snow! The ridiculousness of the situation partly eased the seriousness of it and the search continued.

Unexpectedly, after about ten minutes of frantic reconnoitering, Charlie himself found the missing molars still tenaciously clinging to the arrow which had carried them away.

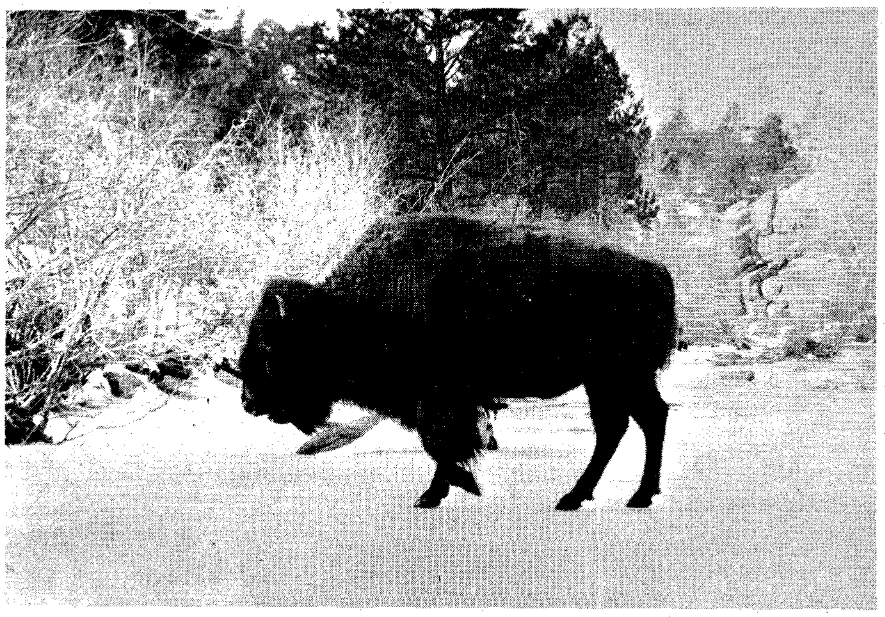
MAX BIG MAN, the only real Indian there, thoroughly enjoyed the farce, and after the meal, gathered up his war bonnets, blankets, bows and arrows and other gear, and made preparations for his return to the reservation. He was to receive a big buffalo.

Max invited other Indians in the tribe to the finish of the successful buffalo hunt, as was the custom. Each one successively rolled back a portion of the hide and cut out a hunk of meat for himself and departed. A few of the more sociable Indians cut off small pieces of meat from their portions which they roasted over the fire and ate on the spot.

I noticed a couple of elderly women sitting off by themselves, quietly weeping. Through an interpreter I talked to them. They told me this was the first buffalo hunt they had seen since they were little girls and the scenes brought back memories of days that were gone forever. They told me how their tribe had depended on buffaloes for food and shelter. When the herds were gone their mode of living was virtually destroyed and hard times has been their lot since that day.

The remains of the buffalo got smaller and smaller as each brave or squaw claimed a share. Finally nothing was left except the head and hide. These belonged to Max; he got none of the meat. Soon there was only a red spot on the snow and the dying embers of a campfire to mark the spot of these Indians' brief brush with yesterday.

A straggler crossing the ice.



TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

George Smith

My father and mother were divorced at Frankfort, Indiana in the late 1880s or early 1890s. My father was George Smith and my mother's name was Mattie. They lived in the Dillard Community, near Pickard's Mill Post Office, Indiana. My father took brother Woody and sister Maggie, and Mother kept me because I was the baby. Father went to Huntington, Indiana and there he married again to a red-headed woman and had several red-headed children, who would be my half-brothers and sisters. I would like to contact any of them. Hope you can read this as I am quite wiggly in my eighty-second year. Thanks.—Thomas Wesley Smith, 2201 Hoyt Avenue, Las Vegas, Nevada 89105.

Small

My father, Carlton Small, born near Monroe City, Knox County, Indiana, was killed in a coal mine accident in 1932. His father is Carl Small, whose wife was Lucy Bonawitz. Both are from the same area. Carl has a brother, Byron, living in Aurora, Illinois and had a half-brother who was a doctor in Indiana. My great-grandfather's name was George and his second wife was named Stanford or Sanford, and believed to be from Kentucky near the area of the Mammoth Cave. There is supposed to be a lost family Bible. I'd like to have any information concerning the Smalls prior to my great-grandfather. My grandfather is unable to remember any details correctly.—T-Sgt. Carlin D. Small, AF19452896, 412 MMS Box 274, APO SF 96326.

George Boyd

I would like information on my uncle George Boyd, who came to Arizona around 1910 to do some prospecting, and was not heard from again. We have been told he died and is buried someplace in Arizona. If any old-timer should know of his burial place, please write.—Edgar Cater, Box 3, Mesa, Arizona 85201.

Rafferty—Foley

When Jesse James and his gang, on July 21, 1873, derailed and wrecked a passenger train, they killed engineer John Rafferty, a man about thirty-five years old and a youth, Dennis Foley, his fireman, probably in his twenties. Somewhere between Council Bluffs and Omaha, there is a monument erected in honor of this engineer. Could anyone specifically locate this place for me? Also, where are these two people buried?—Anthony M. Stabo, 418 South 87th Place, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53214.

Harlan-Young Wagon Train

Samuel Crockett Young was born June 18, 1800 in Tennessee and died October 27, 1878 in San Jose, California. He first lived in east Tennessee, but moved when a small child to Rutherford County, Tennessee. On August 10, 1823 he was married to Nancy Leigh, daughter of George W. Leigh. In 1832 they moved to Jackson County, Missouri, then in 1846 crossed the plains for California. George Harlan and Samuel C. Young were leaders of a wagontrain and this group is said the last to get through the Sierras before the Donner party was trapped there. Samuel C. and Nancy Young had the following children: Sarah W. (married A. Caldwell); Elizabeth J. (M. W. Hoover); Paulina (married J. Stillwell); Roxanna A. (married G. Dabney); Marshall D. (married Hattie Hartman); Leander; Rufus Jonathan (married Mary C. Carrol); Angie M. (married Professor George Schuck); George (born on trip to California and died shortly after reaching there).

I would like to contact descendents of Samuel and Nancy Young; would like to know about ancestry of Samuel Young and Nancy (Leigh) Young; also would like to hear from anyone who can tell me more about Harlan-Young wagontrain, or from descendents of anyone who went west with this train.—Mrs. R. V. Pennington, 23017 Schoolcraft Street, Canoga Park, California 91304.

Gainer—Hardy

I would like to correspond with anyone in South Dakota or Wyoming who remembers Hugh Gainer, a foreman for the old L7 Ranch in 1908 and 1909, also with anyone who remembers the superintendent of that vast spread, Charles Hardy and his wife Goldie.—Mrs. Val Owen, 1338 Owen Drive, Irving, Texas.

McKenzie—Heifley—Blizzard

From Meigs County, Tennessee, where I was born these three people went west and gained recognition along certain lines. I'd like to hear from anyone who has any information about them. Allie McKenzie was a high diver and lost his life as a result of being thrown from a net in a rebound. He supposedly had this accident in Oklahoma in the early 1900s. Winona Heifley (or Hafley) became a champion rifle and pistol shot. This, too around 1900. Jack Blizzard, whose family moved to Tulare County, California was supposed to have been a rodeo performer. His father, W. F. Blizzard, showed me some photographs about 1914 of Jack performing at a rodeo. At my expense, I'd like copies of any photographs in existence.—Sam L. Breeden, 4136 Maloney Road, Knoxville, Tennessee 37920.

Lou Simmons

I would like some information on Lou Simmons, born in Caldwell, Texas, or a Texas town with a similar name. She married William D. Lovelace. Their first

(Continued on page 68)

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They Called It Monte Cristo

(Continued from page 22)

the tunnels. The train couldn't leave our valley for two years. The engineer happened to be a minister so we had Church and Sunday School."

Mrs. Kyes was silent for a few minutes then her eyes began to twinkle. "There's one experience I'll never forget. One summer I kept house for my husband and another man while they worked in a mine. We lived in a one-room cabin. Since it was hard to take a bath at night in a room that small, I decided to bathe in the daytime. I put the old wash boiler on the wood range and heated some water. I had just filled the tub, undressed and started to step in it when the door flew open and a huge, black bear stood in the doorway. He must have weighed 400 pounds. The bear said, 'Oof, Oof,' and stared at me. I guess he wondered what kind of animal I was. Finally he grunted 'Oof, Oof,' again and then turned and crashed away into the brush. I just stood there and shook and when I could move again I decided that I didn't want to take a bath anyway. I didn't tell the men about my experience when they came home that night, but when I did tell my husband he had a good laugh."

THERE WERE many narrow escapes from snow slides. One evening in late winter while several young people were having choir practice, they suddenly fell silent. Above the music of the organ they could hear a rumble. Soon it became a roar and someone screamed, "Avalanche!" The singers ran outside and scrambled up several snow steps to the roof level. There they watched, fascinated, while a mass of snow and rocks carried trees down the mountainside. The river which separated the cabin from the mountain base saved them, but a large hotel and a section of railroad track was buried.

Another afternoon as a miner was working his way down a steep mountainside he saw a snow and rock slide coming toward him. There was no time to get out of the way, but seeing a large rock nearby he quickly climbed upon it. As the slide reached the rock it parted and went on each side. The man was not hurt but several other men at the foot of the mountain were buried and killed.

The Northern Pacific Railway bought the Everett and Monte Cristo line in 1902 and the same year the American Smelting and Refining Company bought the concentrator, smelter and some of the mines.

Again experts were called in to test and study the ores in the mines. They reported that there was still plenty of gold in the mountains, so the Northern Pacific resumed passenger service and more families moved into town. Some of the combination dance halls and gambling houses became more respectable. People were sure that this second gold rush would exceed the first one.

When the first venture failed, the Wilmans brothers had joined the gold stampede to Nome, Alaska. They returned home disappointed. When they arrived they found the place a beehive of activity. Rich ore was being taken from the Justice Mine, and men on the streets were begging to buy claims. The Wilmans decided to reopen the Comet Mine. By 1904 it was producing so well they borrowed money from a Seattle bank and bought the Pride, Mystery and Rainy Mines, then began rebuilding the concentrator. They also installed a cyanide plant which they felt would help save the value of the ore which was becoming more complex and refractory as the miners dug deeper into the mountains.

On January 2, 1906, a terrific rock slide covered the railroad tracks near Tunnel Two to a depth of twenty feet. Men worked to clear the tracks but the slide kept pouring down the steep slopes.

A few weeks later, before the tracks were cleared, sparks from a passing engine set fire to the timbers at both ends of Tunnel One causing them to cave in.

This catastrophe, the worst misfortune since the 1897 floods, put an end to the Wilmans' mining company's plans to hire an additional 100 men. They mortgaged their property.

The Northern Pacific discontinued train service from Silverton to Monte Cristo but furnished a small hand-car to haul passengers and mail.

In 1912 the Boston American Company bought 100 claims, built a cookhouse, bunkhouses, assay office and a new concentrator on the flat below the town but a different sort of storm cloud was waiting to descend. World War One put an end to all mining at Monte Cristo.

Sometime in the 1930s two brothers bought the old rails and a gas car with a trailer attached called the "Galloping Goose." It carried hundreds of sightseers on a thrilling ride from Hartford to Monte Cristo until a washout put an end to the excursions.

For several years Monte Cristo could only be reached by foot or horseback. In 1942 a road was built, but by that time heavy snows had caved in abandoned buildings, and souvenir hunters and vandals had completed the destruction of the old mining town.

Joseph Pearsall disappeared from the scene years ago. No one knows what happened to him. Frank Peabody and his wife are buried on the Peabody Trail at Monte Cristo. A memorial plaque marks their graves.

Four young men purchased Monte Cristo in October, 1935 with the dream of developing it into a first-class, all-year-round recreation area. At present an excellent lodge and museum is located in the rehabilitated cookhouse of the Boston American Company.

There are many ties with the past. A fir tree, over forty feet high, stands in what used to be the rock garden of the Royal Hotel. This tree was planted by the Kyes' second son Jimmie, who was lost at sea during World War Two. It is a living memorial to the hero commander of the destroyer, *Leary*, who gave his life jacket to a colored mess boy when the ship was bombed by the enemy.

Hundreds of visitors each year enjoy the magnificent scenery of the alpine valley. And men who know mining still have faith in this district. They do not believe that the mining history of Monte Cristo has been completely written.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 5)

They told us women and children broke them from their house plants and sent them. They were given to the friends and neighbors to root at home and what was left was put on the grave with the other floral offerings.

Mr. Cathy was buried in the Cedar Knob Cemetery, Bell County, Texas and in a few days a lake will form a half moon north of the cemetery which is on a high rise and out of reach of the water. Mr. Cathy has many descendants in Bell County and other parts of Texas.—Mrs. John Hunt, Route #3, Killeen, Texas 76541.

Cowboy Songs

Editor:

I am an old ex-cowboy and rancher eighty-four years old, raised in the Southwest. Read about so many places and people I know in your magazines.

In FRONTIER TIMES, November, 1967, there is news of my old friend Jack Thorp of Santa Fe, New Mexico. I was staying at his ranch trying to catch wild horses in the spring of 1909. He gave me one of his little books of cowboy songs he had just published in Estancia, New Mexico. Jack said he had written "Little Jo, the Wrangler," and it took place just as written; also said he was at the cowboys' Christmas ball at Anson, Texas. These are songs in his book. I would like to hear from anyone having these books.—Bill Johnson, 1940 State Street, San Bernardino, California 92405.

Pretty Pictures

Dear Joe:

Those beautiful outdoor scenes of the West in full color now appearing on your covers are a joy to behold. In this age of air travel, many people never get to see these beauties of nature close up, or to marvel at the glory of God's handiwork in the wide open spaces.

May we have more of these color photos that we may see America at its best, and make us all realize what a wonderful country we live in.—James H. Baker, 9525 Stroelitz Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70118.

Bob Russell

Dear Joe:

A loud-mouthed prospector, Jack McCaphey, was blowing his top in Billy Paulman's saloon at International Falls, Minnesota in May, 1905. He claimed to have been at Deadwood the day that Wild Bill Hickock got killed. Furthermore, he claimed to having overheard the murderer in another saloon bragging that he could do it. A bunch of prospectors were merely discussing who the fastest gun was. McCall was willing to bet anyone any amount that he could do it. He found no takers, as they all thought it was just the whiskey that was talking. Just a few minutes later he shot Wild Bill in the back.

Another prospector by the name of

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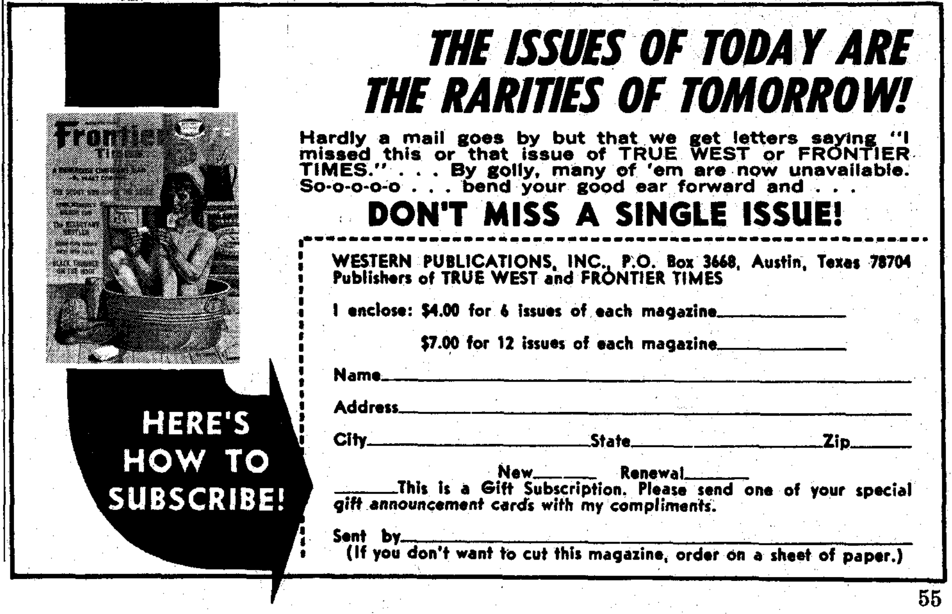

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Our newsstand sales are our life's blood and you just can't sell a magazine when nobody sees it! So if you will join the "Pull 'em Out" brigade, Podner—you'll have us smiling like a pussycat lapping warm milk!

Bob Russell was in Paulman's saloon listening to McCaphey. Bob always was delighted to "needle" those "loud speakers" until they were ready to fight. Bob spoke up and said, "I don't think you ever saw Deadwood in your life." The saloon was crowded and everybody was talking at first, but when Bob dropped that remark, they all quit talking and they had their eyes on those two Irishmen.

"Do you call me a liar?" Jack asked.

"Not exactly," said Bob. "You might have had a dream and after you woke up you thought it was real." Everybody laughed at that.

They kept on arguing until Jack wanted to fight. Then Bob admitted that he had seen Jack himself in Deadwood that day and that he himself had been present when Wild Bill got killed.

Then Bob asked Jack if he ever had heard the details of the murder of two white men in a Chinese restaurant. The victims had a bad reputation and were wanted in several states for serious crimes, so nothing was done about it. Bob Russell gave us the details. One of the victims had tried to get his help in a kidnapping scheme. Bob was a trusted friend of the Chinese proprietor and he was to throw a blanket over the little girl, while another fellow would rush her through the back door where another man with three horses would take them to a cave in the mountains. The child was six years old.

The kidnappers expected to collect $100,000 in ransom and Bob was to get one fourth of that. Bob pretended to be interested and stalled for time until he thought of a good excuse to get out of it. In the meantime, he informed the father about the plot, as Bob thought nearly as much of the girl as her dad. Her father had his daughter put in a safe place, and a dummy was placed in her bed. The instant that blanket dropped on that dummy, four men with shotguns disarmed the two kidnappers and they were literally chopped to pieces. Only the lookout man escaped.

The grateful father gave Bob $500 in gold and the advice to leave Deadwood. Bob took both and went to the goldfields in Montana.

Bob Russell told me that he was born in St. Louis, Missouri, that he came from a well-to-do family and had a sister in Minneapolis and a brother in Montana, but he was ashamed to go and see them when he was broke. He did not want to be a burden to anybody.

Bob was well known among officials of railroads, mining companies and lumber firms. His advice was respected but booze got the best of him and he died broke in Billy Paulman's saloon in 1912, where I first met him.—Albert Enzmann, 6285 Oliver Road, Paradise, California 92266.

James B. Dailey

Dear Joe:

On August 18, 1967 James B. Dailey died two months shy of his 96th birthday. He was the last of the Otoe-Missouri Indians who came to the Indian Territory in 1869 and 1881 from their ancestral homes on the Big Blue River Country in Nebraska and Kansas. In the July, 1966 issue you ran a story of mine on these Indians.

No doubt young Jim skipped along the trail, rode his horse, rode in the wagons and did things that other youngsters of his age did during that period as the caravan wove along, snake-like, southward. He probably was unaware of the full significance of the journey.

Dailey was one of the first students in the Otoe Indian School, and as school blacksmith was one of the first Otoes to work for the government. He represented the Otoe-Missouris and the Chilocco Indian school at the Chicago World Fair and twice was selected as a delegate on tribal business to Washington, D.C.

He was the last of the Eagle Clan who had the authority to paint the faces of the deceased before they took the long journey.—Bill Cleghorn, Jens-Marie Hotel, Ponca City, Oklahoma 74601.

Hands Off!

Dear Sir:

A few days ago I reread "The Padre's Lost Silver Bars" in the March, 1966 FRONTIER TIMES, by Maurice Kildare.

A sentence in one of the closing paragraphs, "For that matter, the priests might also have reached southern California missions," seemed to ring a bell in my mind.

I kept thinking about it for a day or two, then I remembered a story told to me some forty years ago by a man who had gone through the Comstock stampede. I knew the man well and, although he was not averse to embellishing details for the sake of a good story, I have no reason to believe he made the story up completely. It might be a clue for some treasure hunter or it might be just another false lead. Anyway—here it is:

He said, "I went down the hill to do some prospecting. Along in the afternoon I got tired and lay down in the shade of some brush, in a gully, to rest. Something hard poked into my back. I turned over to dig it out, and found it was one corner of a large bar of silver. I dug farther and found there were lots more of them. I started to put one of them into my pack, and a big Indian buck stepped out of the brush, leveled a rifle at me and said, 'You put 'um back!' I did!

"When I got back to camp I was all excited and tried to get help to go back and pick up the silver. The old prospectors just laughed at me and said, "You didn't *find* anything. We have known about it for years. It's on Indian land and they keep it guarded all the time. You can't touch it."—Morris N. Adams, Box 204, McArthur, California 96056.

Bob McAuley

Dear Sir:

I enjoyed the story, "Dead Man's Hand," by Fay Emory Smith, especially the part about Bob McAuley. I knew Bob personally. I don't recollect just what year he came to Carter, Wyoming, but he ran a bar there and called it the "Waffelotes"—his wife served meals to travelers. In 1914 he and Bill Overly built a nice hotel next to the saloon which still stands. It was a first-class hotel with dining room and office, also rooms in the basement. I used to sleep in the basement room when I worked there in 1915 and 1916.

I could tell many a tale of Bob's actions. I remember when his wife and he had a quarrel and she decided to leave. Bob was on one of his sprees and I and my cousin, Rex Harvey, took her trunk to the train and she left. Bob started looking for her about an hour after the train had left, and found out she had gone bag and baggage. He got his gun and started a search for the ones that helped her get away. Rex and I were working night shift on the coal chute, and we kept still about the help. I don't think he ever found out about us. About a month later, his wife sent him a box of roses from California. Bob dumped the roses out and filled the box with sagebrush and sent it back to her. They never reconciled after that.

Many's the time Bob shot up the place, but he never tried to shoot anyone. One night I came in the front door and he had about six men lined up in the back and was flourishing a rifle around. I said, "Bob, you'd better be careful, that thing might go off and kill your best friend." He got up and put the gun back behind the bar, and said, "Let's have a drink everyone."

In the 1920s Bob ran a bar in Point of Rocks. I was working at Bitter Creek at the time. Used to see him often. He wrote a book and was going to have it published, but I don't know if he did or not. He passed away in Rock Springs some years later.—Ralph A. Harvey, 609 Main Street, Evanston, Wyoming, 82930.

Montanan in New York

Dear Sir:

I am a transplanted Westerner, raised in Helena, Montana and Wisconsin; have traveled over much of the world and finally retired as a law enforcement officer.

Appreciated a recent article on Broadwater, the natatorium as it was called, in Helena, Montana. The article brought back many happy memories of the place —taking a trolley there from downtown Helena and swimming in the naturally heated spring water. My wife and I drove out there last in 1963 and found the pool just a mass of large rocks (from which we used to dive into the water).

Would love to hear from any of my old friends who attended the old Jefferson School in Helena back before the first World War. Gary (Frank) Cooper went there, and I guess beautiful Myrna Loy, though I didn't know her in those days.

I remember when Charley Russell was painting the large picture of Lewis and Clark in the Assembly Room of the State Capitol. We lived just a block away on Hoback Street and my father and mother discussed it at home. (This was back in 1912! ! !) Those were happy days.

Walt Coburn is tops in his field. He knows ranching. I have often looked for —but not found—inaccuracies in his writing. Writers like Walt make me pretty homesick!—Robert J. Howard, 295 North Washington Street, North Tarrytown, New York 10591.

Bouquet for Oklahoma

Dear Sir:

The story in the March '68 issue, "Pining for Caddo County" sure stirred a lot of fond memories. My family came to Oklahoma in 1914. We settled at Welling (mentioned in J. H. Bell's story). We had 160 acres, no house, no water, all in timber. We made a home and money, and were doing well until the early '30s. We had the same treatment at first Mr. Bell had, but we proved out and had wonderful neighbors. I left Oklahoma in 1936 for California.

I recently went back for a visit. I have three sisters there I hadn't seen for twenty-five years. It was the happiest week of my life. Gone are the old days, gone is the good farming, gone is the free range, gone are my father and mother and two brothers. There is no farming east of Oklahoma City, just pasture and cattle, but everyone is working, has money, and is happy. Plenty of hunting and fishing. I am planning to move there and spend the rest of my life which won't be long as I am past sixty-four now. There is something there that I haven't had since I left.—Lee Huntley, 22683 Road 180, Lindsay, California 93247.

Western Movie Stars

Dear Editor:

Can some of your fans help me dig up material on William S. Hart, Tom Mix, Buck Jones and Gene Autry? I am trying to fix up a scrap book on these four men, and would like anything I can get to put in them.

You should be happy to know of all the folks you serve and please. I've written to some of them myself (people listed in your magazine) and find they are tops.

Am also interested in western and country song writing. I am a great fan of Roy Rogers and Rex Allen.—Chaw Mank, Box 30-Drawer, Staunton, Illinois 62088.

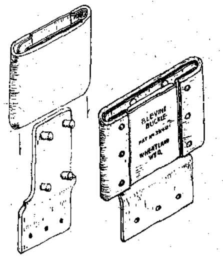
Motell, Texas?

Editor:

I am writing about an old town, a sawmill town close to the Trinity River, on an old road from Kerens to Athens, Texas.

Back in '33 or '34 during the depression I carried a friend and his wife to visit his sick mother. After we crossed the Trinity River he asked me to stop on a hill and he would show me the site of the sawmill town. We walked down the old railroad bed for a way but the blackberry vines and underbrush was so heavy we had to stop short of our goal. He told me two men, Moore and Teller, built the place and named it Motell, Texas. If I am not mistaken he said they had some trouble and one shot and killed the other. The place was abandoned.

Oscar Johnson, one of my dad's friends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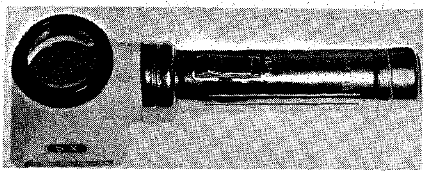

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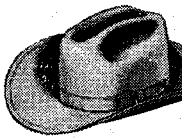

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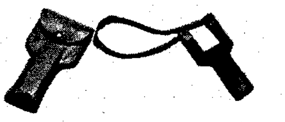

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living in the river bottom, knew about the place. He would be in his seventies if he is still living. I would love to find out the history of the place. I don't know whether the old river bridge is still there or not. There was an iron pipe extending from a spring under one end of the bridge with a metal cup hanging from it. Travelers would go down and get a cool drink and fill their containers with fresh water.—E. T. Hill, Route 2, Box 1058 - 1, Humble, Texas 77338.

"Wild Freedom"

Dear Sir:

I am one of the folks who used to read the old Western story magazines. In its pages a fellow by the name of Max Brand wrote and wrote and wrote. I was pretty young at the time, and the story that was so unforgettable was "Wild Freedom," written under the name of George Owen Baxter. I guess it was in 1922 or 1923 that this story appeared in six parts. I could hardly wait from one week to the next.

I have written all over trying to get this story again. I would so like to read it over, but it seems it has vanished from the printing press. They say it never appeared in book form, and I wonder why.

I buy every Max Brand book I can find, hoping that one day I shall chance to find "Wild Freedom" by George Owen Baxter in a bright new book. Can anyone give me any information?—Howard E. Cline, Box 242, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

Early Montana

Dear Sir:

I came to Montana from South Dakota in 1888. We hit Fort Peck on May 1. I was one and one-half years old. We lived across the river from Poplar, Montana, and my dad cut cordwood for the steamboats in the summer, and hauled wood to Poplar in the winter when the river froze over. Then we moved to the north side on Fort Peck Reservation. My mother was one-quarter Indian so that gave us the right to run stock free. The land was not allotted at that time, so we had all the free range we needed to run stock on.

We billeted up eighteen miles from Culbertson. At that time there was nobody between our place and the Canadian line. We ran 2,500 sheep on shares, and about 30 cows. We lived on Smoke Creek for a long time, then in 1908 farmers started coming in to take up the homesteads. John Manning was our neighbor south of us, then James Helmer moved in east. He ran sheep and had 100 head. John Manning ran cattle; he had about 800 and about 30 horses. It was all free range at that time. Steve Scott moved about twelves miles north, and ran 700 to 800 head of cattle about 1906. They started moving cattle and sheep until there was not a piece of land left.

Old Dutch Henry was supposed to be a horsethief, but I don't think he was any worse than a lot of others. He had 300 head of horses of his own, and those that were not branded could have been from his own bunch. There were eight or ten men who stayed up along the Canadian border. There was no one from Canada to Culbertson. Some of them took horses to Dakota and sold them on a bill of sale made out to themselves.

When we came to Culbertson it had two log stores, a log eating place and a boxcar for a depot. Someone killed the agent.

I have taken your magazines for quite a while, and I surely like to read about old times.—Alfred Murray, Froid, Montana 59226.

The Reluctant Rustler

(Continued from page 19)

just because of his Indian blood."

Guy got on the train and went to Pocatello where he knew of a detective agency. He told his story to the man in charge. The Cattlemen's Association offered $250 for the capture and conviction of the cattle thief, and Guy told them he would sign a paper matching their offer.

The detective said he would look into the matter and see what could be done but meanwhile he advised Guy to never ride alone and to be armed at all times.

It was soon time for Jesse and his friends to report to the sheriff. While in his office, two rough looking customers came in and began to talk to them. They were Bob and Clair Barnett and were on parole from Carson City, Nevada. Bob and Clair had good horses but they were gaunt from long riding. Dutch West looked them over and said, "Why don't we ask these boys to come home with us? I think they will fit into our little company." The men all left together.

Jesse was reluctant about this arrangement but Ellen was all for it. It was late afternoon and Muldoon was forty miles away so they decided to wait until the next morning to start out. Meanwhile their new friends told them many a wild tale of their life around Carson City, Nevada.

Guy Prunty saw the riders go past his place and none of them seemingly wore guns, but he was somehow sure that they were all well armed. Several days later he met all five in the road, and as he rode to the left of them, West said softly, "Prunty, you haven't got a chance. We are now five to one, and one of these days I will drop you in a hole in the lavas as I promised."

"Maybe I haven't a chance, West," Guy answered, "but if I go, I promise I will take you with me," and his .38 automatic was in his hand.

Bob Barnett was quick to interfere. "I don't see no call for gun play now. We'll have lots of time to settle with him later."

Bob and Clair showed their prison releases to Jesse and explained that they had to see a probation officer every two weeks and said the five all felt like brothers.

After they had stayed at the ranch a few days, Bob Barnett announced, "I sure like this country—lots of deer, fishing and good cow range. Me and Clair have pulled a few jobs no one knows about and come winter we can lay our hands on some real cash. Do you know a small spread with maybe fifty head a fellow could buy reasonable?"

"Maybe Noa Benton would sell his place," Jesse said. "He's broken down and the winters are hard on him."

Clair Barnett spoke up eagerly, "If the price is right and he will give us an option with the right to buy come October, we can get the money to finish the deal then."

THE NEXT DAY Bob and Clair went to town with Benton and had the option drawn up. Bob and Clair moved to their new place which joined Scoble's and everyone seemed happy except Jesse. He seemed to realize that he was surrounded by some very desperate men and he must have wished he had his home to himself again. West made no secret of the fact that he had no qualms about killing, and that he planned to dry-gulch Prunty at the first good opportunity.

Guy was moving some cattle across a ravine several days later. Just as he rode to the crest of the bank, a shot rang out, and a bullet whizzed by his head. He turned his horse quickly, and another bullet ripped through the horn of his saddle. Before another could be fired, he was out of sight.

Guy drew his .30-30 from his saddle and crept back to where he could see through the brush, but all he could see was dust, though he could hear a horse running away.

That night about two o'clock Guy's dogs woke him. He lay listening for a moment wondering what would come next. Suddenly there was a crash and the sound of broken glass. My brother was really scared, for after his experience that day he realized that the gang was out to get him one way or another. He did not dare light the lamp, and his frightened wife Etta begged, "Oh, Guy, do be careful."

With his gun in hand, he crept to the broken window and peered out, but could see nothing.

As Etta followed him into the room, she stepped on a rock the size of a baseball. A piece of paper was tied on it. "Let's take it into the closet," she said, "and light a lamp and see what these devils are up to."

The paper read, "Be patient. Do not leave your home and stay armed. Tell no one of this warning." It was signed "Your friend." My brother and his wife looked at each other, puzzled but somehow relieved.

West was not satisfied to butcher three or four beeves a week, and made a deal to supply a shop in Bellevue. Bob and Clair helped with the butchering and attended to burying the hides. One of Jesse's beeves was butchered about once a week so they would have plenty of fresh hides to show with the Scoble brand on them.

The time rolled around when they had to report to the sheriff. Everyone was feeling fine. They left Muldoon early, galloped along together, and got to Hailey about midday.

Bob Barnett said he wanted to see a lawyer about his ranch contracts and left the others. He went to the bank where he had rented a safety deposit box on his arrival in town. With the contents of the box he then went to the sheriff's house where he found the old man having dinner with his family. The sheriff was very much displeased and said, "I have office hours and try to keep my family away from ex-cons. Come to my office at two."

"I have something to show you that can't wait." Bob stated. "It is urgent and private. Come in the next room, please."

The sheriff was angry and also a little afraid so he drew his gun and followed Bob. Bob then showed his detective's badge and his identification papers, and explained, "Clair and I were sent here to catch a desperate gang. These men are all in Hailey and we have the evidence to convict them." As proof, he showed him Clair's written statements.

Clemmens sat down and said, "I can't believe that Jesse would do those things." But he returned to his office at once and sent for his two deputies. They waited for the thieves and arrested first West, then Harry Jesse, then Bunnell. The parolees did not dare wear guns in Hailey and they were taken by surprise. The deputies had put the cuffs on them and stowed them in a cell before they could recover their wits.

Clair Barnett came out to the Scoble ranch the next day to get his clothes. He stopped at Guy's house and hung his gun on his saddle. Guy was standing on his porch, rifle in hand. Clair raised his hands above his head, grinning all the while, and walked up to him.

"Am I glad this assignment is over," he said, and explained who he was. "That West is a real killer and he was the one who took a shot at you. I'm ready now to pay for that window."

Guy laughed, "You sure had me fooled. I thought you were one of them."

"It had to be that way," Barnett answered. "If there had been a leak, Bob and I would have been dropped in that lava hole."

Guy set his rifle down and admitted, "Boy, does that take a load off my mind."

Jesse and his two partners were brought to court and bound over for trial. Bail was set at $5,000. West and Bunnell could not raise the bond, but Jesse still had many friends. His mother sold everything she could and raised $2,500, and a rancher went from ranch to ranch and raised the balance. He said Jesse got in bad company but the young man loved his mother and wouldn't run out on her.

The day of the trial came, March 13, 1919, but not Jesse and Ellen. To this day no one knows where they went. Most people who knew and liked Jesse were glad he did not have to return to prison. Pinkerton's agency lost $250 on him, but Guy paid his share and said, "All I wanted was to get those varmints out of my hair and sent to prison."

West and Bunnell were both found guilty.

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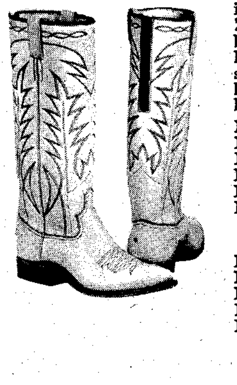

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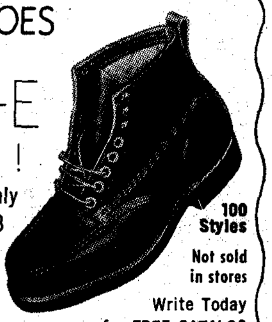

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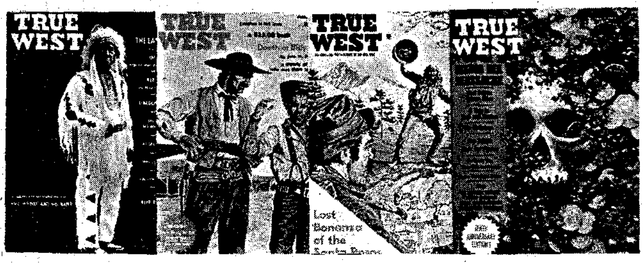
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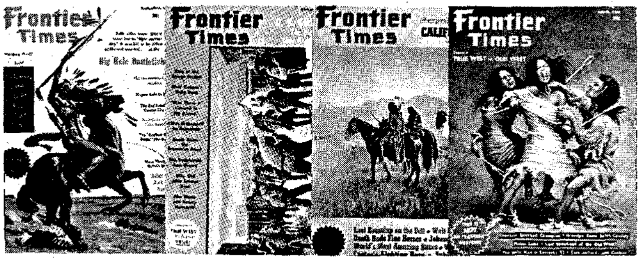
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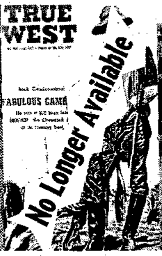
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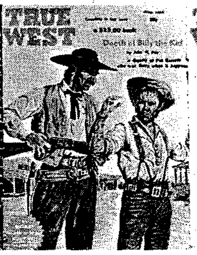

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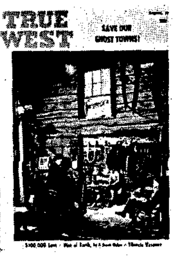

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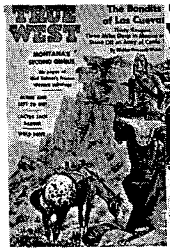

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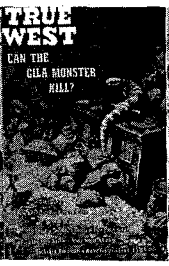

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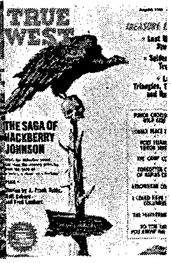

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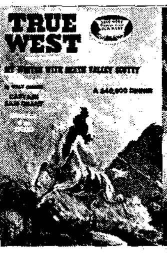

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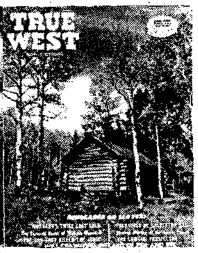

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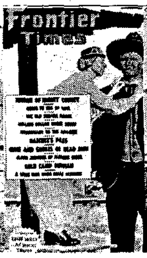

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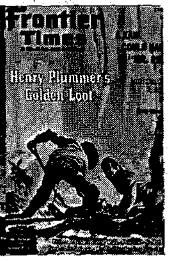

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Nuggets

(Continued from page 35)

feet deep with snow. However, the wild animals and Indian hunters had beat a fairly good trail and the posse made good time, reaching Rock Creek just after midnight. The creek was fairly wide and since there weren't any bridges, the posse figured the bandits would bed down for the night and make the crossing early in the morning.

On reaching Rock Creek the posse had to make a steep descent through slide rock, the trail being just wide enough for one rider at a time. Considerable difficulty was encountered getting down but they made it without mishap. On reaching the bottom of the canyon, they spread out to look for the bandits' camp. The moon was shining on the snow; the slightest sound carried a long distance. They had been looking for only a few minutes when one of the possemen drew a deep breath and made a slight exclamation. The others knew that he had found the robbers. Soon a semi-circle of mounted horsemen had formed around the place where the three bandits were peacefully sleeping.

All guns were cocked and aimed when Luke Hatch, who had been chosen leader of the posse, called out for the bandits to surrender. The man in the middle raised his head, then dropped it back and came up on his elbow, his nickel-plated revolver flashing in the moonlight. There was a deafening roar as every posse member fired his pistol. The man lurched to his feet and fell across his two sleeping companions. He had been riddled with bullets but neither companion had been touched.

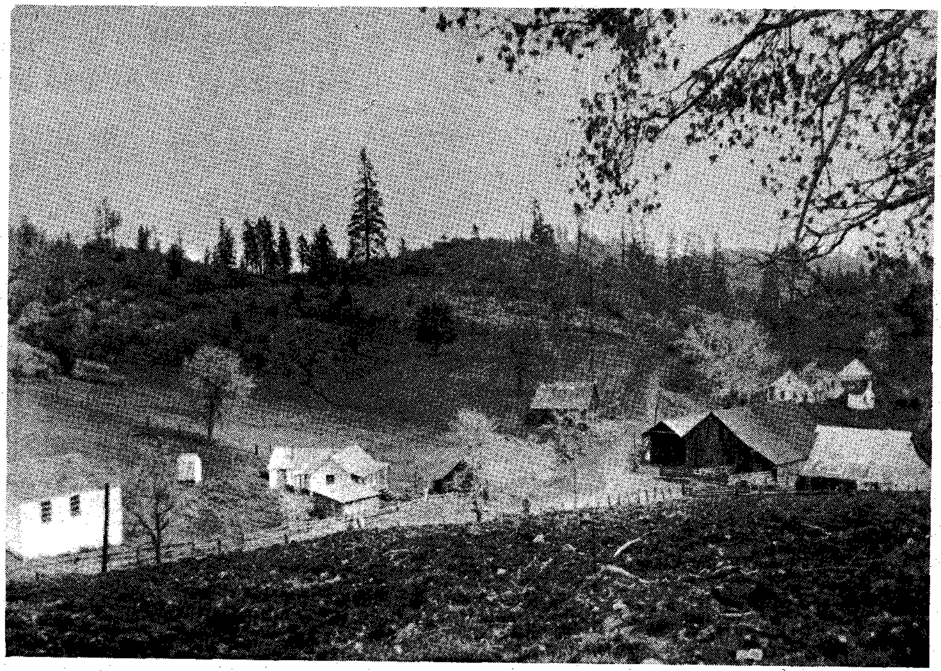
The two remaining men surrendered meekly and were taken back to Stevensville each taking a turn walking and riding. Clark, the bandit leader, was the man killed; the other two were sent to the Deer Lodge penitentiary. One of them later escaped with legirons on and was traced to the railroad tracks, where some trainman apparently had helped file them off. He was never heard from again.

The members of the posse were invited by the Missoula Mercantile Company to come to the store and receive a pair of buckskin gloves or a new Stetson each as a reward for their services. Men have risked their lives for less!

WHAT COMES OF BEING FRIENDLY

By Pete Cook
as told to Vern Hammond

EVEN in 1910 Butcher Ranch, California, had more past than future. It occupied a little swale in the high foothills of Sierra and consisted of a post office and general store owned by Eugene Reiner, a school, the barn and corrals where John McAninch kept horses and spare equipment for his Auburn-to-Forest Hill stage line, and a scattering of houses. The village was about halfway between the county seat of Auburn and the important gold mining and lumber town of Forest Hill; it was here that horses, played out from the hard four-hour pull up the American River Canyon from Auburn were replaced by fresh ones for the comparatively easy trip to Forest Hill and Michigan Bluff.



Courtesy Mrs. L. H. Reynolds

Butcher Ranch, California, about 1910. The schoolhouse is at left. In the background at right is the stage stop. Almost the entire village was destroyed by a forest fire in 1917.

The gold rush was long past but the area still had a number of productive mines. A man could make a living prospecting if he were clever enough; now and then he might make a really valuable strike. Quite a number of the old '49ers had lingered on after the easy pickings were gone, because the climate was pleasant and because steep hillsides and scarce water meant thin population and this in turn meant the prospector didn't have to worry much about infringing with his claim on someone's private property.

I knew all those old-timers very well. One or another of them would corner me on a bench in front of the post office when I went there for my granddad and fill me full of goldrush or Civil War yarns while I nodded and waited impatiently for an excuse to get away. They were all, including Granddad, Civil War veterans; and with one exception, they had been Union men. Old man Harwood had gone for the South and was never permitted to forget it. He was not accepted by the others; nothing he said was ever taken seriously and he was made to feel unwelcome at community affairs.

I always had felt sorry for the old fellow. He lived alone in a cabin near Sharp's Ravine and I went out of my way to visit him now and then. I was just a kid but I tried to treat him with respect. I had respect for Granddad, too, but I couldn't believe Mr. Harwood was such an old fool as he was said to be. He was pleasant and nice and some of the things he told me made a lot of sense. He had spent a great many years mining the Forest Hill Divide and he knew the country as well as anyone could. Now he was stove up so badly that he couldn't mine any more. He spent most of his time puttering around his cabin or sitting on his front porch.

That's where he was—on the front porch—one day when Granddad and I passed by on a prospecting trip. I went in, as usual, but Granddad just kept going. He didn't quite approve of my friendship with Mr. Harwood but he knew it was harmless and didn't interfere. Harwood was glad to see me.

"Where you going, son?"

"Down toward the Middle Fork," I replied, "to the Centennial Mine."

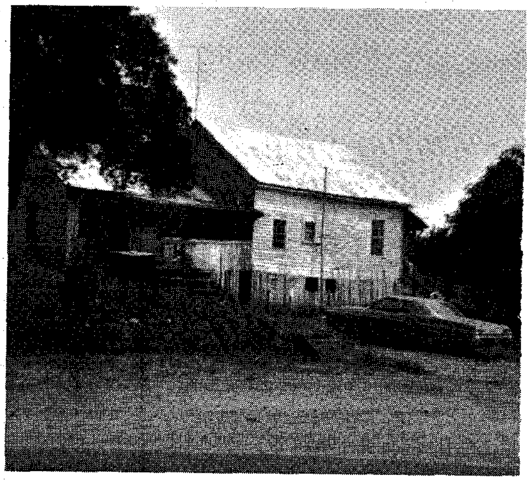
"Know where that big live oak stands by the trail, halfway down?"

I said that I did.

"Well, son, you dig out a few samples, right square under that tree. You'll find it well worth your while."

WHEN I caught up with Granddad, I told him what Mr. Harwood had said. But Granddad just snorted and remarked that old man Harwood didn't

Living quarters behind the post office, the only remaining building in Butcher Ranch in 1966. The post office was closed in 1935.



Pete Cook, 1966.

know anything. Granddad had a favorite rock where he always stopped to rest. As it happened, this resting place was only a few steps from that big live oak tree. I was itching with curiosity to try a panful or two from the gravel bank that lay directly under the tree but Granddad would have none of it; he stubbornly refused to let me try and I knew better than to argue.

And so it went. Every time Granddad and I followed the trail down Sharp's Ravine, we rested on the rock; every time we rested there, I looked across the little stream at the live oak tree and the gravel bank. But Granddad would never permit me to sink a pick into that gravel just because the old Rebel had suggested it.

World War I came and I went away to the Navy. By the time I returned, my old granddad had gone to join his messmates in blue. It was a long time before my affairs took me down Sharp's Ravine again, but when I finally went that way I found the big oak tree just as I had last seen it.

"Here's where I find out," I said and, putting down my load, I scratched a heap of the reddish gravel into my pan and knelt by the stream to wash it out. That first panful yielded two or three nice little pea-sized beauties and I knew at last that old man Harwood really had known something.

A little investigation told me all I needed. My gravel bed was a few inches thick and of pick-handle width; it ran about eighty feet through the very top of a little side ridge, ending at the next side canyon. It had evidently been overlooked by the early surge of '49ers and was buried under about nine feet of red clay. Hand digging looked like a lot of work, so on my next trip to Auburn I bought several lengths of used fire hose and some pipe and fittings. I spent three days extending an old ditch which lay farther up the ridge and by rigging up my hose, nozzle and sluice-boxes, I had a hydraulic mine ready to operate.

I spent that winter washing out old man Harwood's gravel. It netted me five

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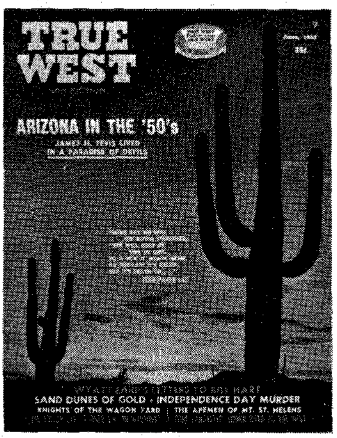

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or six hundred dollars worth of gold; although the old fellow wasn't around any more so that I could thank him personally, it occurred to me that he had devised a pretty good way of rewarding his only friend.

LIFE ON THE COLORADO PLAINS

By Myrtle Scott

In 1887, my father, B. J. Murray, located a homestead some twenty miles from Raymer, in Weld County, Colorado. It was not called New Raymer then, and was not very large, but it was our post office.

Father brought his wife and three daughters (I was the youngest) in covered wagons from central Nebraska. We drove a small herd of gentle cows to start the new ranch. My oldest sister, Eva, drove a gentle old white horse hitched to a buckboard in which we hauled little calves that had played out or had been born on the trail.

Once, when crossing a shallow stream, the buckboard's single-tree broke and old White Tom walked right out of the shafts, pulling the lines from Eva's hands and leaving her and the load of calves in the middle of the creek. No amount of yelling "Whoa!" could stop him—I guess Old Tom didn't mean to let the other wagons get out of sight.

When Father looked back and saw what had happened, he jumped on the saddle horse that was tied behind his wagon, and returned Tom to his job.

We lived in a sod house—part dugout—and neighbors were few and far between. But more settlers were coming in and the cowmen, who'd had the country to themselves for a long time, didn't like it.

Our nearest neighbor, John Cady, was somewhat of a tenderfoot and was scared of the cowboys. He didn't wear his gun half the time when he should have. One morning he came out of his dugout to milk his cow and a savage range bull promptly chased him back. He couldn't get near the cow, or get to his horse, and he became a much worried man since his cow needed water and milking.

Before things got too bad, along came another settler on a horse. When he learned of Cady's trouble, he asked, "Why in hell don't you shoot him?"

Cady replied, "I'm afraid of what the cowboys might do."

The other man, Biers was his name, laughed. "I'm not afraid of them. I'll do it, and if they bother you, just send them to me."

He drew his gun and did the job, then skinned out the hindquarters to take home. A few days later some cowboys found the dead bull and accused Cady of butchering it. He denied doing it, but they searched his dugout, trying to find some of the meat.

Poor Cady, well-scared by their threats, finally told them, "If you want to know about that meat, go see Biers."

They went, taking Cady, tied on his horse. When they got to Biers' place, they found him leaning in his doorway. He had seen them coming and had guessed their motive. They asked if he knew anything about the bull that had been shot up by Cady's?

Biers reached behind him and brought out and aimed a double-barreled shotgun before replying, "That beef is in here. If you want it, come and get it."

One of the cowboys, talking to Father about it afterwards, said, "Hell, that gun looked like a cannon to us. We didn't want any beef!"

While they were talking to Biers, three Dutch boys—Herman Turcorn, Jake Wizell and Bill Marquette—drove up in a wagon. After listening to both sides, they ordered the cowboys to turn Cady loose at once. The cowboys complied quickly, saying they'd had no intention of hurting him, they'd just wanted to give him a good scare.

One evening Father rode up to a roundup campfire and saw one man kneeling by the fire talking to the foreman who was seated on the ground beside him. In the dusk they must have taken Father for one of the crew, since the man who was talking did not look around.

Father knew they were talking about him when the man said, "This fellow rides a big black horse. He's got a few old cows and fifteen calves on picket ropes."

"And he is able to take care of them, too!" Father said quietly. The man almost jumped into the fire. When he wheeled around, that big black horse's nose was almost touching him.

The foreman just laughed and told Father he would get along all right.

John Cady's wife got typhoid and Mother took care of her while she was sick, then came down with typhoid herself. Her sickness and the death of my baby brother broke my father. The doctor bills took everything he had. He relinquished his homestead and we left Colorado in a covered wagon. I've always wanted to go back.

THE WHITE SQUAW WHO SAVED FAYETTEVILLE

By Sue Morgan

(Written in 1918)

I WAS born September 19, 1834. In January, 1838, the Indians were being taken from different points to the reservation granted by the Government. Our home was in Fayetteville, Arkansas, in direct line to the reservation; and the Indians had to pass through, guarded by United States soldiers. An order was given by the officer in command for every saloon to be closed during the passing. All gladly obeyed orders except one man, who left his back door open.

Soon one prominent young Indian, the son of a chief, had trouble with the saloon keeper who, using his Bowie knife, mortally wounded the Indian. The victim was taken to the best hotel and doctors were called in. A camping place had been selected four miles out and the first division had passed through and the mother of the wounded man with it. When the second division reached town, they soon learned of the trouble and swore if he died they would kill every man, woman, and child, and burn the town.

The wounded man called for his

mother, who was a white woman. She was brought in, remained a short time, and left him to die among strangers, but told the band he would be with them in a short time. They agreed to move on to the camp. The young man died that night, but one of the officers reported to the tribe that he was doing well and would be with them in a few days. So they reluctantly renewed their march to what was called the Indian Nation.

In a few days, the remains were taken by responsible men to the mother. She had known all along that her son would not live but when the officers had implored her to keep silent, she agreed.

THE MAN who caused the trouble left town that night and never returned. I met him once at New Braunfels, Texas, in 1848, and avoided shaking hands with him although he said he was a particular friend of my father. He was a prominent business man in San Antonio.

But, oh! what a night was passed by the inhabitants of Fayetteville. Every man was armed and on guard while the women were on the watch also. This is what I remember: my dear mother gathering her little band around the cradle of our baby sister one month old, and the prayer that ascended to Heaven I shall never forget. And I know it was answered. All who were old enough always remembered that prayer. She was no whiter when she lay in her casket than when she offered that prayer. At that very time the last part of the band was passing our home. It was too dark to see them, but we could hear the commands of the officers as they passed.

Uncle Willie

(Continued from page 17)

"Well, it's like this. I guess he got the flu and it turned to pneumonia real fast and he was gone before anyone had time to do much. So we just buried him."

"Could I see the things he had in his room? He had some trinkets and pictures he said I could have. And where is he buried? I want to go see his grave."

A great deal of reluctance was apparent at the mention of the grave. She said she couldn't remember, then that she couldn't place the name of the funeral director. Only after his cousin began to press the questions faster and with more determination did the woman finally remember the name of the funeral director.

"I have a time remembering things like that. I have such a long list of men wanting to come here that I hardly get rid of one until I have half a dozen wanting his place." She didn't realize that the phrase, "get rid of," was an unfortunate remark and one long to be remembered.

Several of the cousin's family went to the funeral director and found that he had not taken care of Uncle Willie, but another old fellow from the same home. By calling around, he did find the right establishment and also the cemetery where Uncle Willie was laid to rest. When the relatives arrived at the gravesite, they found it clean and neat but

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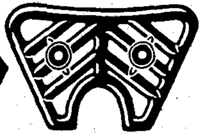

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terribly impersonal, as most graves are when there is only a small marker to give a name, date of birth and death. And immediately to each side were graves of two other men from the home who had died the same day as Uncle Willie.

ONE EVENING in 1936 as I was playing rook with Jesse Elgan, my brother-in-law who was leaving in two days to go to Alaska, I remarked, "Should anyone up there ever mention Willie Elliott, tell them that he died about four years ago in California."

"Bill Elliott dead? Well, for gosh sakes, I knew him real well. For two years I worked for the park service in Alaska, the farthest point north that the railroad ran, and he and I lived together for four months each year. A grand old man if ever there was one."

"This is almost too much to believe," I retorted. "What did he look like and what did he do there?"

"Well, he ran the little outpost government station in Girdwood that served some Eskimos and a few tourists in the summer. He had a mane of snowy white hair and a white beard which he kept trimmed and washed every day to just keep it shining. The train only came to the little village twice a week, so when it was time—you could hear it coming for miles—he brushed a frock coat he had, and a beaver hat, put them on with all the ceremony of a king's courtier, and we would walk down to the station.

"Every native for miles around would be there also, and it was quite an event. The train crew gave all the latest scuttlebutt picked up along the way. Then the train would sit there, all four cars, while the freight was unloaded and the mail bags given to Bill. I would help carry some also, and the crew would come up to have a cup of coffee or glass of whiskey.

"Since none of the natives could read or write, Bill was their sole contact with the wonderful world of mail order catalogs or other business requiring correspondence. As each letter or package came out of the bags, he would open it, read what it said to the person involved, and make notations of the answer if there was one to be made.

"Even though the village was small, this would take several hours each train day. Then the rest of the week Bill would be available to read catalogs, make out orders and get the outgoing mail ready for the next train."

" 'I learned several of the Eskimo dialects when I first came up,' I recalled him saying. 'You know winters can be long, and if you're going to live among a people, you'd better learn how to converse with them.' Bill often tried to get me to study the language, but I was so busy with park duties for the short time I was there that I never did pick up much of it."

The story related by my brother-in-law told me and my family more about the character of Uncle Willie than we had ever hoped to know. Yet I wonder how many other people knew the old man, and what tales they might tell of him. It rather haunts me that his zest for life and his theory that "You ain't a bit older than you feel" might have provoked his untimely end.

Out of the Cotton Patch into the Fire!

(Continued from page 31)

farther than the Fitzpatrick ranch. There was not another house the remaining forty-five miles, so he decided to stay there. The Fitzpatricks had a small log house in the yard in which they let him stay. Old Mother Fitzpatrick gave him hot sheep tea to drink.

George Rector, a cowboy, came in and asked Newt if he had had the measles. He replied, "No."

Rector shook his head. "That's what you've got," he said, "and hadn't you rather have cold water to drink than that hot sheep tea? It will have the same effect." Of course Newt much preferred the cold water and in due time he broke out with the measles.

One morning as they came from the log house where they had eaten breakfast to the main living quarters, they heard a disturbance outside, caused by a bandit who also had spent the night at the ranch. He had decided to make his getaway on a horse tied out in front which belonged to George Rector and his brother, Can Rector, of Sherman, Texas. Rector had been traveling through the country looking for a location to establish a ranch and had also spent the night at the ranch. After losing his horse, Rector rode Newt's mule to Rush Springs, where he reported to authorities that the mail rider was sick with measles. Another man was sent to relieve him until he was able to take the route again.

The bandit was thought to be Jimmie Red who had escaped with handcuffs on. After fleeing the ranch, in some way he got them off and put them up in the Twin Elm trees. Afterwards Newt got these handcuffs out of the trees and kept them a long time.

IN THE summer of 1875, he hired to a Mr. Brown to carry the mail from Red River Station to Fort Sill for $50.00 per month. Soon after he took this job a friend told him Brown would not pay him, and if he were in Newt's place, he would quit.

The distance was about sixty-five miles and was in Smith Paul's territory, an early-day pioneer located on Rush Creek (from whom present-day Pauls Valley got its name). Smith Paul lived in a big fine home on a hill. He had an excellent orchard and 1,000 acres fenced in 1874. Paul's first wife was part Indian, a sister to Tuscumpa McClure. She died, and in 1874 he married a young girl about sixteen years old.

Over east of Pauls Valley was Governor Harris' mill, but mainly this was all open country, without a house or stop to change a horse along the mail route. Newt would camp at night, tie one end of his rope around his horse's neck, the other through the fork of his saddle, lie down on his saddle blanket, and lock his arms around the horn to be ready for any emergency. His horse would sense anything wrong, and Newt would know immediately from the animal's pulling on the saddle.

Mr. Brown promised his new rider that he would rebuild the stand that had been burned down by Indians, because it was too long a trip without a change of horses. And, too, there was a dread of attack in that unsettled area. Brown, however, did not carry out his contract to build the stage stand. After about a month Newt took sick with chills and fever and had to quit. Sure enough, Brown would not pay him.

Brown wanted to know where he could buy some saddles, and Newt told him he could buy them at Saint Jo, Texas. He was on his way there, Newt said, as that was where his father was living.

Brown came on to Saint Jo in a few days. Newt and his brother, T. W. Jones, met him and asked again for the back pay. Brown changed the subject by suggesting they buy some watermelons, and when he went to pay for them the boys saw what a large roll of bills he had. They gave Brown such a cussing he was glad to square accounts and leave town.

In the winter of 1875 Newt returned to Red River Station and worked for Jim Fitzpatrick. He drove cattle to Denison, Texas to market. Then he went back to Pauls Valley and J. Y. Smith paid him his wages for the winter of 1874. Carrying the mail had been a rough and dangerous business, but as Newt Jones, my father, often said, "I'd do it again. Anything beats grubbing cotton!"

When Fear Would Have Been Fatal

(Continued from page 33)

St. Paul, one of the Yanktons brought out a lovely Indian war bonnet. It was to be formally presented to her when she met the governor of Minnesota.

It was a close fitting cap of finely dressed buckskin, soft and light; around it was a crest of thirty-six eagle feathers and quills set to form a circle wider at the top than at the base. Around the crest the cap was covered with weasel fur, and the white tails of weasels hung as pendants down the back and sides. The tips of the feathers were painted black. Under this was a stripe of pink, then a black stripe, and the rest was pink. Each feather represented the death of a fellow mortal. In giving Abbie this bonnet, the Indians conferred on her the highest honor known to the Dakotas.

While returning to civilization, Abbie tried to make herself look less like a savage. She washed away the painted lines which had been drawn from her eyes to her temples. Her hair had been copiously oiled, and braided tightly back from her face. A missionary's wife gave her some clothes and she felt fairly presentable when the party reached Shakopee on June 22. She had spent five months in the wilderness as a captive.

News of her arrival spread quickly and great crowds gathered to witness the return of the white girl. She was taken by carriage to the Fuller House in St. Paul. The landlady gave her every comfort and care and the next morning she was formally presented to Governor Medary at his room in the Fuller House. She was escorted by the three Indian rescuers

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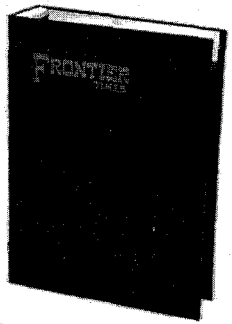

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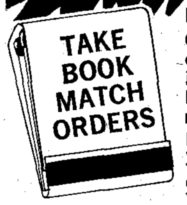

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and was seated on a stool to be presented the war bonnet in the name of the great Chief Matoaken. It was stated that Inkpaduta's band had not killed her because of her bravery, and as long as she retained this headdress, she was under the protection of the tribe. The paper was long and elaborate.

The three Indian intermediaries were paid $400 each by the government. Abbie received $500 from the people of St. Paul. Several months later she married a cousin of one of the women who had been in captivity with her.

For the next fourteen years, she was a semi-invalid, confined to her room for months at a time from the injuries she had received during her journey with the Indians. She had children, however, and eventually the memories of the ordeal wore off. She credited her study of Christian Science with helping her free herself from the aftermath of those five months of torture and pain at the hands of her family's murderers.

Alfred Harkness Walked the Rockies

(Continued from page 25)

teach His Highness how to saddle his own horse sometimes," he suggested.

Most parties, however, were enthusiastic and cooperative. A wealthy Japanese prince came up from the Coast. He was very polite and always insisted on helping pitch camp, cook, and saddle up.

They were a varied lot in those days. A rotund little Austrian botanist came searching for rare flora and fauna on the high alpine ridges. An energetic mineralogist would come to study rock formations. But usually they were merely tourists, often titled and wealthy from the Old Countries, travelers from under the Southern Cross, big game hunters, students and adventurers.

ALF HARKNESS became one of the trusted and best known guides amid the Rocky grandeur down to Lake Louise. Over the years he learned every trail in this land of 10,000-foot peaks and hanging glaciers. Interspersed with his duties as guide, Alf still practiced the blacksmith trade in Field. In addition during the winter months R. E. Campbell negotiated contracts for supplying the hotels of Field and Lake Louise with cordwood. He put Alf in charge of operations.

Of his nine brothers, several of whom joined him for a time, Alf had one who was later to travel the West a great deal. Rev. Nelson Harkness came out to Vancouver in 1912. A minister and youth worker, he became Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society for British Columbia.

In 1907 when the Brewster Transport Company, which now operates throughout the Rockies, bought out Campbell's outfit, Alf moved down to Banff.

Here he met and married pioneer schoolteacher, Isabella Pearson, who was living at the manse with her student minister brother. Banff was fast becoming a resort town, and blacksmith work was too seasonal. The newly-weds moved east of Edmonton where Alf bought a farm and then became sheriff's bailiff, a position he held for twenty-five years.

In the winter of 1961, in his 88th year, Alfred Harkness died. Among the last of the pioneers, he reached the West when the greatest changes were taking place and with the greatest rapidity.

The last summer I saw him, he fondly stroked his old Swiss army rifle and said quietly, "You know, I'd just like to sling this back on my saddle, and ride up that Yoho Valley once again. Never did see that day just what was up behind those Takakkaw Falls!"

Colonel Alphabet

(Continued from page 39)

had arrived before them. A bit disheartened, the two moved on to Red Mountains where they found some prospectors sinking a shaft through a vein of galena ore named "The Yankee Girl Mine." Sure another Leadville was to rise on the spot, Sellers and his companion staked out two placer claims, platted the land into one-hundred-foot lots and ran two streets—named for themselves—through it. They called the place Irontown.

The town boomed for a while, but the young founders got into a poker game one night and before long they had lost their townsite, bank roll, cabin, equipment and even their food supplies.

"We hit the road again," the Colonel recalled later, "this time on horses. We headed for Durango, where we settled for a time."

Rumors of fortunes to be made in the Yukon began to be noised about. Sellers found himself yielding to the lure of the North. That also palled in time and Sellers found himself back in the States, this time in California. There he became interested in politics, an interest he was to maintain throughout the rest of his life.

He also became interested in a lovely young California girl. He married her and took her on a honeymoon to New Mexico. The two settled in a lively little town in northwestern New Mexico, Farmington. There the bridegroom established a newspaper, which is still thriving, and he became its editor.

Three years later Colonel Alphabet decided that his future lay in New Mexico's metropolis. Albuquerque. Sellers moved to the city in 1906.

In no time at all the Colonel's dapper figure became known to everyone. Affable, genial, always immaculately groomed, he looked like a country squire. He always wore custom-made gray suits and his broad-brimmed Stetson hats became his trademark. A dynamo of a man, he determined to put the city and the territory on the map.

Elected mayor of Albuquerque, he soon paved the city's dusty main street (now part of U.S. 66), renamed it Central Avenue, installed ornamental street lights, uniformed the police, motorized the fire department, and began shouting that New Mexico needed some good automobile roads. All in a period of two years.

The owner of one of the first automobiles in the state, Sellers became known from Kansas City to Los Angeles as a good roads booster. Soon the newly organized Ocean to Ocean Highway Association elected him their president. So appreciative were his fellow townsmen that they chipped in and bought him a Hupmobile roadster.

Colonel Alphabet's main source of income resulted from his real estate business. He had foresight enough to buy up a lot of idle land surrounding the city, especially on the mesa to the east. Scorned by many residents, the heights area the Colonel boosted in every way is now the heart of the sprawling city of Albuquerque with its 300,000 population.

Colonel Alphabet has long gone to join the old-timers who saw New Mexico pass from a territory into a state and Albuquerque from a frontier town to a city. None, however, will be remembered for as much color and romance as the man with the many initials.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 53)

child, Willie Kate (my grandmother), was born January 15, 1880. Willie Walter was born in 1882; Tony Neil in 1884. Another son, Kenneth C., was born after they left Texas. Would love to find out more about Lou Simmons. She died when my grandmother was a small child.—Mrs. Theodore Hodge, P. O. Box 714, Fisk, Missouri 63940.

Remine

I am trying to locate relatives of my mother whose maiden name was Alice Dora Remine. She married Hugh Houghton at Woodhull, Illinois in the late 1800s, and made a trip to Black Hawk, Denver and Central City, Colorado in 1876 to visit one or two of her brothers who were working in the mining industry there. I believe one brother was named Moses Remine and the other William.—Edith H. Reger, Box 48, Rapid City, South Dakota 57701.

Pryor Creek, I. T.

I have lost my father's people. Betty Dial was my father's sister. Her sons were Hugh, Frank and Jimmie, daughters Nola, Ella, Lela and Grace, and we were all raised around Pryor Creek, Indian Territory. Also, living or dead, I'd like information of my step-mother, Etta Taylor Anderson, and Willie Quarles Glass, wife of Lewis Glass. Also Mary Cole Mosier, wife of Ed Moiser or Moaser. These people are all part Cherokee. I have heard that I am part Cherokee, and as I am the last of the family, I have no place to turn.—Mrs. J. M. Smith, Box 65, Hachita, New Mexico 88040.

Mike Johnson

I would like to find out if my father has any living kin. His name was Mike Johnson, born in Baltimore, Maryland in 1877. His mother remarried after the death of his father, when Dad was very young. She moved to Little Rock, Arkansas. From there my father and his brother ran away to Texas. They never heard from my mother again. My father was a nephew of the famous old Judge Parker. I'd appreciate any information.—Mr. Jimmie Johnson, 707 Anthony St., McKinney, Texas 75069.

Clark-Patton

Descendants of Isaac Clark of Louisa County, Virginia, through his son William of Louisa County. Allied lines-Venable, Parrish, Moorman, Johnson. This line found prior to 1800 in Christian County, Kentucky. Also interested in Charles Patton, railroad worker Riverton, Cherokee County, Kansas, in 1890s. Allied line, Spencer of Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas. Spencers were part Indian.—Mrs. Nadene C. Harper, Lostine, Oregon 97857.

Miller

I would appreciate it very much if you could help me get any information about my grandfather, Sherman Tecumseh Miller. He lived in O'Fallen and Centralia, Illinois for many years. We are almost sure he was born in Maine; he was also in the Spanish-American War.—Miss Ava Miller, 618½ Walker, Piqua, Ohio.

Ed Hatton

The family of Ed Hatton is seeking information about him from any old-timers, or miners who worked with him in Red River, New Mexico. He ran the Junebug Mining and Milling Company in Red River about 1900. When he went to work in the coal mines in Tercio, Colorado, he and twenty others were killed in an explosion. We would be especially appreciative of photos of miners and mines in Red River about 1900. Please send any news, or leads.—Miss Rachel Hatton, 1551 Mesa Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colorado, 80906.

Nearly Everybody!

Here are some friends that I am looking for: Tim Belevens, last place, Tucson, Arizona; Dan Dickson, Kalispeel, Montana; Wesley Roberts, last place Buckeye, Arizona; Tylie Walker, last place, Buckeye, Arizona and Emery Lanman, last place, Newton, Kansas; and Mr. and Mrs. Bert King, last place Buckeye, Arizona.—Mrs. Gladys Smith, 11B Hackberry, Waco, Texas 76706.

Boone

Does anyone have information of a Boone family who lived in Dayton, Ohio in 1826? My grandfather was born there January 26, 1826, but I don't have his parents' names. He had a brother Albert, who went to (Indian Territory) Oklahoma, and Grandfather never heard from him after leaving. Grandfather's name was Nathan Richard Boone.—Jesse H. Boone, 2433 3rd St., East Moline, Illinois 61244.

Mackey

Am looking for Mackeys. Joel Mackey, Sr. on March 24, 1772, married Sarah Joyce at Guilford, North Carolina. Their known children were Joel Jr., born Buncombe, North Carolina, February 11, 1789. He probably had a son, John. His daughter, Margaret, married a George Keith and moved to Pickens County, South Carolina. We know Joel Sr.'s father's name was Alex, Sr., so assume that there was an Alex Jr. Does anyone know anything about Alex, Sr. of Albermarle County, North Carolina? Where he came from or whom he married?—Mrs. J. D. Mackey, Rt. 2, B-222-C, Slaton, Texas 78364.

John Hughes

My parents after leaving Iowa lived in Valley Falls, Kansas; North Dakota; and old Oklahoma in that order. My father made the run north of El Reno but never filed on his claim due to illness. He later made the run in the Cherokee Strip and homesteaded northwest of Enid where he and mother raised us kids.

My grandfather, Abram Lee, had a half-brother named John Hughes who moved to the Walla Walla Valley in Washington from Easter, Iowa, about 1870. I would like to hear of Hughes' family, which I know he had. My grandfather was to have joined him for they were strongly attached, being the only children. My grandfather's children were Clarence, Ann, Augustus, Margaret, George, Ada and Angie. They are all dead now. I am the son of George, who was born in 1859.—Kenneth L. Lee, P. O. Box 323, Glennville, California 93226.

Craig-Currie

In 1838 William Craig and his brother Robert Craig settled in Ossian, Indiana. A few years later their sister and her husband, Martha and James Currie, also settled near them. They all came from Johnstone, Renfrewshire, near Glasgow, Scotland.

Robert Craig and his family moved to Illinois a few years later. William Craig and the Curries remained at Ossian, but in the years following their children moved.

William Craig had five children; William, Jennette, David, Lucy and Robert. All of these children married and one of William Sr.'s granddaughters, Jennie Crosby, was later known to be in Loveland, Colorado.

The Currie children moved to various places. Elizabeth married Walter Mays of Alderson, West Virginia. John Currie married and lived in Painsville, Missouri, then later moved to Brock, Nebraska, Several of his children were alive in 1922. Their names were Tom and Frank Currie, Mary Livingston of Neligh, and Becky Sapp Kassell, and her son Floyd Sapp who lived in Cleveland in 1925. Another daughter married George Williamson, I believe her name was Cemathe. James Currie lived in Pocahontas, Illinois. He married and had several children. Martha Currie married Will Millikan and remained in Ossian. William Currie was a Civil War veteran and very little is known about him. The youngest girl Lucy married Peter Christian and moved west. Anyone who knows anything about my family, please write to me.—Fred Elliott, Box 242, Scotia, California 95565.

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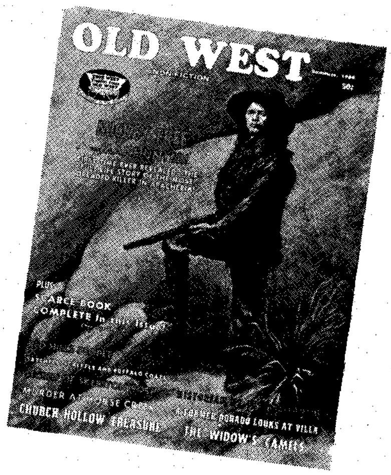

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Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 3)

the author in tabbing Evetts as our top cow country historian—in a book published more than fifteen years ago I said of his *Charles Goodnight* (Boston and N. Y., 1936), "The greatest biography of a cowman ever written and one of the most important and authentic items of western biography of all time." Nothing published since that was written has altered my convictions. The second part of the book deals with Haley's writings and here the author has rendered a distinct service to all range life collectors and future researchers on range subjects. If he missed anything, it does not come to mind. One hesitates to use the term "definitive" but there seems to be no other as appropriate in describing the bib. There is a fine photo of Evetts as the frontispiece and as a bonus some drawings by the late Harold Bugbee.

THE WRITIN' DENTIST

Zane Grey (The Book Stall, 55 North Fifth Street, Zanesville, Ohio 43701, $1.25 postpaid) is by Norris F. Schneider and was published for the author at Zane Grey's birthplace, Zanesville, Ohio. This thirty-two-page booklet is loaded with information about the Western novelist—his boyhood, his love of fishing and baseball, his college days and his struggle to get a foothold as a writer. And, of course, his final success—it is stated that over thirty million copies of his books were sold. Perhaps the sub-title used by the author—"The man whose books made the West famous" should not have been borrowed from a Grosset and Dunlap ad. Zane Grey's West made him famous and wealthy. That his West was a fictitious one does not deny him a just due as a good story-teller. As far as this reviewer is concerned he did some of his best writing in the Ken Ward series based in the main on his own experiences. *Riders of the Purple Sage* (N.Y., 1912) is a high spot of Western fiction and his outdoor books are mostly great. This booklet is illustrated with photos and of especial interest is the list, with year of first publication, of the eighty-five books he wrote. A bargain.

ABOVE THE DESERT

Sky Island (Van Nostrand, $5.95) is by the late Weldon F. Heald, naturalist, conservationist, ex-cattle rancher and writer. This book is about a particular island in the desert not in the sea—author Heald's own sky island was the Chiricahua Mountains in central Arizona. After leaving Southern California to get away from the smog and the people, Weldon and his wife Phyllis tried cattle ranching in southeastern Arizona. There was one problem—ranch life was so demanding they did not have time to write. So they sold the ranch and bought the Painted Canyon Ranch which was not a ranch at all but a fifty-three-acre headquarters from which to explore, photograph and write about the Chiricahui (usually called the "Cherry Cows" in Arizona). Many magazine articles and this book are the result of the Heald's life on their *Sky Island.* Many people from just about everywhere dropped by to see them including some notable scientists from the American Museum of Natural History in New York—eventually the Museum bought Painted Canyon Ranch to use as a field station for the Southwest. This book is about animals, birds, snakes, geology, climate, vegetation, people and buried treasure—all as they relate to the Chiricahua wilderness. It is a fascinating book—full of fine photographs plus some good drawings by C. M. Palmer, Jr. There is a brief but informative introduction by this reviewer's old conservation friend, William H. (Bill) Carr of Desert Museum fame. Strongly recommended.

NEW MEXICO MINES

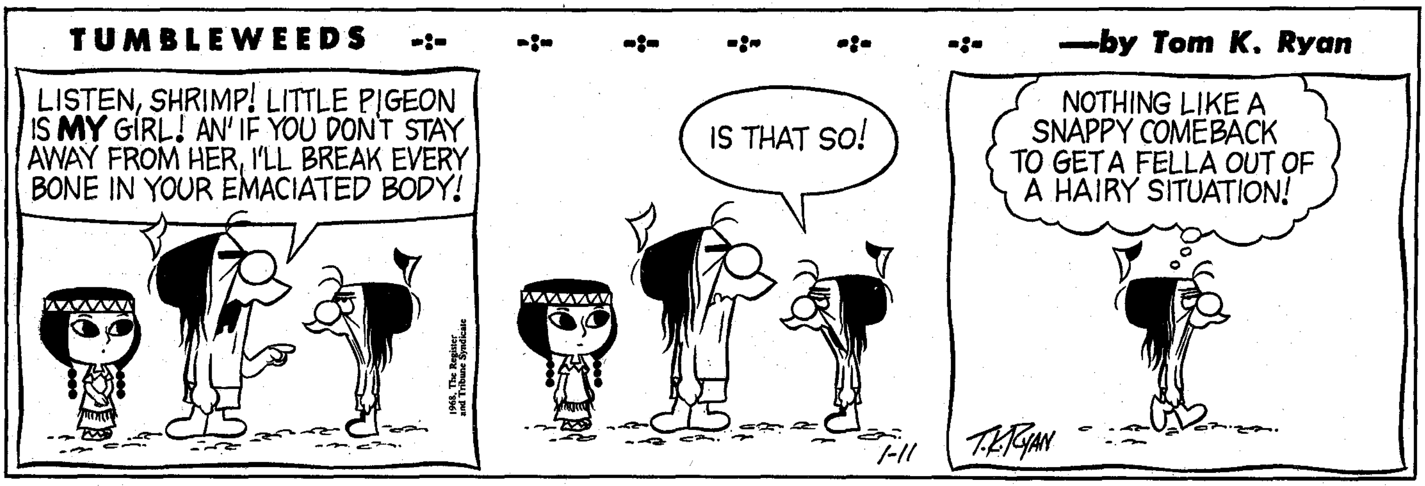
Old Mines and Ghost Camps of New Mexico (Frontier Book Co., Fort Davis, Texas 79734, $4.00) is reprinted from Fayette Jones' *New Mexico Mines and Minerals* first issued in 1905 and now much sought. Jones covered the mineral areas of New Mexico like a blanket and his guide has never been superseded. The lost mine and ghost town buffs will be pleased to have the Jones classic in print at a reasonable price. The census of New Mexico minerals is present and there are a number of illustrations but an index would have been helpful to students and researchers.

INCA LIFE

Much has been written about the Inca caste of South American Indians. Their wealth, cities, and civilization are now almost common knowledge. *Lords of Cusco* (University of Oklahoma, $6.95) by Burr Cartwright Brundage is a history and description of the Inca people in their final days which probes deeply into the details of Inca life. Brundage covers the period from 1532 when the Spaniards came until 1572 when deterioration and conquest was fully accomplished. The author describes the beautiful country surrounding Cusco, the center of the Inca empire. He traces the origin of this people, their beliefs and customs. The Incas knew much of war, cruelty, and carnage which were as deadly as the Spaniards. Foods, methods of warfare, sexual habits, speech, crafts, and engineering are elements of Inca life woven into this moving story. The author researched the Incas in depth and his new book presents much more detail than his *Empire of the Inca,* a political history. Extensive bibliographic and author's notes substantiate each chapter. Drawings from Huaman Poma and several maps add much to the book. *Lords of Cusco* is a colorful and important addition to full understanding of the Incas.

HOPES, TRIALS AND JOYS!

Songs of the American West (University of California Press, $17.50) is a big handsome book of nearly 600 pages. It was compiled and edited by Richard E. Lingenfelter (UCLA research geophysicist), Richard A. Dwyer (University of Florida, English Department) and David Cohen (director, Ash Grove School of Traditional Folk Music, Los Angeles) and what a job they did! The migration, the stage drivers, railroad building, mining, the Mormons, the Sioux, the army, the Chinese, the cowboys, homesteading, lumbering, harvesting, the Wobblies, hoboing and the old settlers are covered with appropriate groups of songs. David Cohen, who provided the guitar arrangements and edited the music, wrote the "Musical Afterword." The source of each song is shown below it and this is followed by a listing of all the variants known to the compilers. This is a different history of the West and a worthwhile one—there is a fine bibliography, plus an index of titles and first lines. The book is illustrated with drawings by Steven M. Johnson. Worth the money!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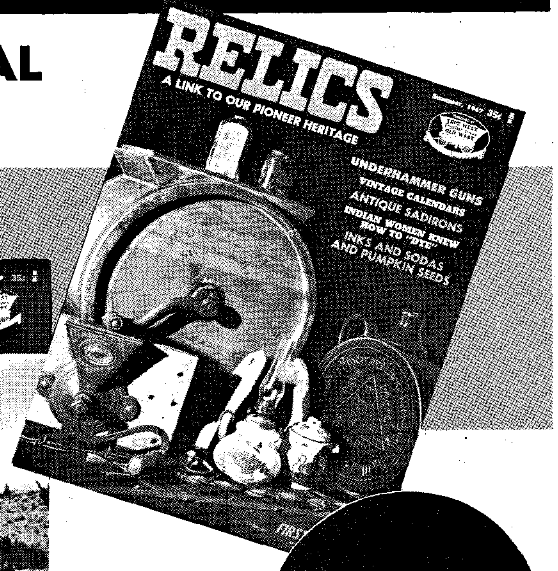
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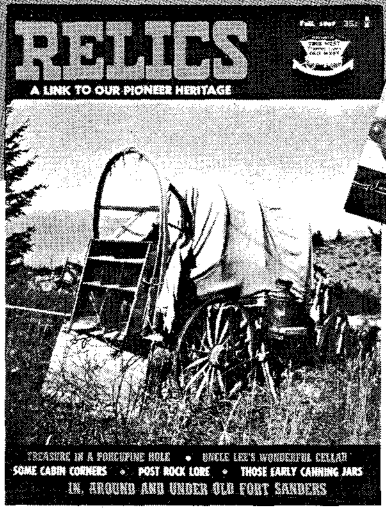
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